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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## Sunny Christmas

Not here the holly and the mistletoe,
But native flowers and gum-trees grow;
The sun and the surf and the bush-land miles,
And the welcoming warmth of summer smiles. —P.D.-B.

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# WHAT A LIFE *for the* "QUINS"

## Four Thousand Visitors Call Daily to See Famous Babies

## HOW THEY LIVE TO-DAY

*By Air Mail from JOHN B. DAVIES, Our Special Representative in New York.*

**A fortune of £100,000, a weekly income of £100, and 4000 visitors calling daily. Wouldn't it make your head go round and round and round!**

***Five babies share all that. They are the famous Dionne Quintuplets, now bringing millions in extra trade to their country. Canada is newly realising how the Quins are helping to balance the national budget.***

A GOLDEN stream of wealth has flowed steadily towards the Dionne quintuplets. Now they are worth more than many a working gold mine—which just goes to show that babies can mean pounds, shillings, and pence—if there are enough of them.

In the two years since their birth the "Quins" have been attracting money like a lamp does moths. They have a fortune worth more than £100,000, and are, besides, worth millions of pounds to their country.

The chronicle of their lives is watched by the world. Intimate details about them, about their habits, their foibles, their development, are known to millions of people.

All this means money, lots of money.

**In the two years they have built up a personal fortune of £125,000 from films, radio, advertising, newspapers, and other sources.**

Their yearly income from interest alone is £5,000, or, reduced to a weekly basis, £100 a week.

If you divide this by five on behalf of Yvonne, Cecile, Annette, Emilie, and Marie, you have £20 a week each, enough to pay, say, for a member of the Federal Parliament.

But that is not all. At least another £25,000 capital is guaranteed them under existing contracts, nine of which are now in force. Even more may be earned later.

The "Quins'" guardians hope to replace present contracts by better ones. They have the opportunity, for more than a hundred firms, representing films, radio, newspapers, and advertising, are all bidding for the "Quins'" services and endorsements.

**The "Quins" are under the guardianship of the Government of Ontario, a Canadian province. This guardianship has become not only one of its biggest businesses, but also one of its biggest problems.**

Last year, no fewer than 375,000 tourists went to look at the "Quins," which is like moving the combined populations of Adelaide and Hobart to the little village of Callander.

For the first six months of this year 250,000 people had travelled to Callander, and 500,000 by the beginning of October, equivalent to the combined populations of Adelaide and Perth, or half the population of Melbourne.

### Doubled Trade

THIS tremendous rush of tourists has affected the province of Ontario in several ways. The tourists all spend considerable sums there. In two years the tourist revenue has jumped from £1,250,000 to £2,500,000—and all that without charging a penny to see the "Quins" at play.

The revenue from a 3d. petrol tax has been boosted to an unbelievable degree. To this can be added an improvement in real estate values, the improvement of roads that lead to Callander, the rise in incomes all along the line, the hotels, the souvenir shops.

From all this some idea can be gained of the worth of the "Quins" to Ontario.

People going to see the "Quins" must pass through the once lethargic port of North Bay, which is thirteen and a half miles away from Callander. It now has five hotels, full up every night, and its shops are doing boom business.

Two years ago the countryside between there and Callander was sprinkled with only a few farm houses and one solitary tourist camp.

**Now Callander has its own hotel, any number of overnight parking places, and cabins that may be hired by tourists every hundred feet.**

The hospital in which the "Quins" live is about three miles out from Callander proper.

To reach it you pass by the house of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, the stocky little country doctor who brought the "Quins" into the world, and kept them alive by giving them coffee-spoonfuls of whisky.

Farther on is the "Quins'" birthplace, the farmhouse of the parents, Oliva and Elzire Dionne. There live the "Quins'" six brothers and sisters, Ernest, aged nine, Rose, eight, Therese, seven, Daniel, 4, Pauline, three, and the baby, Joseph Robert Telesphore Dionne.

Rose is the only one who goes around town at all. She acts as a guide for her father's autograph booth, which has been installed opposite the "Quins'" playground, and she will actually pose for photographs without charge.

### Bathing Pool

SURROUNDED by a high and heavy wire fence, the Dafoe Hospital is a two-story building of smooth brown logs, trimmed with yellow and green paint, and with a roof of red fire-proof shingles.

**The playground, where so many hundreds of thousands of people have seen the "Quins" at play, is a one-story enclosure with eight sides, painted to match the hospital.**

Visitors go into the yard around the playground, and then through a turnstile to a lane about ten feet wide. From there they are able to see the babies through plate-glass windows, beyond which is a fine mesh screen, painted a platinum color.

By this means the "Quins" are unable to see their thousands of callers, and toddle, and stumble, and talk in their baby-patter without any signs of self-consciousness.

For warm weather they have a big concrete bathing pool at one end of their playground.

When they are tired of splashing each other, or diving after the huge rubber ball, they climb up what appears to be a miniature tower with a platform at the top, and a ladder arrangement on four sides.

THEIR daily romps come each day between 9.30 and 10.30 a.m., and again in the afternoon from 2.30 to 3 p.m., or even 3.30, if their Nurses Noel and Leroux think it wise and the weather is clement.

Each "Quin" has a sun-bathing suit of different color, so that the visitors can pick out their names.

Among the rules placarded at the entrance are:—

**"Please maintain silence and keep moving."**

**"You may enter as often as you wish . . . but, in order to be fair to visitors, you must keep moving towards the exits."**

A few minutes before the gates are timed to open there is a thick crowd outside them, so that when the gates are finally opened, promptly at 9.30, a queue extends for a long way outside the fence.

Except that there are more children in it, eating ice creams and drinking soft drinks, it is just such an early crowd that may be found waiting outside the gates of a cricket ground where a Test match is to be played.

## *Scenes in Quintupletland*

*TOP: Oliva Dionne, father of the famous "Quins," does a brisk business selling souvenirs and refreshments to the thousands of tourists. CENTRE: A queue lined up to see the "Quins," and the timetable board which shows how systematically the business is conducted. LOWER: The "Quins'" first nurses and their uncle, a garage owner, are featured in the trade boom in Callander.*

### "QUINS'" DAILY TIMETABLE

**MORNING:**
**6.30 a.m.—Rise and shine, orange juice, baths.**
**8 to 8.30 a.m.—Breakfast.**
**9 a.m.—Walk.**
**9.30 to 10.30 a.m.—Play, observed by thousands.**
**11 a.m.—Lunch.**
**11.30 a.m. to 2.30 p.m.—Naps.**

**AFTERNOON:**
**2.30 p.m. to 3 or 3.30 p.m.—Show.**
**5.30 p.m.—More baths.**
**6 p.m.—Supper.**
**Bedtime, 7.30 or 8 p.m..**

Look for the Cuti-Skoop in your next box of Atkinsons REVELRY FACE POWDER

2/6 A BOX
At All Chemists and Stores.

IN 6 SHADES including the NEW APRICOT
J. & E. ATKINSON (AUSTRALIA) LTD.

What an inspiration! A Cuti-skoop in every box of Atkinsons Revelry Face Powder. The Cuti-skoop is a brand new idea, but soon you'll wonder how you ever did without it. Use the pointed end to open your powder box and the skoop to fill your flapjack without waste or spilling! Notice the emery board for emergency manicures. The rounded end of the Cuti-skoop is ideal for dressing the cuticle and the pointed end makes an excellent orange stick.

56.18.27

## Let's Talk Of Interesting People

***Governor of Rotary***

ROTARY, that international body of representative men, now allows women to play their part in the organisation, and as members of the "Inner Wheel" they may attend conferences and discussions.

Governor of the 65th District of Rotary International is Mr. A. L. Bolton, O.B.E., of Bendigo, Vic., who was elected at the Convention in Atlantic City, U.S.A., this year. He will govern Rotary in Victoria, South Australia, Tasmania, West Australia and part of New South Wales.

He has held high offices in Rotary since its inception in Bendigo.

***Led Expedition***

STILL smiling, after spending eighteen months in the depths of Africa, where they headed the Denis-Roosevelt Expedition.

Mr. and Mrs. Armand Denis, whose expedition was for the purpose of making a film survey for the Belgian Government.

Mrs. Denis was formerly Leila Roosevelt, a kinswoman of the President of U.S.A.

***Victoria League Secretary***

MISS GERTRUDE DRAYTON, O.B.E., London Secretary of the Victoria League, is making a tour of all Australian States and New Zealand. Has been secretary of the League for 20 years, and is honorary secretary of joint Education Committee for six empire organisations, which makes a survey of the whole field of empire work on education.

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# ROPER RIVER *Paradise* FOR TWO

*"MOST PEOPLE have an awful dread of alligators. . . . I often make pets of the very young ones, collecting them from the river and rearing them in tubs of water."*

## Bride Makes Home in Wild Nor-west

## *Policeman Husband Patrols 100,000 Square Miles*

**Way down upon the Roper River two people have found a new Paradise, with "a quiet peace above all earthly dignity," where duty and romance have a place together.**

**They are Constable and Mrs. Edward Heathcock, whose home is in this wild, lonely spot in Australia's nor-west, one of the world's most inaccessible regions, because it is the starting point of Constable Heathcock's police district of 100,000 square miles.**

***His wife, who came to this Eden as a bride six years ago, is undisturbed by the loneliness, makes light of housekeeping under extraordinary difficulties, camps out in a billabong while her husband is away on patrol duty, has alligators as pets, and has seen only five white women in this territory in the last three years.***

LEICHHARDT Bar Police Station, Constable Heathcock's post, is situated at the spot where Leichhardt, the explorer, crossed the Roper River on one of his expeditions. It is 70 miles inland from the Gulf of Carpentaria and 430 miles from Darwin.

With black-trackers and lubra servants as their only companions, and the silence of nature broken only by the splash of alligators in the waters of the river, the cry of the storm birds in the forests, and the croaking of the frogs in the billabongs, one would expect a great loneliness that would pall on human beings.

**But Constable and Mrs. Heathcock say that they are infinitely happy in their isolation from civilisation, and would not exchange their lot for life in any of the great cities.**

They have found in their work in the great Never Never "a quiet peace above all earthly dignity."

In an intimate interview with the Australian Women's Weekly, Mrs. Heathcock, who is a very attractive golden - haired young Australian woman, told of her life among the Australian natives on the outposts of civilisation.

Constable Heathcock served his country in the great war and has been stationed for over twenty years in the Northern Territory.

"There is no need for any woman of the right type to be lonely in Northern Australia," said Mrs. Heathcock, "because there are so many absorbing interests, and when you work hard for the love of work it becomes a real pleasure.

"I was born in South Australia, where for some years I was matron of the Mission Station at Port McLeay. Later on I joined the Flynn girls of the Central Inland Mission, and there," she added with a smile at her husband, "the police got me.

**"Edward and I were married six years ago at Mataranka and, owing to the vagaries of my husband's patrol work, we lived for a time in bush tents.**

"Now we have quite a comfortable angle iron house at Leichhardt Bar. It is really two houses joined together with a verandah in the middle, and it is kept cool in the hottest weather by the luxurious tropical creepers which cover it completely.

"Although in the past three years I have only seen five white women, I have so much to interest me that I never think of feeling lonely even when my husband is away for months on his long patrols.

"The Roper River is right at our door, and from where we have breakfast I look out and watch the alligators splashing in the river or basking in the sun.

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### *"Happiest People"*

**"THE natives of the Northern Territory are the happiest people I have ever met," says Mrs. Heathcock. "They never think of going to sleep at night without a singsong.**

**"They sit round their camp-fires and hold corroborees and sing the little legends which have been taught them by their elders."**


PYORRHEA?
—not ME!

IT isn't just luck that she's healthier and happier than other women. She uses Forhan's for the gums, and Pyorrhea has no opportunity of poisoning **her** system.

Every day for years she has massaged her gums with Forhan's, and **her** teeth are safe.

Yet four out of every five over forty stand in danger of pyorrhea. No one can afford to neglect it. Get a tube of Forhan's for the Gums today. You can make no wiser investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth. Price, 2/-; extra large tube, 3/-. **Australasian Agents—The Sheldon Drug Co., Ltd., Sydney.**

FORHAN'S for the GUMS


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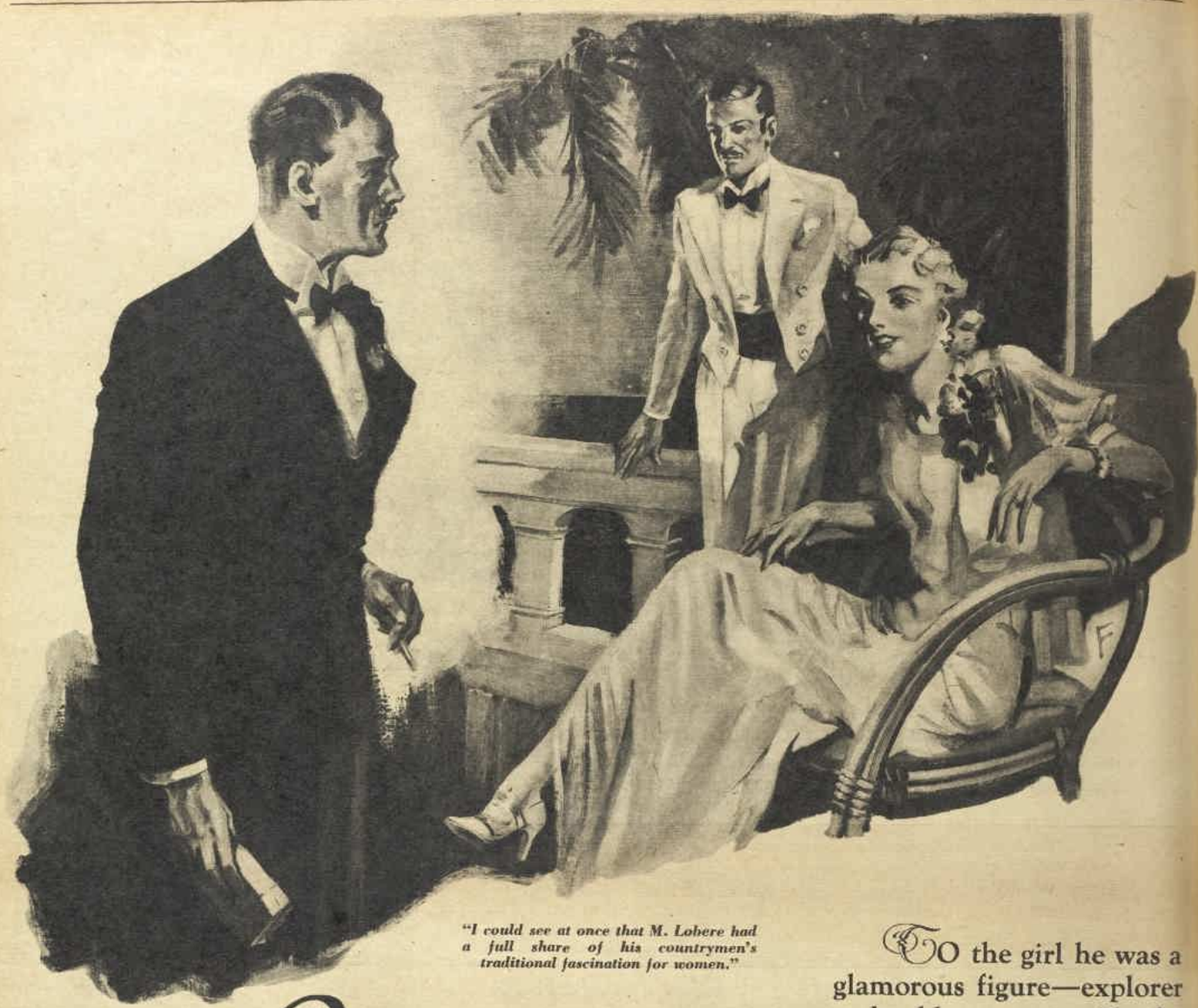

*"I could see at once that M. Lobere had a full share of his countrymen's traditional fascination for women."*

TO the girl he was a glamorous figure—explorer and gold prospector. To the others he was an escapee from Devil's Island . . .

# CALLING At TRINIDAD

*Illustrated by* FISCHER

*By* ARTHUR MILLS

## *Fascinating Frenchman*

"YOU say that the average woman can tell instinctively whether a man is good or bad. By bad I mean really bad, an out and out blackguard, a man who has not a single decent trait in his whole make-up, who is clever, cruel, and utterly callous; that type of man, you say, any intelligent woman can recognise instinctively? You are wrong," the famous London specialist said.

"Eighty per cent. of my patients are women, and quite half of them come to my consulting room directly or indirectly in consequence of a man. The nervous system is the barometer of the heart. When love affairs go wrong men take to drink and women have nervous breakdowns. If women could recognise men who are no good before they fell in love with them, I should have fewer patients.

"My experience is that women are either too hard upon men or too kind to them. In some men, who have a real streak of good in them, they will refuse to find a single redeeming feature, whilst they will not hear a word against other men who are completely evil. I will tell you a story to prove what I mean. The woman concerned was not one of my cases, though I helped her unofficially to some extent." The great man smiled as he filled his pipe.

"I was on holiday and had gone on a cruise to the West Indies. There was a girl I will call Mrs. X on board; her christian name was Joan. She had been married for four year; her husband had sent her on the cruise, on the advice of her doctor. She was suffering from an acute attack of domesticitis; everything had got on her nerves, her husband, her house, her servants, and her friends. On the outward voyage she spent most of the time basking in the sun in a deck chair; her health obviously improved daily.

"The ship was scheduled to put in for two days at Trinidad. The ticket for the cruise included hotel accommodation at Port-o'-Spain for those that wanted to spend the night on shore. Some of the passengers decided to remain on board, others to stay at the Queen's Park Hotel. I went off in the same launch as Mrs. X. I saw that, like myself, she was bringing her suitcase.

"Now I had been observing Mrs. X during the voyage and, like everyone else, I had noticed the improvement in her general condition. The lines caused by nerve strain had disappeared from between her eyes; she was calmer, more contented.

"Though she was a pretty woman travelling alone and had inevitably attracted the attention of every man on board, I am certain she had had no love affair during the outward voyage. She was the kind of woman I think that attaches some importance to being loyal to her husband. But when she stepped on to the quay at Port-o'-Spain there was a glint in her eye.

"It was obvious to me that Mrs. X. intended to spend the next twenty-four hours enjoying herself. I wondered if she knew some man in Trinidad? No one met her on the landing stage. We parted in the town; she wished to do some shopping and I had arranged to go for a motor drive in the island.

"I did not see her again until the evening when I reached the Queen's Park Hotel just before dinner. She was sitting at the end of the terrace talking to a man wearing a white dinner jacket. I noticed this because in Trinidad men usually wear black dinner jackets. I went up to give her a piece of native carving she had asked me to buy and she could not very well help introducing me to her companion.

"The stranger was a Frenchman, a Monsieur Lobere. I could see at once that where women were concerned he had a full share of his countrymen's traditional fascination. He was of medium height with a brownish complexion, full lips, and intensely black eyes. His cheeks were too hollow and his eyes so deep set that at first I formed the opinion he was a consumptive. But Mrs. X told me her companion had just come from South America and was recuperating at Trinidad after a severe attack of fever. He was, it appeared, a gold prospector, and had been on a long and difficult expedition. That explained his frail and yet weather-beaten appearance.

"There was to be a dance at the hotel that evening, and both Mrs. X and Monsieur Lobere intended to go to it. Mrs. X was obviously greatly looking forward to the party. The Frenchman said it was a long time since he had danced, but there was a smooth suavity about him that made me sure he was a good dancer. As it happened I was wrong about this.

"The party from our boat were all to have dined together, but Mrs. X deserted us and sat with Monsieur Lobere at a table in a corner. They had a bottle of champagne in an ice pail, and this, together with the jewelled links and studs I had noticed the Frenchman wearing, confirmed my opinion that he had money. There are, as a rule, only two kinds of gold prospectors; those who have two Rolls-Royce cars and those who have one mule.

"I looked across at Mrs. X's table once or twice during dinner, and observed that the Frenchman was making good headway. They were sitting with their heads close together, talking animatedly, quite absorbed in each other. I thought it was a good thing that the ship sailed next day, and that Mrs. X's ticket tied her to a scheduled cruise.

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*A Long Complete Story* *Illustrated by WEP*

# CHINESE WATERS

*Pirates! Wily Chinese had come aboard disguised as steerage passengers and taken control of the ship. The men were helpless and there was only a woman to outwit them*

By.. DUDLEY HOYS

THAT evening a mist had crept over the crimson pomp of sunset and robbed the sea of its quick, romantic glitter. The greyness hid the sky and the new-born stars, and smeared the Arun with a damp film.

Every sunset, Dick Fane and Carol Fielding had leaned on the rail and watched the China seas fade into the night. When darkness fell, as it did now, there was nothing to do but make their way down to the saloon. The saloon was quite small, but beautifully panelled in some reddish-brown wood with a lighter inlay, and except for its size it might have done credit to a great luxury liner.

Captain Hoad, with his red face and untidy white hair, was there.

"Hullo, Doctor."

"Hullo," said Fane. Sometimes he had a feeling that Hoad was laughing at him in a kindly fashion. It disturbed Fane's sense of dignity. It made him feel young, too young, and regret that he couldn't manage to grow a thick moustache to hide the youthfulness of his slim face and earnest blue eyes.

"Have something?"

"Yes, I'll have a gin sling, thanks."

"Ah Fang!" Hoad called his steward and gave the order.

Returning from a month's short-leave, Fane had taken his coastal passage in the little Arun because the rates were low and his purse was slender. The Arun did not cater much for Europeans, relying mainly on cargo and Chinese steerage passengers. Fane found that the only other white passenger was Carol Fielding, daughter of old John Fielding, owner of the line, who had a mighty income, and a regular palace in Shanghai. The two had naturally become good friends.

Darlow, the first officer, and Strachan and Lewis, the first and second engineers, came into the saloon. Darlow slapped Fane on the shoulder and said: "How's our passenger?"

Fane laughed. "There's Miss Fielding."

**FOREIGN PORTS**

*On Sundays I have seen them*
*In crowded places:*
*Unfathomable loneliness*
*Upon their faces—*
*Such strangely-sounding words*
*From out their lips*
*And not a link with anything—*
*Except their ships.*

*Yvonne Webb.*

"We don't call her a passenger," said Hoad. "She's the daughter of the line, one of us."

After a pause Hoad changed the subject. "We're not far off Bias Bay."

"The pirates' haunt?" said Fane.

"Ah, a lot of funny things have happened round these parts."

Fane knew this was true, and would have asked questions, but he caught Hoad winking at Darlow and shut his mouth tightly. Dash it all! Didn't he know as much about doctoring as these men knew about the sea? He was twenty-six, and Darlow couldn't be much more than thirty, so why should he?

"A lot of funny things. 'Member that affair last autumn, Darlow? Swarmed over a ship twice the size of this old tub, and carried it off."

"You never know." Darlow smiled and his little dark eyes seemed to vanish into his fat, jovial face.

"It wis a verra bad affair," said Strachan.

Hoad nodded, and winked again. Fane would have liked to hit him. Did they imagine that he was a child, and had no sense of humor? He would have been surprised to learn Hoad's opinion of him — "A nice boy, but blown up with dignity. Might prick him a bit on the voyage and let it out."

The entrance of Carol brought a sudden pause to the talk. Of medium height, slim, and fair, she had a kind of sparkling liveliness about her that both attracted and held. The curve of her mouth hinted a sense of humor.

"Who's talking about pirates?" she asked.

"I've been telling this young man," said Hoad, "that you never know."

SHE nodded. "Quite. You never know. Suppose you were kidnapped, Dick? What d'you think you are worth?"

"Twa stethoscopes and a box o' pills," said Strachan; and Darlow laughed silently until his eyes vanished once more.

Fane flushed, and could have kicked himself for it. Flushing was a habit of his he could not cure. He knew these men were decent sorts; and leg-pulling in all good humor, but he would have felt much happier if they had let him alone.

"Don't take any notice of them," Carol patted his arm. "They're low, seafaring men, and haven't the slightest idea of the difference between an appendix and an——"

Ah Fang interrupted by hammering on a Chinese gong.

"I know what an appetite is, at any rate," said Lewis.

They sat down to dinner, and Hoad continued his subject of Chinese pirates. Strachan and Darlow backed him up with dreadful stories, and complained that ever since the China Squadron had been cut down, piracy had grown much worse.

"They've a passion for doctors," said Hoad. "They carry 'em off and keep 'em for doctoring their own people. Isn't that so, Miss Fielding?"

"Oh yes." She nodded solemnly. "Of course, they choose only experienced ones."

"Well, in that case——" Darlow left the sentence in the air, and it might have meant anything.

Fane laughed uncomfortably. He could never think of any retort to this sort of banter.

Ah Fang, smooth, yellow-faced, approached with a dish balanced delicately on his left hand. He stood behind Captain Hoad as if to serve him, and then, in a gentle, noiseless fashion, flicked a revolver out of his right sleeve and pressed it against the back of Hoad's neck.

*"You . . ." A shrill, wicked sound came from Khailar. He clawed at Carol, and slowly raised his revolver to her forehead.*

Fane saw it happen, and in that moment he got ready to laugh. It was a joke, of that he could be sure, a silly practical joke, of which he was to be the central victim; Hoad had arranged this with the steward, and the talk about pirates had been leading up to it. But he never laughed, because a number of things happened with startling swiftness. Hoad turned white. Strachan and Darlow sprang up. The assistant Chinese steward produced a revolver from his loose sleeve, and at the same time half a dozen Chinese burst into the saloon in a smooth rush, waving revolvers.

"What on earth——?" roared Hoad.

"Please to sit," said Ah Fang, jogging him with the muzzle.

Strachan, agile as a cat, had poised to hurl himself at the mob, but it would have been suicide. Those revolvers were covering them all steadily. They could do nothing but submit.

Fane glanced at Carol. Though she had turned pale, she was taking it calmly. He stared back at the bunch of Chinese, trying to guess what had happened. By some means they must have got rid of the hired guard of four Indian sepoys and a naik. And they must have come aboard as passengers, since no junk-load of pirates could have overhauled and boarded the Arun out here.

One of the men spoke. He had a particularly flat face, brownish rather than yellow, and it was absolutely hairless. As Fane stared at the man, he spotted him as having been an old Chinese woman among the steerage passengers.

"I am Khailar. I take command. You to listen. I to speak. Guard is prisoner."

"You——!" Hoad choked. "What about Smith and Kwan Sen on the bridge?"

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*Howard and Leota took the paddles, and, while Elms slouched back in the bows, smoking his pipe, they rowed across the lagoon to the reef.*

A FULL moon spread its pearly cloak of peace and loveliness around the tiny island of Ranehu. The island slept in its night robe of tranquillity.

In his hut of bamboo and palm-leaves, Howard Grey lay awake, listening to the ocean murmuring on the reef. His silver-and-red seaplane was moored at the edge of the lagoon.

He stared into the darkness, thinking of this tiny speck on the vast map of the Pacific, indexed as X3 by the British Government. Only a few island traders, sailing their small boats away from the busy sea-roads, knew its native name of Ranehu.

The world had overlooked Ranehu, and it stayed unknown in the middle of the Pacific, the silence of its palm-fringed shores only broken by the cry of the gulls and parrakeets, and the murmur of the reef. But lately the gulls on the beach had been scattered by the drone of aeroplanes speeding across the Pacific.

And Ranehu had earned a new name, that of Halfway Island. Suddenly, trans-Pacific flying brought the clatter of the outside to its peaceful, shady groves. Lying in mid-Pacific on the air route between America and the East, between Australia and America, the island was a break in the long hops over the ocean. Several airmen had called, and they named it Halfway Island.

Now gigantic plans moved for air routes across the Pacific. The island sprang into the interest of four nations British and American flyers called there. The French owned the nearest territory. The Japanese held mandates over island groups nearby.

Howard was there to try to make it another corner of the world marked on maps with the red of the British Empire.

He was not the traditional type of Empire builder, this Howard Grey. He was a thickly-set man of strong build, with the bearing of the athlete. His blue eyes twinkled with humor, and his mouth looked always on the verge of a smile. But it could tighten into a thin line under the spur of relentless determination.

Howard was not any ordinary airman, but the idol of his native Australia. For years he had been flying across the world, breaking record after record, storing away success after success.

In this long career, he had faced many problems. But none needing so much delicacy and yet so much speed as his mission to Halfway Island.

The British Government gave him the big seaplane and he flew into the Pacific to claim the island.

Excited natives met him on the beach. They were friendly people in this island forgotten by the world. They were as contented as people should be with an island of their own, with coconut palms, with hibiscus flowers, with yams and taro, with crystal springs, and a big lagoon teeming with fish.

This lagoon was to bring the dynamic energy of the outside world to the sleepy shades of Halfway Island. It was three miles long and the safest possible landing place for seaplanes.

The island was ruled by Princess Leota. And, on this pearly night, Howard was lying awake far into the journey of the moon, thinking how he could persuade her to give him the right to hoist the Union Jack over the island.

Leota was very young, little more than a child, with a lithe young figure, and a skin hardly darker than Howard's. Her white teeth gleamed, and her brown eyes were starry now, now soft and dreamy. She laughed like the clear streams tinkling over the cool pebbles, and spoke with the rich melody of Polynesia. Howard smiled as he thought of her; she was prettier than the gay hibiscus in her hair.

It was difficult trying to explain to her what he wanted, for the idea of an Empire was beyond her.

But he showed her a two shilling-piece with the head of the great white Tavatie on it. She was captivated by the coin, and now she wore a bracelet of them on her wrist. That was a step, and it

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# HALFWAY ISLAND

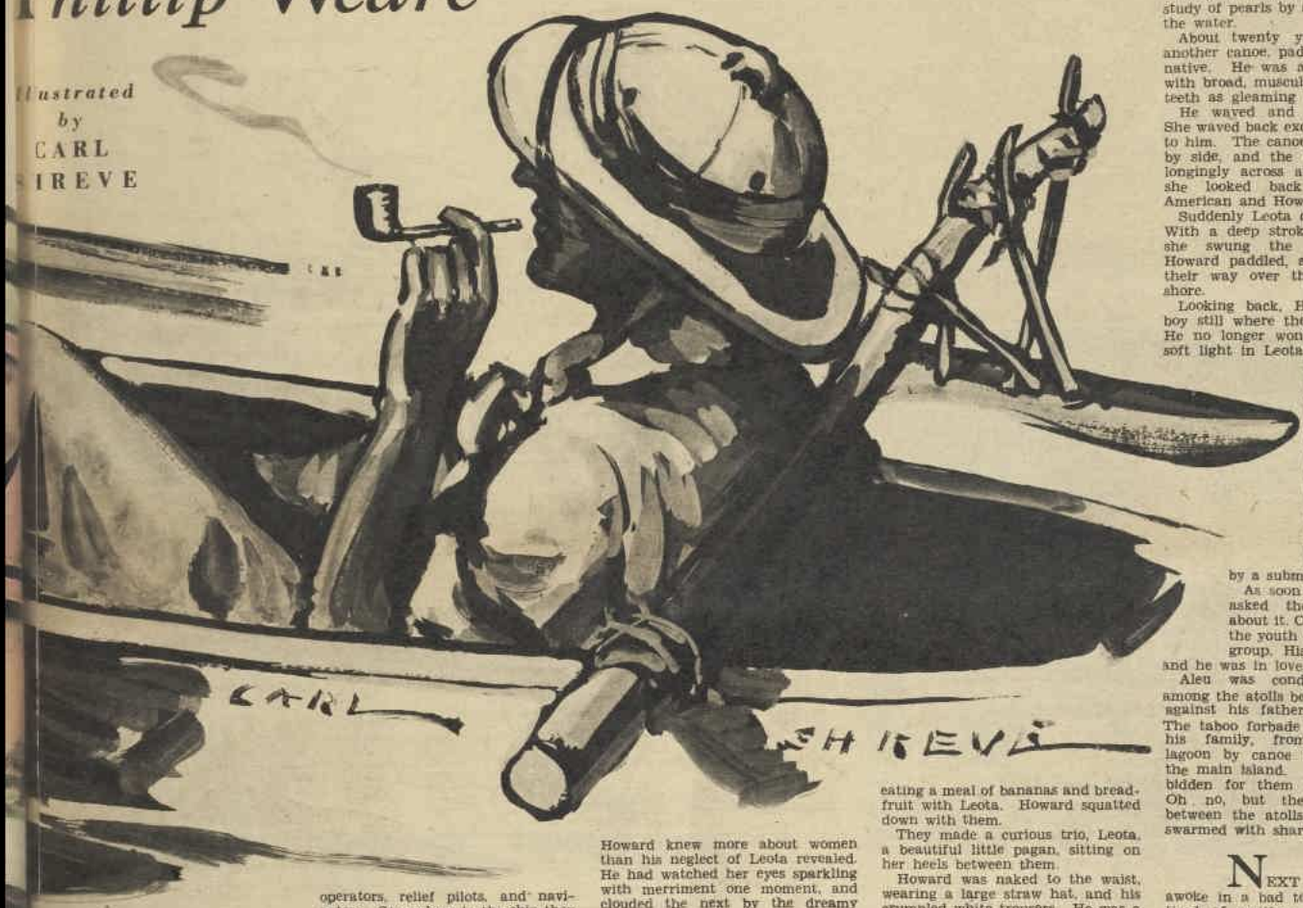
A... COMPLETE SHORT STORY

By

## Phillip Weare

Illustrated by CARL SHREVE

**Why two famous aviators, one an Australian and the other an American, arrived suddenly out of the blue at a tiny, almost unknown island in the middle of the Pacific**




would have been easy if Howard had been alone on the island.

But he was not. The very next morning after his arrival he was standing on the beach with Leota while she peered for fish among the shallows, when he was amazed to hear the buzz of a distant plane. In a few minutes a brand-new American Clipper roared down to the water.

The whole village assembled on the beach, chattering with excitement at this second arrival of a great bird from the outside world. Leota chuckled and twittered like a child, clutching Howard's arm as he waited for someone to come ashore.

He was surprised to see Rickworth Elms wade to the sand. Elms came as the agent of the United States Government at Washington.

Elms had a record equal to his own, and Howard had met him in New York. His arrival at this remote place so soon after Howard seemed such a coincidence that they both laughed.

They agreed to play fair. What was more natural for two great airmen with the same purpose in mind, though their interests differed?

Elms pitched his camp two miles away along the beach, with the Clipper at anchor nearby. The giant ship had a crew of mechanics, radio operators, relief pilots, and navigators. Somewhere in the ship they even boasted a cocktail bar and a steward in a white coat.

The crew of the Clipper was as smart as an admiral's staff, in white ducks and peaked caps. The Australians looked like beachcombers. Howard wore only crumpled white trousers, and Marsh, his mechanic and radio operator, brown shorts. Their tanned bodies showed they were used to being without shirts.

For two days Elms and Howard sparred with each other, sharing the hospitality of the island, and acting as courtiers to the Princess.

She spoke a limited pidgin English learned from Ota, witch doctor and chief priest, who was also her adviser. This knowledge of English was the legacy of a mission station, but which had fallen away with the death of the missionary.

Elms concentrated his attention on Leota. But Howard cultivated Ota. He became friendly with the old man, a shrewd, sharp-eyed old fellow, with the wrinkles of a prune.

So all the progress Elms had with the Princess was counteracted by the Australian through the witch doctor.

Leota was still undecided. She was only a young girl, anyhow, much more interested in threading wreaths of hibiscus and frangipanni than listening to the hardly understandable proposals of the white men.

Howard was intrigued by a dreaminess in Leota's eyes and Howard knew more about women than his neglect of Leota revealed. He had watched her eyes sparkling with merriment one moment, and clouded the next by the dreamy softness of a woman who is thinking of something far away from the scene about her. When this look came into her eyes Leota looked as if she were dreaming of some jewel islands among the stars, where star flowers grew. And so it was that Howard fell asleep trying to fathom the dreaminess of Leota's eyes.

Over in his camp Rickworth Elms was also thinking about Leota. He was walking restlessly among the palms near his neatly-guyed tents. His camp was just as different from Howard's as Howard's clothes were from his. His men slept on stretchers. They ate at tables unscrewed from the cabin of the plane.

Elms saw no soft light in Leota's eyes. He thought she was merely being stupid or obstinate. Finally, with this thought, he slept, too, and the moon sank over the rim of the ocean.

It was a perfect morning. A gentle breeze rustled the palm leaves. A slow swell foamed over the reef.

Green parrakeets twittered among the palms and poinciana, and somewhere in the shadows doves cooed. The sun sparkled on the sea and glinted on the shiny tree-tops. The red hibiscus offered up its flame, and the frangipanni breathed perfume into the air.

Breathing the fragrant air deep into his lungs, Howard walked to the village. There he met Elms, eating a meal of bananas and breadfruit with Leota. Howard squatted down with them.

They made a curious trio, Leota, a beautiful little pagan, sitting on her heels between them.

Howard was naked to the waist, wearing a large straw hat, and his crumpled white trousers. He was a strong-looking man, with muscular arms and shoulders.

Elms was more loosely built, but was a big man. His face was fleshy and formal.

He was dressed immaculately in white ducks, canvas shoes, a Hollywood tie, and a white sun helmet. He was as poised as if he were sitting in a cool club at Singapore.

There was one striking similarity between the two men, their eyes. Both had keen, direct eyes. Years of flying into the sun had left rows of wrinkles at the corners.

The sun had browned Howard. He looked almost as dark as the natives. It was easy for him to get into this lazy half-attire. It was quite normal for him. He had a small holiday shack on one of the Barrier Reef islands at home, and he lived there whenever he could, much as he was doing now.

He thought, also, if he dressed and behaved as the natives he would get closer to them. Elms was amused by Howard's resemblance to the natives, and he joked about it.

When they had finished eating, Leota led them down to the beach. She had promised to take them out to the reef in a canoe.

Howard and Leota took the paddles, and, while Elms slouched back in the bows smoking his pipe, they rowed across the lagoon to the reef.

They were idling about looking down at the coral, when Leota pointed to a small pearl among the corals of her necklace. Without warning she dived over the side, and the astonished men watched her slim form sliding down into the green depths.

She came up with three large oysters in her hands. With a small stone axe that had been tied to the side of the canoe she split them. With a chuckle of delight she pulled a small pearl from one.

Both men leaned forward while she held the pearl up to catch the light in its lustre. They looked at each other shrewdly.

They were diverted from their study of pearls by a soft call across the water.

About twenty yards away was another canoe, paddled by a young native. He was a handsome boy, with broad, muscular shoulders and teeth as gleaming as Leota's.

He waved and paddled nearer. She waved back excitedly and called to him. The canoes were soon side by side, and the boy was looking longingly across at Leota. Shyly she looked back at him, the American and Howard forgotten.

Suddenly Leota called a farewell. With a deep stroke of her paddle she swung the canoe around. Howard paddled, and they pushed their way over the water to the shore.

Looking back, Howard saw the boy still where they had left him. He no longer wondered about the soft light in Leota's eyes. But he wondered who the strange youth was. It was curious he had not seen him in the village. Maybe he came from the small group of atolls at the end of the lagoon. They were joined to the main island by a submerged reef.

As soon as he could, he asked the witch doctor about it. Ota told him that the youth lived in the atoll group. His name was Aleu, and he was in love with Leota.

Aleu was condemned to live among the atolls because of a taboo against his father, Iora, a chief. The taboo forbade Iora, or any of his family, from crossing the lagoon by canoe and landing on the main island. It was not forbidden for them to swim across. Oh, no, but the deep channel between the atolls and the island swarmed with sharks.

Next morning Elms awoke in a bad temper. He was tired of waiting. His crew sat down to breakfast with him. White-coated, the steward served them with canned grapefruit and beans, and coffee. They ate silently because of Elms' bad mood. It was not improved by a code message from Washington. They wanted to know why the delay. They said they had information the French were beginning to move. Elms had better do something about it.

"How come the hold-up, chief?" said one of the crew. "This Grey guy shouldn't bother you."

Elms did not answer. He bent lower over his plate of beans.

Suddenly they all stood up and looked into the air. The roar of engines came down to them. They could see Howard waving.

"Can you beat that? Thrown in the towel!" said one of them as the seaplane headed for the sea.

"Looks like he's gotten sick of the place," said another.

"Looks like it," said Elms, "but I don't know why. He's not the type to quit."

"If he's quit, it sure should be easy for us," said the steward.

"Yes, Joe," said Elms, "it should; more coffee."

Elms went down to the village. He found no reason why Howard should go off so suddenly. Elms went straight to Leota. Leota was no more anxious to make a decision than before.

*Please turn to Page 16*

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# ROPER RIVER *Is* PARADISE *for* TWO

*Continued from Page 3*

"MY husband has built a nice swimming pool for me so that I don't have to take my baths in fear of the river monsters, which I have often seen up to seventeen feet in length.

"I know most people have an awful dread of alligators, but you get used to them after a while. I often make pets of the very young ones.

"I fire a charge in the river and when they come to the surface stunned I collect them and rear them in tubs of water. I don't get too far with them because my husband insists on destroying them before they get too big.

"Our nearest neighbors are the Roper River Mission people, twenty-five miles away. Mr. and Mrs. Port are in charge of the station and they have made a great success of their work among the natives. Mrs. Port is a Sydney woman.

**"She believes in always appearing before the natives neatly and nicely dressed.**

"They have a herd of cows and provide fresh milk for the little piccaninnies in their district.

"I spend a lot of time modelling figures from the simply marvellous clays I have found on the river banks. They are beautiful clays, red, white, and blue.

"A hobby like that is a great mental uplift and it keeps the lubra maids interested. Recently I took a short course of pottery work, and bought some books on the subject, and intend to devote a lot more time to it.

"I want to tell you how we get our lipstick and rouge in the Northern Territory. The natives use powdered irons, one mixed with a little grease for painting their bodies for ceremonial occasions, and I found that the ironstone used in this way makes an excellent substitute for lipstick or rouge. It has quite a natural color and does not rub off like ordinary lipstick.

"The lubras are great copyists, and they all want to 'wear something pretty like the white missus wears,' so when I visit the cities I buy lots of rings, bangles, colored beads, and cheap wrist watches for them.

"When my husband goes on his long periodic patrols I take one of my lubras with me and we travel part of the way with him until we find a nice billabong. Then we pitch our camps and await his return there, sometimes for months.

## Food Supplies

"MY husband does all the ordering of food supplies for our little settlement.

"On his long treks on police duty he is usually accompanied by troopers from other stations, and a small army of black-trackers and natives. The food has to be carried on mules, and it does not do to forget anything as once he leaves he has no place to replenish his supplies.

"They take three-quarters of a ton of flour, 5 cwt. tinned meats, 5 cwt. jam, 100 lbs. tinned fruit, 300 lbs. rice, 100 lbs. tea, 6 cwt. sugar, and 1 cwt. of tobacco. Much of the latter is given away to the natives in the interior.

"Tobacco is the most valuable thing imaginable in the eyes of the natives, and most of the crimes committed by the blacks are over the possession of tobacco. They smoke it in a reed, which is first used by the Old Man of the tribe and then handed round in turn to each member of the tribe.

"I have made a very close study of native legends and native folk-lore through my understanding of the sign language of the blacks.

"The Australian aborigines are the most gentle race in the world. They are childlike in their simplicity, and once they have learned to trust you they will never let you down.

"Their legends consist of little fairy stories, each with a moral. These legends are quite as beautiful as the Greek classics, and are handed down to the children by the Old Man of the tribe.

"I am hoping soon to be able to publish them so that they will be read by the children in Australian schools.

**"Part of my privilege is to minister to the sick natives in our district, and the Commonwealth Government has kindly made available a complete medical outfit for this purpose.**

"Some years ago my husband was appointed acting curator of the Leper Station on Channel Island, and I was acting matron, and so I have had considerable experience of this dread disease of the tropics.

*HOUSEWIVES HAVE a great washing-up job at Christmas, but nothing like this, fortunately. Some of the 30,000 pieces of crockery used at an American banquet attended by delegates from 52 countries.*

"Now when my husband brings in lepers from the outback districts I look after them at Leichhardt Bar while they are awaiting transport to the island.

**"We have isolation quarters for them near the station, as sometimes they have to wait for weeks for transport in the wet season.**

## Not All Tinned

"DON'T think we live on tinned meats on the Roper River. We kill our own cattle for beef and grow all our own vegetables and fruit. I make butter from the milk of our own cows, and bake bread two or three times a week.

"Once every six weeks is our big day at Leichhardt Bar.

"That is the day when the old postman, Jack More, comes along with the newspapers and the mail. Jack has been mailman in the territory for longer than anyone can remember.

"He brings the mail 140 miles on horseback, and often has to swim the flooded rivers with his horse.

"He is such an interesting character that even if he brings no letters we love to see him come along for a long talk.

"People in the cities don't read the newspapers, they merely look at the headings. When we get our six-weekly supply of papers we read every line in them over and over again, even the advertisements.

"I always depend on The Australian Women's Weekly—six issues at which arrive together—for my supply of fiction.

"I am just as keen on nice clothes as any city woman and I invariably wear divided skirts of foot length about my home, because they are comfortable and a protection from the mosquitoes, but, of course, I use riding breeches and top boots when riding.

"Although we live so far from the centres of fashion and the amenities of city life, I enjoy every hour of it. This is our Paradise.

## Second Honeymoon

"AFTER our recent visit to Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide—our second honeymoon—we returned to the Roper overland, through South Australia, in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Langford Smith. That is because I am a very bad sailor, and suffered a good deal on the boat trip down.

"I had my first trip in an aeroplane with Mr. Langford Smith, who took me for a fly in the Sky Pilot on one of his trips to Arnhem Land."

### *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Wives are Walking!*

**By Air Mail from Our London Office**

**IF you are a housewife you walk 3000 miles—about the distance from Perth to Sydney—in a year.**

**A survey by America's National Association of Chiropodists reveals that the average housewife walks eight and a half miles a day doing her work at home and her shopping. The average person walks 18,098 steps a day, or 7½ miles.**

**Other averages are: Schoolgirl, 11½ miles; farmer ploughing, 25½ miles; chorus girl, 4½ miles; hospital doctor, 18 miles.**

**Hiking sound easier!**

*A welcome coffret containing Mitcham Lavender Shaving Cream, Liquid Brilliantine, Soap and Talcum Powder. Price 6/- each.*

Give him

what he never thinks to buy!

All men like the luxury of Potter & Moore's toilet things but how many take the trouble to buy them for themselves! That's why he'll give you a special smile on Christmas morning if your gift is a Mitcham Lavender Shaving Bowl de Luxe, or one of these neat Coffrets, containing all he needs to look his smartest! For years Potter & Moore's have been the favourites of well groomed men in England, on the Continent and in America. The same preparations are available throughout Australia, and are sold at all stores and chemists at most reasonable prices. See the complete Potter & Moore presentation right away—there are lovely things for women too!

*Above, Frozen Brilliantine and de Luxe Shaving Stick, price 3/-*

*Above, Shaving Bowl de Luxe. Bakelite bowl in black, rosewood or walnut. Price, 4/- each.*

*Above, smart and useful coffret containing Liquid Brilliantine, British Shaving Brush and Shaving Stick. Price, 9/6.*

*Above, Bakelite Shaving Bowl, and Liquid Brilliantine, 6/-.*

Toilet preparations by

POTTER & MOORE

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY — LONDON


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# NEW SPLENDOR *In Our Artgravure*

## Next Week's Illustrations Will Create Record for Brilliance

*By the Editor-in-Chief of The Australian Women's Weekly*

**Watch out for fresh surprises! Next week's Artgravure issue of The Australian Women's Weekly will be the biggest step forward this paper has yet made.**

***We were proud of our first Artgravure issue last week. We are pleased with this present issue.***

**But we really feel that in next week's issue we have surpassed ourselves.**

LETTERS and messages from readers all over Australia have delighted us. Readers are enthusiastic about the new Artgravure color printing.

It has never been the custom of The Australian Women's Weekly to be content. That is why we promise that illustrations in future issues will be more splendid than ever.

**Next week there will be superb pictures in color by our entire art staff. Greater familiarity with the new process has enabled them to achieve dazzling results.**

**MR. BRUCE COCKBURN (Production Manager) and MR. CHARLES DONNELLY (Artgravure Manager) of The Australian Women's Weekly.**

Wep, Shreve, Boothroyd, Fischer, Rene, Petrov, have all achieved something new.

In addition, there will be something quite new — striking colored photos.

### Feast of Stories

GREAT writers unite in giving a varied appeal to next week's stories.

Shreve has brilliantly caught in his illustration the charm and sophisticated touch of Louis Arthur Cunningham's love story, "Armor Around Me."

"The Settler-ess" brings back a famous writer in C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne, whose Captain Kettle series are world famous.

The glamor of South American beauty is vividly conveyed in Jefferson Farjeon's fine story, "Gold," which has a very happy climax.

**Christmas time and a prima donna's tour of the country is the theme of Will Lawson's Australian story, beautifully illustrated in color by Wep.**

There is another long instalment of Georgette Heyer's Old World romance, "Talisman Ring."

The free novel, "Women in Love," by May Christie, is an absorbing story of how three girls fought the depression and won happiness and success. It's romantic and modern, and told with a freshness which has an irresistible appeal.

### Behind the Scenes

NOW that the new Artgravure is an accomplished fact we think readers might be interested in a peep behind the scenes.

First of all, meet the two technical specialists who have taken charge of this huge £130,000 installation: Mr. Bruce Cockburn and Mr. Charles Donnelly.

These two good Australians are foremost in the Commonwealth in mechanical and gravure newspaper production. Their services were specially secured by The Australian Women's Weekly when Artgravure was decided upon.

Our installation of machinery and plant is the most up-to-date in the world to-day.

**The color section is the only one of its kind in the British Empire: the whole combined press is the only one of its kind in the world.**

Its success is a wonderful tribute to these two Australians.

*THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, millionaire and owner of one of the oldest and finest castles in England.*

### Ducal Wedding King Will Attend

*THE HON. LAVINIA STRUTT, who has become engaged to the Duke of Norfolk, King's Marshal for the Coronation, is Lord Belper's daughter by his first marriage, and ranks high among feminine point-to-point riders in England. She is an accomplished horsewoman, and frequently rode to hounds with her fiance. The accompanying pictures show:*

*TOP LEFT: The Hon. Lavinia Strutt (at left) with the Hon. Peter Strutt and some friends at the Quorn Hunt Steeplechases.*

*TOP RIGHT: The future Duchess of Norfolk (at left), with a friend, at a race meeting near Loughborough (Eng.)*

# HAIL . . . *The King* of LIARS

## *Disciples of Munchausen Elect Their President*

*By Cable from Our New York Correspondent*

**Peter Sawyer has been elected President of the famous American Liars' Club, the modern masters of the tell-tale.**

***The honor was awarded to Sawyer after a contest which extended throughout the nation to determine the best liar among twenty-six candidates.***

**It provoked the keenest interest among the disciples of Baron Munchausen, who are always keen to win the coveted award, and Sawyer was elected amidst tremendous enthusiasm.**

THE Liars' Club recently celebrated the third anniversary of its innovation, and many good stories were told by members.

The stories included the classic which one member related — his "grandfather had a clock which was so old that the shadow of the pendulum swinging to and fro wore a hole in the back of the frame."

☆ ☆ ☆

ANOTHER of the classics went this way: "When I was a kid I used to shoot the eyes out of a horsefly over my shoulder at one hundred paces. One day as I was tramping through the swamp, I came face to face with a bull buffalo. I grabbed the beast by the horns and got him down on one knee and was about to give his neck a final twist when I saw a lion about to spring on me.

"If I let the buffalo go he would have gored me to death. If I didn't the lion would get me. I drew my gun out of my holster, fired two shots at the lion, jammed the gun back into the holster, and grabbed the buffalo again before he had a chance to move.

**"I was so fast getting the gun back into the holster that I got it back before the bullet was out of the barrel. The bullet struck me in the foot, but the accident saved my life. As I let go to grab my foot, the lion leaped, passing over my head and landing on the buffalo. In the struggle which followed both the lion and the buffalo were killed."**

☆ ☆ ☆

"LYING JACK," one of the famous story tellers of the West of America, put this one over:

"My favorite tale was that I had killed an elk with a fifteen-feet antler spread. I always kept the antlers in a loft above my cabinet. One time, after a long absence, I turned up again and after one or two drinks my pals asked for a story.

**"I said, 'I'm through, boys. For years I have been telling these stories until I got to believe them myself. That elk story cured me. I talked about it so often that I got to believe I killed it. One night I lit a candle and crawled up into the loft to have a look at the horns, and I'm hanged if they weren't there.'"**

☆ ☆ ☆

THE contribution of "Hump-backed Jake," an Alaskan fisherman, also provoked a deal of interest:

"I was out in the creek one day and had forgotten my rifle," said Jake. "On my way back home at night I saw a bear following me. I ran as hard as I could, but the bear was catching me. Just as I was about to drop with exhaustion I saw a lone tree ahead with the lowest limb 20 feet from the ground. I made a mighty jump."

"Did you make it?" asked a listener.

"Well, I did not catch it going up, but I caught it as I was coming down," answered Jake.

☆ ☆ ☆

A COLONEL told of his experiences as a young farmer.

"The stumps on the farm were pretty thick," he said, "but we managed to raise a crop of corn. We had a sulky plough, and I sat in the seat managing the horses—four handsome bays. One day I found a big stump right in my road. I hated to back out, so I said a word to the team and they just walked that plough through that stump like a bit of cheese."

☆ ☆ ☆

**There were many other gems, but they were not quite up to the standard of those quoted.**

DON'T NEGLECT THAT COUGH

*take* HEARNE'S *today*

It is positively dangerous to neglect a Cold. If all "Colds" were promptly treated with HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE there would be little fear of any serious complications (such as Pneumonia, Pleurisy and Bronchitis).

For that obstinate, irritating, tickling COUGH that pesters you and irritates everybody else; for the sort of COUGH that shakes you to pieces; for the COUGH that often follows the Flu; in fact, for ANY sort of COUGH there is nothing better, safer or quicker in action than **Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.**

FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION always ask for and see that you get HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure, because Hearne's obtains its amazing results **without** the use of narcotics, and does not upset the stomach.

*K12*

**For all CHEST troubles take**

**HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE . . .**


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Don't imagine that beautiful hair is just a question of luck. Every woman can have lovely hair by feeding the starved hair roots with Barry's Tricopherous. This fragrant liquid revives the hair, tones up the scalp and promotes luxuriant growth. It drives away dandruff, prevents greyness and falling hair. Excellent as a dressing. Fine for children's hair. Splendid for men. Get a bottle to-day.

BARRY'S
Tri-coph-erous
For Luxuriant Hair Growth
Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 2/- per bottle.

DON'T NEGLECT A CUT
"DALZO"
BRITISH STICKING PLASTER
FOR FIRST AID — ALL CHEMISTS


# CALLING at TRINIDAD

*Continued from Page 4*

WHEN the dancing started I was surprised to see that Monsieur Lobere was not the good dancer I expected. His movements were graceful and light enough, but it was plain he did not know the steps. Mrs. X had to show him how to do dances like the rhumba, which everyone in London had been doing for two years. I was puzzled by this, for he must have been in touch with civilisation (?) between his expeditions.

Mrs. X was not troubled by her partner's inexpertness; she taught the new steps and soon they were getting on famously. Then at about 11 p.m. I lost sight of them. A little after midnight I was smoking a last pipe in the lounge when Mrs. X suddenly reappeared alone. She came straight up to me; I saw that her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed, and that she was in a state of great excitement. Having made sure that no one was listening, she said:

"Sir William, I want you to do me a favor. When you go on board to-morrow, I want you to see the purser and ask to have my things packed and sent on shore."

"You are not coming on with the boat?" I said.

She shook her head. "I am going to Panama; there is a ship leaving to-morrow afternoon."

She saw the look in my eyes, and tried to laugh, but it was a nervous half-hearted effort. "I know what you think! You think I'm a silly little fool."

"I don't know anything about your plans," I said, "but Panama is a long way from England. Do you know anyone there?"

"Yes. Monsieur Lobere is going to Panama; he knows a lot of people. He says he can introduce me to everybody."

I put my hand on her arm: "I shouldn't."

"I'd go anywhere with him. I knew it as soon as I saw him; he is wonderful."

I tried to reason with her.

"Supposing he takes you to Panama and leaves you there! How are you going to get home?"

"He won't do that; I can trust him; he has told me all about the firm he works for in Paris; he is quite an important person. If anything did go wrong I have got my letter of credit." She opened her bag and showed me a letter of credit for a considerable sum. "But I shan't need it; he won't even let me pay my fare to Panama."

Obviously, the thing had to be stopped. Mrs. X's new friend might or might not pay her fare to Panama, but I was certain he would not pay it back. He was more likely to rob her of all the money she could obtain on her letter of credit and then leave her stranded. I had not liked the look of him when I first saw him, and now that I heard of the plan he proposed, I was certain he was a scoundrel. But it was not going to be easy to get Mrs. X to believe this; she was far too infatuated.

I did not know what to do. Mrs. X would not listen to vague warnings. The only thing that would stop her would be definite proof of Lobere's real character.

I saw a fellow called Walters standing by the door. Walters, I knew, was the British Consul in Port-of-Spain; there was a chance that he might know something about this Frenchman. Lobere was at that moment crossing the floor to rejoin Mrs. X and I left her to dance with him and went over to Walters.

"You see that fellow in a white dinner jacket dancing with a girl from our ship?" I said to the Consul.

"I've been watching him the whole evening," Walters answered. He appeared amused by my question.

"Can you tell me anything about him?"

"Why do you ask? Has he been up to any tricks?" the Consul asked sharply.

"Not yet; but he has asked that English girl to break her cruise and go with him to Panama. I don't, somehow, fancy the plan. Not that the girl has anything to do with me. If she had, I would stop it; as it is, it is going to be a bit difficult to persuade her he is not a desirable travelling companion." I told the Consul the whole story, including my fears for Mrs. X's letter of credit.

"I may be able to help you," Walters said; there was a twinkle in his eye. "Bring them into the bar when this dance is over and we will all have a talk."

I WAYLAID Mrs. X and her partner when the music stopped and took them into the bar. The Consul was sitting by himself at a table in the corner. I noticed that Lobere checked his pace and seemed anxious to turn back, when he saw Walters.

"I am going to introduce you to the British Consul," I told him.

"I know him," Lobere said. He looked most uncomfortable.

"Enjoying your evening?" the Consul asked Lobere as we sat down.

The Frenchman would not look at the Consul; he kept his eyes on the ground, and his hands were twitching.

"I hear you are thinking of going to Panama to-morrow," the Consul said.

"Yes, and I am going, too. I hear it is a wonderful place," Mrs. X said, resting her hand on Lobere's shoulder.

*Please turn to Page 34*

**THIS UNIVERSAL player wears a black satin tunic embroidered with white polka dots over a black satin skirt.** —Air Mail photo.

HOUBIGANT Powder is of superlative quality and is recommended for even the most delicate complexions. It is made with ingredients that are absolutely pure and is prepared at HOUBIGANT's model Laboratories in PARIS with meticulous care under the strict control of experts.

HOUBIGANT Powder delicately perfumed, extremely adherent, of a gossamer texture, is obtainable in a series of twelve lovely shades, and has all the virtues that appeal to the woman of taste the world over.

Parfums
QUELQUES FLEURS - LE TEMPS DES LILAS
etc.

*Made exclusively in Paris*



Under the spell of
MICHEL

● The rosebud softness of youth comes to mouths touched by Michel! It gives pulsating color to lips . . . makes them soft and warm. And it is so truly indelible, one application lasts all day. Try this smarter, gayer, more permanent lipstick to-day. Beware of imitations. Genuine Michel has the name on the case.

5 APPEALING SHADES
Blonde Scarlet Vivid
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*THE HON. HUGO BRASSEY'S 68ft. yacht, Sunbeam (at left), which Mrs. Hugo Brassey, formerly the Baroness Christa von Bodenhausen (in centre), navigated from Dunk Island to Koepang en route to Java. The picture at right shows the Brasseys' home in idyllic surroundings on Dunk Island.*

# WOMAN'S *Daring Voyage* IN YACHT

## Sailed Husband's 68ft. Boat Through Perilous Waters

## *Kinswoman Of Queen*

**After having lived for a year on Dunk Island, on the Barrier Reef, a kinswoman of Queen Mary and descendant of a noble German house has navigated her husband's yacht from Queensland to Koepang on the first stage of a voyage to Java.**

***She is Mrs. Hugo Brassey, daughter of Baron von Bodenhausen and Countess Dugenfeld, of Munich, Germany. Her husband, the Hon. Hugo Brassey, is a nephew of Lady Gowrie, wife of the Governor-General.***

BEAUTIFUL, blonde, and petite, Mrs. Brassey wears her clothes with the unmistakable chic of the Continent. Yet, in the old Banfield home at Dunk Island, where she settled with her husband a little more than a year ago, she lived in shorts and shirts, like a typical Australian surf girl.

She was not afraid of sunburn and before long her back was even browner than her husband's. She loves the sun and spent her days in long rambles over the island and in swimming in the cool rock pools.

**When the Brasseys decided to navigate their yacht, the Sunbeam, to Java there were some who gravely shook their heads. The waters of the northern archipelagoes are treacherous, and even experienced shipmasters are accompanied by pilots in the Barrier Reef channels and the Torres Strait.**

But adventure means much in the young lives of the Brasseys, and the Sunbeam is a stout 68-foot vessel, well-found, and equipped with a thrusting Diesel engine.

Mrs. Brassey made a dash to Brisbane for charts and instruments, and then went north to join her husband on the yacht at Townsville. She was to be the navigator, for she was a well-known airwoman in Germany before her marriage and had learnt the secrets of compasses and charts.

### Only One Sailorman

**IT would be an exciting voyage, she told her Brisbane friends. The yacht had a crew of four, in addition to the owner and his lady skipper; but the only regular sailorman aboard was a skilled engineer to tend the precious Diesel engine.**

And so, with this titled little navigator at the helm, the Sunbeam nosed her way through the myriad islands of the Barrier Reef up to Thursday Island.

That was, perhaps, the most treacherous part of the voyage, and Mrs. Brassey proved herself well worthy of her command.

The other day word came to Mr. John Collins, of Beaudesert (Queensland), a friend of Mr. Brassey, that the yacht had reached Koepang.

Next port is Bali, the enchanted tourist haven of the Netherlands Indies. From there the Sunbeam will go to Sourabaya, where Mrs. Brassey will board a Dutch liner for Europe. Her first tropic year ended, she longs for a sight of Paris, for elegant frocks, bowing maitres-d'hotel, and a visit to her parents in the family castle near Munich.

Accompanying the party on the yacht is Miss Margaret Long, a Bendigo girl, who will also join a ship at Sourabaya for Fremantle and home.

### Grace and Courage

IT is an interesting coincidence that Mrs. Brassey's yachting is linked with the Queensland adventures of Errol Flynn, the young Australian who has won fame in Hollywood by his work in romantic films.

A year or so before he married the Baroness von Bodenhausen, the Hon. Hugo Brassey become engaged to the French film star Lili Damita, friend of ex-King Alfonso of Spain. Alfonso it was who christened her "damita"—little lady.

Lili Damita is now wife of Errol Flynn. They separated a little while ago and it was rumored that they would be divorced, but then came news by cable that they were reconciled and were setting out on a second European honeymoon.

Years before Errol Flynn dreamt of fame in celluloid, he was cruising in his yacht, the Sirocco, in the waters of the Barrier Reef, where the Brasseys have made their home. Flynn was then an adventurous youth in his very early twenties. An engagement and two romantic marriages were to take place before the cruise of the Sirocco would be linked with the cruise of the Sunbeam.

Australia will watch the progress of the Sunbeam with a kindly eye, for the aristocratic little skipper has proved that the graces of Paris and Berlin merely enhance her nerve and courage.

Fragrance of Morning

YOUNG bud-leaves for your morning tea! Fragrant and rich in flavor, they make you feel as fresh as the dawn.

Everybody loves the flavor of bud-leaves. They make such a wonderful cup of tea. Bushells select them for you while they are still tender with rich sap.

A packet of Bushells Blue Label Tea in the house is an aid to cheerfulness throughout the day.

Has Finer Flavor


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# An Editorial

DECEMBER 12, 1936.

## WOMEN & CRICKET

THE visit of the English cricket team to Australia, with its round of matches in the various States, again demonstrates that Test cricket has an irresistible attraction for women.

Photographs of the big crowd which watched the Australian Eleven pitted against the visitors showed that women formed a big proportion, and that they were as keen to cheer and comment as the male cricket "fans" themselves.

Perhaps it may be doubted whether the interest of the women spectators is actuated by the whole-souled passion for scores, bowling tactics, batting finesse and other cricket details which absorb their masculine fellow-watchers.

***Women go to Test matches, once said a cynic, to see, first, each other; next, any celebrities present; next, the cricketers; and last, the game.***

So little did the game itself appeal to them in the past that the "inquiring young thing," boring a male cricketing enthusiast with childish inquiries and blunders, became a stock joke of the comic papers.

***But nowadays it is no longer the vogue for women to be charmingly imbecile where sports are concerned; most women attend cricket matches with a fair knowledge of the main points of the game.***

No doubt the social side of a Test match draws many women there, just as the presence of famous cricketers as "personalities" draws many others.

But the game is no longer essentially a man's sport. Not only do women take an intelligent interest in the game, but they are keen and capable exponents, and next year will see the departure from these shores of an Australian XI of women to inaugurate the Ashes of feminine cricket.

Cricket in general, and Test cricket in particular, has a real live interest and a multiplicity of attractions for women. What is more, women know how to "play the game" in every sense of the term.

There can be no doubt that the sport is all the better for their bright and intelligent interest. Of course, that type of male barracker who is given to hurling vulgarisms at the players may not feel happy about their "intrusion," but, then again, that is all for the good.

—THE EDITOR.

# POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE HAYLEN

### True Leadership

KIPLING'S definition of true manhood: "to walk with kings nor lose the common touch," is particularly applicable to King Edward VIII.

Almost every day he gives some indication of his personal leadership and brotherly regard for the welfare of his people. He has roused the captains of industry in England on the problem of the unemployed.

On leaving South Wales after his dramatic tour of the distressed mining areas he said: "Something must be done," and assuredly something was done immediately. Plans are to be set on foot for the renewal of industrial activity, the first step in bringing back prosperity to depressed areas.

"Do not lose heart, you are not forgotten," said the King. What an example of the kingly touch. To see for himself has always been the King's watchword.

### Little Gesture

"IF we made one little gesture to Germany," says novelist Beverley Nichols, after a tour of that country, "she would be friends with us. If we only make one gesture in regard to one of the colonies that mean so much to them and so little to us, I believe that it would be the solution of the whole European situation."

Spoken like a statesman. Give them back what we took from them, and everybody would be happy.

Unfortunately, in war as in everything else, we can't put back the clock. Former German colonies after twenty years are now more British than German, and war problems are not so simple as Mr. Nichols supposes.

Six million dead that can't be given back are another dramatic reason why a great war can't be settled entirely on the kiss-and-be-friends basis after it is all over.

### Low Heel Intelligence

LOTS of reasons have been advanced by mere males to support the theory that man has a higher intelligence than woman. The latest put forward by a manipulative surgeon is that women are as intelligent as men, but men by wearing low heels to their footwear have got ahead of them.

Condemning the high heels worn by women, he said that these tilted the whole body forward and put a severe strain on the spinal muscles and nerve centres. Women thus expended a lot of nervous energy in being fashionable, while man remained low-heeled and conserved his energy and intelligence.

### Not These Days

IT was once freely conceded that all the nice girls loved a soldier, and that a uniform caused feminine hearts to flutter in delicious excitement. To-day things are very different. The failure of recruiting in England is attributed to the girls who do not want their boys to join the army.

The generals have appealed to the girls to change their attitude, or it will be necessary to introduce some form of compulsory military training.

Perhaps the girls have a point of view of their own which the War Office has overlooked. There are 2,000,000 surplus women in England, and soldiers have notoriously poor memories of the girls they left behind them. Johnnie in drab civilian attire may be a prosaic person, but he's a lot safer than a demi-god in a glittering uniform.

**FRAU GERTRUD SCHOLTZ-KLINK, Hitler's ideal woman, is being kept busy these days educating the leaders of Germany's women organisations in the finer points of Nazism. She is here shown opening the first training school for the leaders of the various women's bodies in the High School for Politics.**
—Air Mail photo.

### A Kick in It

AUSTRALIAN slang was defended vigorously by the Association of Modern Writers of Australia.

The president (Mr. A. Gilberthorpe) said that colloquialism consolidated, unified, and rejuvenated every language.

Put a bit of a kick into it, in fact.

### Hats in Church

IS there anything out of order in women going hatless to church? The English Vicar of Cobham (Kent) says there is not. Outside his church is this notice:

**"The question of women wearing hats in church, and the rig you come in, is left to your own discretion. 'God looketh not on the outward appearance, but on the heart.'"**

Which, after all, is a very sane outlook.

Still, aren't we becoming a little spoiled? Surely if evening dress is demanded for *formal social functions*, people can conform to the conventional church attire without sending shrieks to high heaven for the loss of a liberty which we seldom possess—in dress least of all.

### *Lyric of Life*

#### Tea-Trees

**There is sand in the wind that is salt and strong**
**Where the tide in darkness is beating high,**
**A black night wind from the running sea**
**Tearing the strange and starless sky.**
**On the edge of the sand are the twisted trunks**
**And the barren limbs of the sand-born trees;**
**Dwarfed and unlovely, and yet they face**
**Unbrokenly the wind and seas.**

**—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.**

# *Wives, Mothers Are Best Asset of Sweden*

***Sweden as a land without children, a land where women avoid motherhood, was the impression gathered by Mrs. Sterne, of Queensland, as published in a recent article in The Australian Women's Weekly.***

***This has brought the following comment from another reader, Miss Alma Royall, who lived in Sweden for several years. Her opinion of Sweden's wives and mothers is of particular interest.***

**By ALMA ROYALL**

EVERY Swede reading the recent article on Sweden would rear his head snortingly at the all-embracing aspersions cast on the lives of Swedes.

Sweden now has had peace in her fairy land for a hundred years. She has a Democratic Government. The country has been educated to an extraordinarily high level. Stockholm is the mecca for ambitious young Swedes.

Having avoided war for so many decades, Sweden has saved thousands of male lives. Consequently, in a population of some six million, there is definitely a minority of females.

**Woman is the cradle of the nation, and Sweden treats woman accordingly. But, before womanhood is attained, the girl is given equal rights to man.**

If she has the mental ability and inclination, she can pursue exactly the same educational course as her brothers.

Then, when the time comes, **she marries, settles down, and bears children.**

## Housewife's Tasks

NOT for one moment should we gloss over the domestic life of Sweden, because domestic life is so much more in evidence in Sweden than, perhaps, in any other country of the world.

The very climate demands it! Summer . . . glorious 24-hour sunlight . . . for three months of the year. During this time the wife and mother is busily preparing preserves . . . jams, vegetables, breads, for the long, dark winter ahead.

Then winter comes . . . murky daylight for an hour each day, then pitch darkness . . . home is blessed home . . . and with it the divine wife and mother to welcome home her husband and happy brood. Warm, comfortable, life-giving!

**This is Sweden's home life, and the life of the nation. The life that made the Vikings of old, that will continue on down the generations so long as Sweden has her place on the map.**

## Active Community

THERE is also the picturesque life of the country, town and market places.

Most Swedish cities date back to the sixteenth century, when cobblestones, probably for the lack of better material, were the vogue.

In larger centres, however, these traces are fast disappearing . . . as in Stockholm and Gottenburg.

The market square is a mass and blaze of color on the chief weekly market day.

The 24-hour daylight of Swedish summer is not wasted. By 3 a.m. the last arrivals of farm products have been set out in an attractive display. The earliest energetic housewife is soon on the spot to do her keen shopping. And what a choice!

Swedish demand is always quality at the keenest price. Throughout the length and breadth of the land everything bespeaks the people's requirements.

Flowers are just a blaze, as though the rainbow had been caught and, with the summer sun, exaggerated each and every multi hue, until this resplendence was the result.

Whether it is a service station, restaurant, hotel, or private home, the exterior is gaily patterned with these rays of light. Summer is short-lived in this Nordic clime, but she blossoms when she may, and such visions are treasured through the long nights of winter.

The old national dress is dying out, but the remaining traces are a delight to the eye. Each county is distinguishable by the colors worn, the distinctive and individual combinations of which have been passed down through the ages. Homespuns all!

In every case the woman wears the apron—a vivid-hued striped affair, covering scrupulously clean clothes, and crowned by a bright-complexioned, happy face and golden hair.

## BLONDIE

*Stories Without Words*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4611507

# IT'S NOT *Cricket* ... *to Write* ABOUT IT

## Also It's Tough To Get Out L.B.W. When You're Trying To Play The Game

By L. W. Lower
*Australia's Foremost Humorist*

ILLUSTRATED By Wep

WRITTEN ON TOUR

**I am supposed to write about cricket, this so-called game being in the vogue at the moment.**

***What do they know of cricket who only England know? Very little, judging by past performances. You girls may not know much about the game, so I suppose I'll have to explain the confounded thing to you.***

**I will explain it to you so thoroughly that you will feel a yearning for ice hockey, snooker, ludo, snakes and ladders, and other healthy sports which help me to keep the inmates of The Australian Women's Weekly in order, and give me that healthy, back-slapping, ruddy-faced, what-ho-ish manner which has made me so many enemies that I have to keep on being fit.**

*L. W. LOWER'S TEAM for the second Test takes the field. From left to right: L. W. Lower, L. W. Lower, L. W. Lower, L. W. Lower, L. W. Lower, L. W. Lower, L. W. Lower, L. W. Lower, L. W. Lower, L. W. Lower, L. W. Lower, L. W. Lower.*

BUT I was going to tell you about cricket.

Lots of people think that all they have to do is to sit down and yell, "Get a bag!" and toss empty lemonade bottles at each other. I would like everyone to stand around and notice that I said lemonade bottles.

Strong drink, I reckon, is a curse. I knew a man once—a bank manager he was—who succumbed to its subtle lure. He finished up mortgaging the bank. If I remember rightly his name was Frederick Goshawk—the aitch being silent, as in "'Ow's Zat?"

About the cricket? I was coming to that.

The idea of cricket is to throw a ball at a man standing some yards away with a small piece of wood and try to knock him rotten, or bash over the small gate he is trying to cover with his legs.

There are various terms, such as "Cover drive," "A neat snick to the boundary," and "Well caught, sir!"

I have been on a lot of cricket grounds, but somehow I seem to miss the actual play. Whether this is because I am asleep most of the time, or just munching a pie or fiddling about, I don't seem to know, but I never seem to have been there when anything happened.

It took me a long time to learn that a man who was bowled was not necessarily in his cups. (A joke, which I think f.a.q.)

You know not, and care not, but I am writing this on the Victorian border, and have just given a team of schoolchildren the day off after asking a few questions about geography and things.

All the pupils seemed to be brilliant. Anyhow, I couldn't contradict them!

But about this cricket?

Oh, cricket! If I could tell you some of the scandal in this town you'd never bother about cricket. Using a society term, one can say that the goings on are not cricket. Yet, weirdly enough, one cannot say that they are not done.

### In the Wilds

DID I tell you that I am stuck in the wilds of New South Wales, about forty miles from the Queensland border, with no post office in sight, and not a penny in the pouch?

I did have threepence, but I gave it to a small-sized boy to buy a nice cream with, at, from, to, how.

Don't be amazed about that last bit, because I have wired the home town for monetary reinforcements, and so far nothing has happened. Not that I care a whit!

A whit. What is a whit?

But I was supposed to talk about cricket. I do hope that "Wep's" illustration fits in, anyhow. Mmmph! Cricket? What a cow of a life! And Mrs. Lower thinks I'm enjoying myself in the country. Good Heavens!

Why not be Attractively SLIM

YOU can have that lovely attractive figure and enjoy the best of health if you follow the golden rule of taking Bile Beans at bedtime.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, ensure internal health and melt away all surplus fat.

Don't forget, the swim suit is the supreme test of your appearance; so make sure of having that perfect figure, and looking your best on the beach by taking a couple of Bile Beans nightly.

"I must tell you how pleased I am with Bile Beans. They are fine for removing surplus fat and I have reduced my hip measurement by 4 inches. I used to feel so listless that everything was a trouble. But now, at 41, I am in splendid health and youthful in spirits and appearance."—Mrs. A. F.

* * *

"My unwanted fat was on the bust, waist and hips, but Bile Beans taken regularly have reduced me by seventeen pounds in three months. My health is greatly improved and I can now wear my dresses to much better advantage.—Miss E. M. H.

BILE BEANS

IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH AS WELL AS YOUR FIGURE

FILM on teeth may invite all three

*Remove film this safe, sure way as only the "special film-removing tooth paste" does*

FILM *should be removed* if teeth are to be kept clean and sound, if gums are to remain healthy.

It has been proved unexcelled in the way it removes the film that glues decay germs to teeth. Other dentifrices may promise film-removing action. But are they equally effective? *Can these other kinds remove film with the same safety?*

In fair and unbiassed laboratory tests, it was shown that Pepsodent's special polishing material was the softest—and therefore *safest* . . . of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 leading tooth powders. Pepsodent contains no grit, nothing to harm the teeth.

Use Pepsodent Tooth Paste twice a day; see your dentist at least twice a year.

SAVE MONEY!
Buy Pepsodent in the new 20% larger tubes at the old prices. You can't afford to take chances on cheap "bargain" brands now that it costs no more to insist on the special film-removing Tooth Paste.

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*the Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste*
THE 2/- SIZE IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL


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# KEEP FIT AND YOUNG TAKE Beecham's PILLS

You can only succeed if you keep healthy and young. So many people, however, lose fitness and youth early in life that it behoves you never to neglect nature's simple little rule—regular elimination. The consequence is constipation. Young people who should be full of business, pleasure and the joy of living are moping about, "indisposed," irritable, sickly, martyrs to Headaches and Biliousness, which are bound to tell their tale in later years. Keep Fit! Keep Regular! Constipation is a positive danger! The symptoms are many — the remedy simple. Constant headache, sallow skin, furred tongue, dull eyes, all are symptoms of constipation. Beecham's Pills are the simple remedy. World-renowned for their gentle, thorough and safe cleansing of the system, composed entirely of vegetable ingredients, they protect your health, keep the sparkle in your eyes and the spring of youth in your step—in a word, they keep you FIT!

the world's medicine.

FOR — CONSTIPATION, LIVERISHNESS, HEADACHES, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, STOMACH PAINS.


# CHINESE WATERS

*Continued from Page 5*

KHAILAR smiled, showing broken teeth, and made a gesture. He bowed to Carol, and she looked at him with scorn. "You to listen. Do not move. Ship belong Khailar now. You move, you die. I am clever. I have two year in Liverpool." He bowed again to Carol, and Fane flared up with a fury that tempted him to leap at the man, despite those covering revolvers.

Carol read his expression, and said urgently: "Keep still, Dick. You can't do anything."

"What d' ye want, ye scum?" demanded Strachan savagely.

Khailar's eyes gleamed. "I advise the polite tongue." He twittered an order to his men, and they produced cords.

Any attempt at resistance would have been madness. With the exception of Carol, they were tied by their wrists and ankles, and Hoad groaned in his helplessness. He could picture his men down in the engine-room, working under the threat of death. No doubt Andavoy, the Eurasian wireless operator, was tied up, and the ship's course being altered towards Bias Bay by one of Khailar's men on the bridge. The plan must have been very thorough. Why, he had had Ah Fang three years, and trusted him—the traitor.

Khailar spoke with mocking politeness. "I trust no inconvenience. You carry silver, much silver. We proceed to Bias Bay and remove silver."

"And then?" said Hoad hoarsely.

"It may be that then ship will sink."

Hoad felt dazed. It had all happened so quickly and quietly, it seemed an ugly dream. In thirty years on the Chinese coastal trade he had read of these affairs, heard of them many a time, and yet he would have laughed to scorn the idea of piracy aboard his ship. With Shanghai a mere handful of miles away, British cruisers, wireless—it was absurd.

Young Fane was watching Carol with dread in his eyes. Why had they left her free? What did they intend to do with her? Apparently Khailar read his thoughts. He smiled with the tiniest movement of his thin mouth, and said: "I am now captain of this ship. I will take dinner. In Liverpool, I have eaten in place where pretty girls bring food. What is called—ah, waitress." He pointed a bony finger at Carol. "I will take dinner. You will be waitress."

At that a thick sound came from young Fane. Tied as he was, he attempted to get at Khailar, and the pirate thrust a hand under his chin, pushed him heavily, and sent him flat on his back. Without another glance at Fane, he set two of his men on guard outside the saloon, and directed the others, including Ah Fang and the assistant steward, to sit at table with him.

"I will take dinner." Khailar leered at Carol. "Waitress, bring food." Carol did not move. He pointed his revolver at Fane. "Waitress, bring food."

"WHAT food do you want?"

Carol spoke in an even, toneless way. Her eyes looked into space. She refused to provide Khailar with the amusement of seeing her afraid, angry, disgusted.

"I will have all the dinner. I am captain, these are officers." He waved at his men, and his long filthy nails were like talons.

"Very well."

The Chinese cook seemed in no way surprised. Probably he understood his leader's sense of humor. He passed Carol a tray of plates and a dish of curried fish, and she returned to the saloon and served Khailar and his companions calmly and skilfully. Fane writhed at it, but the courage in her glance urged him to remain still and take no notice.

Khailar flourished a piece of fish, extended it towards Hoad, then popped it into his own grinning mouth. There was vast enjoyment about eating the captain's dinner under the captain's nose, and being waited upon by a girl whose father owned the ship and the line. "Much like dinner." Khailar munched noisily, and looked round at his companions, who were stuffing their mouths and smacking their lips.

"Hope it chokes you," said Darlow, straining in vain at his bound wrists.

Khailar picked up a tumbler and threw it at him. It struck Darlow on the side of the temple and broke. A trickle of blood ran down his cheek, but he set his teeth and glared defiantly.

"Speak when spoken to. More fish, waitress."

If Hoad could have had one prayer granted, he would have asked for a breakdown in the engine-room. That at least would have given them a ghost of hope. At this distance from the coast the pirates would not dream of clearing off in the ship's boats with the cargo of silver, unless forced to do so. But in a couple of hours they would be close enough in for their purpose. And this mist was helping the rascals. What chance was there of another ship spotting them and guessing that something was wrong? Every purring throb of the engines was taking them nearer to the end of it all, the sinking of the ship in Bias Bay, and the drowning of Khailar's victims. Darlow and Strachan and Lewis and Carol knew it, too. Hoad drew an unsteady breath, and wondered what they were thinking.

Out in the still night there began a moaning, broken by the shrill wails of a man in pain. For the first time Carol showed signs of nerves. Her eyes flinched, and her hands trembled slightly.

"What's that?" asked Hoad huskily.

*Please turn to Page 30*

# GIRLIGAGS

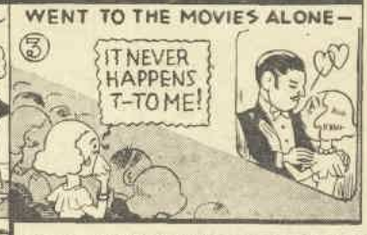
**"THE MAN who says there isn't anything he wouldn't do for a woman can usually be found with both hands in the washing-up dish."**


Little Miss Muffet, once had to rough it,
And often her blues got her down.

MISS MUFFET FOUND LIFE DULL—

CAME HOME BORED & IRRITABLE—

WENT TO THE MOVIES ALONE—



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I have a piano at my disposal, and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practise, so please send me your handsome, new, illustrated 44-page Book, "The Secrets of Syncopation," and your special enclosure—a unique and surprising musical novelty—for which I enclose 2/6 (P.N. or stamps). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

Name .....
(Print in Block Letters)
Address .....


## INFORMATION WANTED

concerning the present whereabouts of the children or descendants of the children of

**WILLIAM WHITE**

who formerly resided at No. 12 **Lochend Close, Canongate, Edinburgh, Scotland,** and who emigrated to Australia many years ago. Will any person having information regarding the above communicate with William Sharp, Chartered Accountant, 243 West George Street, Glasgow, Scotland.***

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# Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

*"Are there any fashions in that paper, Dad?"*
*"Yes, but it's yesterday's paper."*

*WIFE: George, if you go on like this, everyone will think you're working here.*

*CORPORAL: That new recruit used to be a clerk.*
*SERGEANT: How do you know?*
*CORPORAL: Every time he stands at ease he tries to put his rifle behind his ear.*

*CUSTOMER: There's some foreign substance in my soup.*
*WAITRESS: There can't be, sir. We haven't a foreigner in the place!*


# Evening in Paris

## XMAS CASKETS

*of Distinction and Refinement*

Evening in Paris' alluring fragrance and daintiness are ever an irresistible appeal to those women of refined tastes, so this Xmas be confident in your choice—give Evening in Paris.

*When ordering, please mention Casket Numbers.*

S.17 GIFT SET.
A beautifully encased set of Face Powder, Talcum and Perfume (in Lucky Horse Shoe), inexpensive at **9/6** each.

S.20 GIFT SET.
This attractive Gift Set of Powder, Perfume and Soap for only **12/6** set.

S.38 GIFT SET
comprises Face Powder, Perfume and Talcum at the really remarkable price of **8/6**.

Obtainable at all Stores and Chemists

THE IMMACULATE TOILET BY

BOURJOIS


## Brainwaves

**A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.**

HE: What shape would you say a kiss was?
She: I'm sure I don't know.
He: Well, give me one and we'll call it square.

"DO you go to church regularly?"
"Oh, yes, I'm never married anywhere else."

"BUT, Henry, don't you remember you told me before we were married that you were worth twelve pounds per week?"
"Yes, dearest, but you see they only gave me two!"

MISS ELDERLEE: Will this "Youthful Bloom Cream" do all you claim for it?
Chemist: Madam, we guarantee to refund your money if you are not travelling half-fare on the railway after using three bottles!

HE: What's the best cure for a pain in the neck?
She: A divorce.

FATHER: Bobby always seems to cry whenever I look at him.
Mother: Never mind, dear. When he's older, and gets some sense, he'll probably laugh at you.

TEACHER: Can anyone tell me why Methuselah lived to such a ripe old age?
Innocent-faced Child: Probably to spite some poor girl who'd married him for his money.

*Poor little gal! Faced with clothes line cut-ups on her first wash day.*

She bought her husband some cheap cotton undervests and the filling fell right out of them the first time they were washed. And there, beside them on the line, was a twelve-months' old Bond's Athletic still in the best of shape. Bond's Athletics are comfortably light in weight because they are knitted from the finest quality super-carded cotton yarn.

## Bond's Athletic Vests

*Look for the Bond's label — it guarantees you more for your money. * * * Cotton Athletics 1/6 to 2/6.*


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# 10,000 hours Stomach Pain!

Imagine it! In six years Mrs. H. R. suffered over 10,000 hours of stomach torture—and then found at last a remedy. Read her vivid letter telling of this harrowing experience.

*"After what I have gone through, it is nothing short of a miracle to me being able to enjoy and digest anything set before me. For nearly six years I used to get severe pains, which lasted for a couple of hours after every meal. Then I decided to give 'Bisurated' Magnesia a trial. That was about two months ago, and apparently my stomach is now healed for good, as I have had no pain since then." H.R.*

No matter how serious your stomach trouble, or how long you have suffered, don't despair. 'Bisurated' Magnesia has relieved thousands of people who were beginning to give up hope. Prove that 'Bisurated' Magnesia can be just as effective in your own case by getting a bottle from your Chemist today. Your first dose will stop stomach pain and start your recovery.

**'Bisurated' Magnesia**
*For the Stomach*

A concentrated preparation, very economical. *The package bears the 'Bismag' Trade Mark* BISMAG


SHE brushed aside Elms' speeches and ran laughing down to the lagoon.

The American had a long talk with Ota. But Ota said the omens were not favorable. He said nothing could be done without favorable omens. Elms raved and swore. He cajoled and pleaded. He tried to bribe Ota to find suitable omens. Ota took the alarm clock and the American's helmet but still could not find right omens. All day Elms walked around the village, smoking cigar after cigar and stamping his heel on the butts. Whenever he spoke to Leota, she laughed at him and ran away.

Howard did not come back either. All day Elms listened for the beat of an engine, but no plane glinted in the sunlight.

Exasperated, Elms returned to his camp that night. He could only wait now until that rascally old Ota could find favorable omens. They must certainly get the island, for there was no doubt that Howard had gone. In the morning Ota would be tempted with bigger bribes.

Elms woke suddenly. He could hear the soft beat of drums. He found the whole camp awake. The noise grew louder.

"Some of their sacred rites," said someone.

"We'll go haywire if they keep that up all night," said another.

"You boys stay here. I'll go along and have a look," said Elms.

He walked along the beach towards the village. As he neared it he could see the glow of a big fire through the trees. The drums were louder now. He could hear the natives singing.

Arriving at the village he saw the natives sitting in a huge circle around the fire. The glow lit up their brown faces. They swayed to the beat of the drums. Nobody saw Elms standing in the shadows.

# HALFWAY *Island*

*Continued from Page 7*

In the middle of the circle, so close to the fire that Elms wondered why he did not scorch, was Ota. He was waving his arms and shouting in a high voice.

A few yards away before him sat a girl and a boy, with wreaths of flowers around their necks. Elms moved a little nearer. Their bodies had been anointed with oil and they glistened in the yellow light. Ota shouted louder and louder. The natives began a low mumbling song, slapping their hands on their knees in time to the drums. They were all garlanded like the two in the centre. Their song finished, they threw armfuls of hibiscus and frangipanni around the girl and the boy.

Elms looked again and was astonished to recognise Leota. He could not see the boy clearly. Then he saw Howard, sitting among the natives, hardly distinguishable from them because of his color. He was wearing a grass skirt around his waist.

ELMS knew at once he had been tricked. He moved nearer. Howard saw him and waved him over. Elms walked across, threading his way through the natives, none of whom took any notice.

"I don't know what you've done. But I guess you've put it over me," said Elms.

"That's right. Treaty signed and everything. Marah's sitting on it in the plane," said Howard.

Elms looked at Leota. Suddenly he understood. "That boy," he said "he was in the other canoe."

Howard grinned. "Right again."

"Well, I am a sap," said Elms. "I might have known you could get around her with that boy. But what I can't understand is what you did to-day. And where that boy came into it. You bluffed us. We thought you'd gone."

"Well, it was like this," said Howard. "I found out there was a taboo against the boy. He couldn't come over from the atolls down there by canoe."

"SO you flew him over, I can see that," said Elms, "but how without us knowing?"

"Wait a minute," said Howard. "I sounded old Ota on the taboo. I asked him if the boy came over by air, like a bird, would it be all right? The old rogue scratched his head. I gave him my watch to help him think. He decided that it would be all right. The taboo was definitely against canoe travel. It said nothing about coming by air. So I decided to get the boy. I knew Leota was in love with him."

"But this morning," said Elms, "you went out to sea. We didn't hear you come back."

"I certainly hoped you wouldn't," said Howard, "I flew right out to sea, well out of sight of the island. I circled round to the back, still well out of sight. I landed on the sea and taxied in slowly for miles. I steered for the atolls. The natives crowded down to the beach to meet me. I saw the boy among them. He knew me. After a lot of trouble he gathered what I was going to do. Help him beat the taboo. It was a bit of a struggle to get him into the plane. But I got him there in the end.

*Please turn to Page 34*


**CHEMIST KNOWS . . . AND TELLS**

Other soaps cleanse the surface skin but Rexona Soap does more! Its specially medicated lather cleanses and purifies the pores themselves, getting rid of below-the-surface dust and germs which are the real starting-point of skin blemishes. If skin troubles persist, cleanse thoroughly with Rexona Soap and then apply Rexona Ointment, The Rapid Healer. These two used together form a complete skin treatment. Use Rexona regularly to correct present skin faults and keep a clear, healthy skin in the future.

**Rexona**

Soap, 9d. Tablet. Ointment, 1/6 Tin.
S.186.32 (*City and Suburbs*)

# LADY WARWICK

*says*

*"I use Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing at least twice a day!"*

The Countess of Warwick, an exquisite dark beauty, is another charming aristocrat who keeps her skin scrupulously clean and youthful by using Pond's Cold Cream.

All complexions are subject to the ordinary skin faults unless care is taken to keep the pores free from accumulations of dust, grease and make-up. Examine your skin closely. Does it look dull—sallow—old? Are there coarse pores, blackheads, little lines and wrinkles? Have the tissues begun to sag or become crêpy? These skin faults can be corrected by regular cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Besides, special ingredients in Pond's keep skin tissues firm and young.

***Follow this simple method of Skin Care.***

Every night remove all dirt from the pores by applying Pond's Cold Cream generously. Let it remain on a few moments, then wipe off. Repeat this process until no soil appears. Then smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream and leave overnight. In the morning another Cold Cream cleansing, followed by Vanishing Cream and make-up. This simple method ensures a radiant lovely skin.

Larger jars, 2/6; large tubes, 1/-.

● **TRIAL OFFER:** *Mail coupon to-day, with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope, to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams, also a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) [ ] Light Cream [ ] Rose Cream (Natural) [ ] Naturelle (Light Natural) [ ] Rose brunette [ ] Dark Brunette (Suntan) [ ]*

*POND'S Dept. X61 Box 1131J, G.P.O., Melbourne.*

*Name*.....

*Address*.....


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# FARMER'S

**"10,000 Feet under the Sea."** Adventure at Farmer's 1936 Children's Christmas Show, Blaxland Galleries

★ Malcolm Campbell's Model Electric Train Circuit ★ Playlet, "Barrier Reef Pirates". ★ Speed Gordon and his Submarine. ★ A Sea-Serpent Train.

*Admission is by dockets from the Toy, Book or Infants' Departments or the Children's Barber Shop — one person for every 6d. of the docket's value.*

## HOME GIFTS?

**TABLE LAMP.** A glass vase base mates well with the shade. In green and amber. Complete with all fittings. **27/6**

**VELVET CUSHION.** Quality fabric with a heavily corded edge. Green, blue, rust, orange and brown. Price, **19/11**

*First Floor. Country Carriage Extra*

## Gift Brooches

**Antique-wrought jewellery set with gems of all colours**

Some are in amber. Giant "rubies", "sapphires" and "emeralds" that would put the Kohinoor to shame if they were real. Large range of designs that would make acceptable gifts. **1/6**

*Ground Floor*

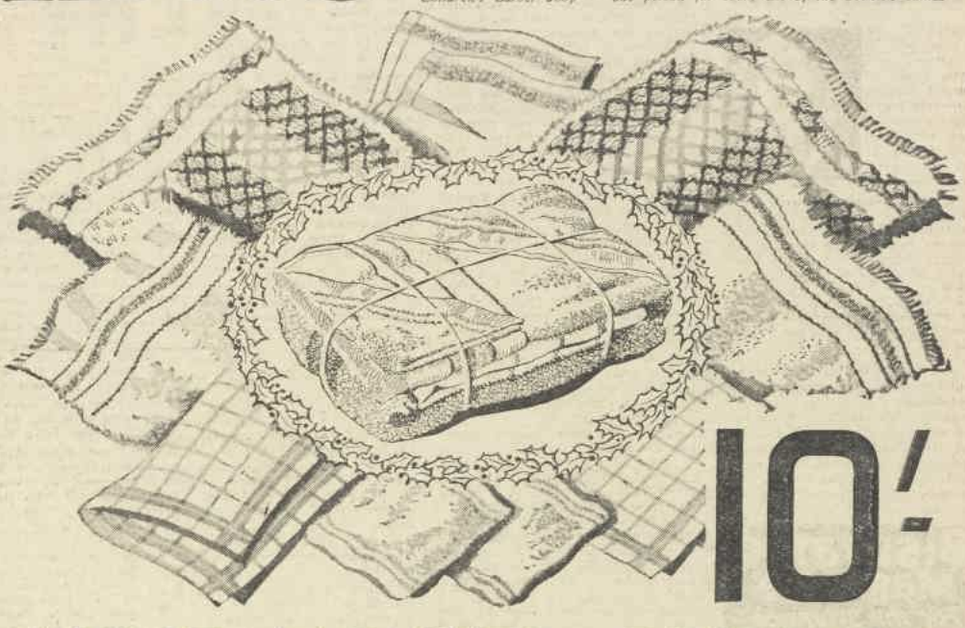
"Le Charme" grey-hair rejuvenator, is not a dye.

## "LE CHARME"

**Special hair tonic and rejuvenator**

The Tonic prevents dandruff and stops falling hair (3/6). Grey-hair Rejuvenator restores the natural colour to the hair (2/6). Mme. Pauline, continental Le Charme representative, will advise.

*Cosmetics—Ground Floor*

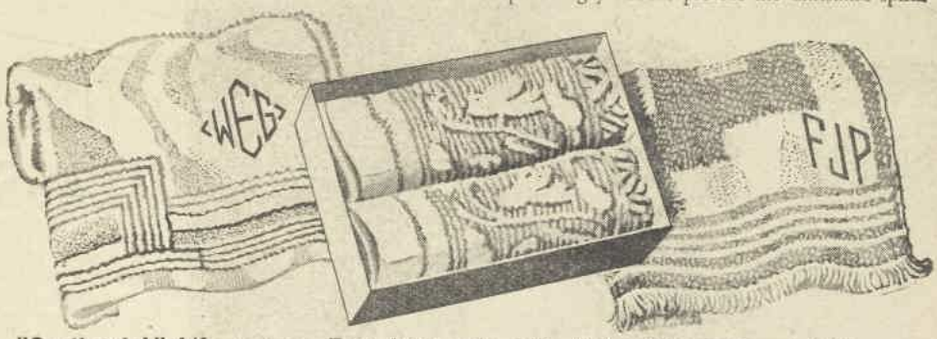


# 10/-

# NINE TOWEL BUNDLE

## Ideal gift for the girl who's building her trousseau

Buying each towel separately, it would cost you 13/6 for this packet. But Farmer's has grouped them, selling the bundle for 10/-. Two coloured towels, 20 x 40 ins. Two white towels, 20 x 40 ins. One huck towel. Two check kitchen towels. Two face-cloths. Packed in cellophane—gay ribbons provide the Christmas spirit.

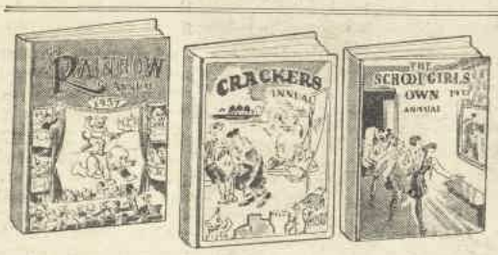



**"Continental," 4/6.** A super textured towel—soft, absorbent—a wonderful gift. 22 x 44 inches. Farmer's wraps it in cellophane.

**Two Jacquards, 6/6.** Each 24 x 44 inches. Hemmed. Blue, tango or green. Packed in a pretty Christmas box. Lay-by yours now.

**"Scarf" Towel, 3/11.** Rough and absorbent . . . a real man's towel. Monogrammed with his own initials. Size 20 x 50 inches.

*You'll find Farmer's Towel Avenue on the First Floor*

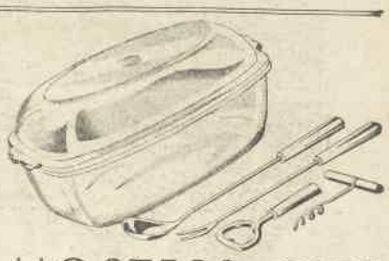



## Tell me a story . . .

**Meet old favourites again among 1937 annuals**

Boys' "Champion" 7/11
Boys' "Chums" at 12/-
"Crackers" Annual at 3/6
"Schoolgirls' Own", 7/11
"Tiger Tim's" Price 7/11
"Rainbow" Annual, 4/11

*Book Department—Fourth Floor*



## HOSTESS GIFT

**Inexpensive Christmas Cocktail Set**

Nothing better for a friend who's always giving parties and suppers. Spoon, olive fork, cork-screw and bottle opener. Green or red handles. Make a Lay-by! Price, set, **3/9**

Chicken Casserole, 13/11. Genuine "Pyrex."

*Lower Ground Floor. Country Carriage Extra*

Book now for Farmer's Christmas Eve Dinner Dance. A marvellous 5-course dinner. Dancing 6.15 to 8.15 to Morrison's Orchestra. Carol singing! Dinner is capped by the arrival of Santa Claus with his reindeer ballet. Christmas Eve in the Fifth Floor Restaurant. Book at once! 4/6 inclusive.

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Simply ring BW3017 and a trained assistant will take your message, advise and check on the wording, and confirm the cost (it is only 9d. a line). There is no extra charge for this service, and the cost will be collected after the advertisement has appeared. If you prefer it, you can call direct at the Daily Telegraph office, 99 Pitt Street . . . three doors from Hunter Street . . . or any newsagent will be pleased to help you.

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# TALISMAN RING

## Begin....

## Our Brilliant New Serial Now...

*SIR TRISTRAM SHIELD is called to the home of his dying kinsman, and told that a marriage has been arranged between him and a beautiful French girl, Eustacie. Despite the girl's attractions, Shield bows ungraciously to the idea. Eustacie, who knows very little of the family history, meets Beau Lavenham, and he tells her a story of cousin Ludovic which thrills her adventurous young heart. She is all sympathy for the young scapegrace whose gambling passion got him into serious trouble. He had lost a large sum of money. "Was he ruined by this gambling?" said Eustacie, strangely moved by the story. Now read on:*

*Illustrated by* FISCHER

"OH, by no means! He did lose a large sum to him, however, and Sir Matthew, being a person of—let us say—indifferent breeding, was ill-mannered enough to demand a pledge in security before he would continue playing. The game was piquet, and both were in their cups. Ludovic took from his finger a certain ring and gave it to Sir Matthew as a pledge—to be redeemed, naturally. It was a talisman ring of great antiquity, which had come to Ludovic through his mother, who was the last of a much older house than ours."

Eustacie stopped him. "Please, I do not know what is a talisman ring."

"Just a golden ring with figures engraved upon it. This of Ludovic's was, as I have said, very old. The characters on it were supposed to be magical. It should, according to ancient belief, have protected him from any harm. More important, it was an heirloom. I don't know its precise value. Tristram, you are a judge of such things—you must make him show you his collection, Eustacie—what was the value of the ring?"

"I don't know," answered Shield curtly. "It was very old—perhaps priceless."

"Such a rash creature, poor Ludovic!" sighed the Beau. "I believe there was no stopping him—was there, Tristram?"

"No."

Eustacie turned towards Shield. "But were you there, then?"

"Yes, I was there."

"BUT no one, not even Tristram, could manage Ludovic in his wilder moods," explained the Beau. "He pledged the ring and continued to lose.

"Sir Matthew, with what one cannot but feel to have been a lamentable want of taste, then left the club with the ring upon his finger. To redeem it, Ludovic was forced to go to the Jews—ah, that means moneylenders, my dear!"

"There was nothing new in that," said Shield. "Ludovic had been in the Jews' hands since he came down from Oxford—and before."

"Like so many of us," murmured the Beau.

"And did he get the money from the Jews?" asked Eustacie.

"Oh, yes," replied the Beau, "but the matter was not so easily settled. When Ludovic called upon Plunker to redeem the ring, our ingenious friend pretended that the bargain had been quite misunderstood—that he had, in fact, staked his guineas against the ring, and won it outright. He would not give it up, nor could anyone but Tristram be found who had been sober enough to vouch for the truth of Ludovic's version of the affair."

Eustacie's eyes flashed.

"I am not at all surprised that Ludovic killed this canaille! He was without honor!"

The Beau played with his quizzing glass.

"People who collect objects of rarity, my dear Eustacie, will often, so I believe, go to quite unheard-of lengths to acquire the prize they covet."

"But you!" said Eustacie, looking fiercely at Sir Tristram, "you know the truth!"

"Unfortunately," replied Sir Tristram, "Plunker did not wait for my ruling. He retired into the country—to Furze House, in fact—and somewhat unwisely refused to see Ludovic."

"Did grandpapa know of this?" Eustacie asked.

"Dear me, no!" said the Beau. "Sylvester and Ludovic were so rarely on amicable terms. And then there was that little matter of Ludovic's indebtedness to the Jews. One can hardly blame Ludovic for not taking Sylvester into his confidence. However, Ludovic came home to this house, bringing Tristram, with the intention of confronting Plunker with the one—er—reliable witness to the affair. But Plunker was singularly elusive—not unnaturally, of course. When Ludovic called at Furze House he was never at home. One must admit that Ludovic was not precisely the man to accept such treatment patiently. And he was drinking rather heavily at that time, too. Discovering that Plunker was to dine at a house in Slaugham upon the very day that he had been refused admittance to Furze House for the third time, he conceived the plan of waylaying him on his return home and forcing him to accept bills in exchange for the ring. Only Tristram, finding him gone from here, guessed what he would be at, and followed him."

"The boy was three-parts drunk!" said Tristram over his shoulder.

"I have no doubt he was in a very dangerous humor," agreed the Beau. "It has always been a source of wonderment to me how you persuaded him to relinquish his purpose and return home."

"I promised to see Plunker in his stead," replied Shield. "Like a fool, I let him take the path through the spinney."

By... *Georgette* HEYER

"My dear fellow, no one could have expected you to have foreseen that Plunker would return by that path," said the Beau gently.

"On the contrary, if he came from Slaugham it was the most natural way for him to take," retorted Shield. "And we knew he was riding—not driving."

"So what happened?" breathed Eustacie.

It was Shield who answered her. "Ludovic rode back through the Longshaw Spinney while I went on towards Furze House. Not ten minutes after we had parted I heard a shot fired in the distance. At the time I made nothing of it; it might have been a poacher. Next day Plunker's body was discovered in the spinney with a shot through the heart, and a crumpled handkerchief of Ludovic's laying beside it."

"And the ring?" Eustacie said quickly.

"The ring was gone," said Shield. "There was money in Plunker's pockets, and a diamond pin in his cravat, but of the talisman ring no sign."

"And it has never been seen since," added the Beau.

"By us, no!" said Tristram.

"Yes, yes, I know that you think Ludovic has it," said the Beau, "but Ludovic swore he did not meet Plunker that night, and I for one do not think that Ludovic was a liar. He admitted freely that he carried a pistol in his pocket; he even admitted that he had fired at—at an owl."

"Why should he not shoot this Plunker?" demanded Eustacie.

"In England," said Sir Tristram in his driest tone, "whatever it may be in France, murder is a capital offence."

"But they did not hang him just for killing such a one as this Plunker?" said Eustacie, shocked.

"No, because we got him out of the country before he could be arrested," Shield answered.

The Beau lifted his hand.

"Sylvester and you got him out of the country," he corrected. "I had no hand in that, if you please."

"Had he stayed to face a trial nothing could have saved his neck."

"There I beg to differ from you, my dear Tristram," said the Beau calmly. "Had he been permitted to face his trial the truth might have been found out."

SIR TRISTRAM was spared the necessity of answering by the entrance of Sylvester's valet, who came to summon him to his great-uncle's presence again. He went at once, a circumstance which provoked the Beau to murmur as the door closed behind him: "It is really most gratifying to see Tristram so complaisant."

Eustacie paid no heed to this, but said:

"Where is my cousin Ludovic now?"

"No one knows, my dear. He has vanished."

"And you do not do anything to help him, any of you?" she said indignantly.

"Well, dear cousin, it is a little difficult, is it not?" replied the Beau. "After that well-meaning but fatal piece of meddling what could one do?"

Please turn to Page 43

*"IT WILL BE better, I think, if we do not marry," she said suddenly. "I gave my word," said Sir Tristram, "and marry you I will."*

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## Consul's Wife On the Air

*MADAME SEGAERT, wife of the Consul-General for Belgium, who will be interviewed at the microphone by Dorothea Vautier from station 2GB.*

—Dorothy Wedding.

# A WOMAN *Looks on European* SCENE

## Madame Segaert's Impressions

**"There have been many changes in Europe, America, and England since my last visit there," said Madame Segaert, who will be interviewed by Dorothea Vautier from 2GB on December 14 at 11.45 a.m.**

***Madame Segaert, attractive wife of the Consul-General for Belgium in Australia, is a woman of keen observation and discernment. She has just returned from abroad with vivid impressions of her recent experiences in Central Europe, England, and the United States.***

FROM June to September Madame Segaert motored through Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Austria-Hungary, visiting also her own country (Belgium), Paris, and London. On top of this she crossed the United States by car, travelling from Detroit to Los Angeles.

During her interview at 2GB, she will give most interesting glimpses of the life and customs of these countries.

Dorothea Vautier has some leading questions to ask Madame Segaert, and the interview should prove one of the most delightful ever broadcast during The Australian Women's Weekly sessions.

SINCE the inception of our sessions from 2GB, Dorothea Vautier has interviewed with outstanding success many notable people.

**Within recent weeks listeners have heard Mrs. Richard Crooks, La Meri, Brian Abbot, Mrs. Jack Crawford, and many of the J.C.W. stars.**

The Russian Ballet will bring another series of interesting interviews during the next few weeks.

Dorothea Vautier, who is herself an exponent of the modern German dance, is doing her part in creating a love of the ballet by a series of broadcasts from 2GB each Thursday at 3.30 p.m., when she tells stories of the Russian ballet, which we shall soon see. These she illustrates with selections from the music of Stravinsky and Tchaikowsky and other great musicians who have written for the ballet.

### Our Radio Sessions From 2GB

**(Featured by Dorothea Vautier)**

**WEDNESDAY, December 16.—11.45 a.m.: London Calling. 3.30 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.**

**THURSDAY, December 17.—11.45 a.m.: Handwriting through the Ages. 3.30 p.m.: Dance Rhythms.**

**FRIDAY, December 18.—11.45 a.m.: So They Say. 3.30 p.m.: Musical Moods.**

**SATURDAY, December 19.—6.15 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: The New Light Symphony Orchestra and Comedy Harmonists.**

**SUNDAY, December 20.—6.10 p.m.: Featuring Ellis Price and his players.**

**MONDAY, December 21.—11.45 a.m.: People in the Limelight. 3.30 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.**

**TUESDAY, December 22.—11.45 a.m.: Overseas News. 3.30 p.m.: Afternoon Tea Selections.**

## ... by modern cooking methods

Every day more and more women are realising that cooking methods can become just as out-of-date as other things. They are realising that new methods have superseded the old. Methods that eliminate entirely the hot, stuffy, fume-ridden kitchen, the flame-blackened pots and pans, the hours of unpleasant and back-breaking toil, and the numerous other inconveniences which the average housewife had come to accept as part of her daily lot.

Modern women are cooking electrically, because it is the modern way. They have discovered that electric cooking means a fresh, clean, healthy kitchen — a kitchen in which they have to spend far less time because an electric range cooks complete oven meals automatically. They have found that electric cooking is faster because the speedy flame-free, fume-free electric elements deliver heat directly to your pots and pans, and oven heat is retained inside the oven. They have proved that electric cooking is thrifty, not only because of the special terms available to users of approved ranges, but also because there is no waste with an electric range—all the heat is used for cooking.

Yet these are only a few of the advantages of electric cooking. If you're modern . . . if you take a pride in your home and your cooking . . . if you want more time to enjoy the better things of life . . . let us demonstrate to you in our showrooms all that an electric range can give you. The experience and advice of the Electricity Undertaking are at your disposal without obligation.

**30% REDUCTION**

*By installing an approved electric range you get the benefit of a 30 per cent. reduction on the cost of all your secondary kilowatt hours (units). FREE INSTALLATION. — The Sydney County Council will install any approved electric range free Cap to £6 —which is the average cost of installation.*

*cook by* **ELECTRICITY**

THE SYDNEY COUNTY COUNCIL . . . ELECTRICITY UNDERTAKING . . . QUEEN VICTORIA BLDG., GEORGE ST., SYDNEY

**PING**

A NIGHTINGALE PRODUCT

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# FASHIONS & PICTURES

## Lovers' Corner

*DOWN BY THE GUMTREE at the corner of the farm, man and maid meet to keep their tryst. It is the old, old story of the most precious thing in the whole wide world—Love.*

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# Love Letters of Miss X and Mr. Y

Illustrated by FISCHER

# AS Advertised

## Romance lurks in unexpected places. This couple found it in the personal columns of a newspaper.

*'She was one of the loveliest creatures I'd ever seen, and at the sight of her my hopes shot far into the stratosphere."*

By OSCAR SCHISGALL

June 1, 1936.

DEAR MISS X.—

In the personal column of the "Weekly Literary Review" I've just read your advertisement in which you say you're a girl of twenty - three, a stranger in London, and would welcome correspondence as well as friendship with an intelligent and personable young man under thirty.

All right.

For years and years I've been reading ads. of this kind in the "Review's" columns. Often I've wondered what, exactly, prompted such public prayers for letters. Is it that you're a sensitive, lonely creature, pining away for companionship in some secluded boarding-house room? That's hard to believe. The "Weekly Literary Review" caters to a more sophisticated and hard-boiled type of reader. I think—the kind, in fact, who'd scoff with superior disdain at the sort of advertisement you inserted. Please don't think I'm taking a cynical attitude towards you. I'm not. But I'm frankly curious and I'd welcome a reply.

As for myself, whether or not I'm the type of man you had in mind when you advertised, I can't say. The facts about me are these: I'm twenty-eight and employed as an associate editor in a publishing firm. I'm unmarried, unattached, and passably personable. My indoor tastes run to theatres, books, and films, with an occasional concert thrown in; my outdoor tastes include tennis, swimming, and the bridle paths of Surrey. If you feel I'm the kind of man you'd like to correspond with, please drop me a note addressed to Box B42 at the "Weekly Literary Review."

Y.

June 3, 1936.

Dear Mr. Y.,—

I've just received your letter in answer to my advertisement in the "Weekly Literary Review." It was very kind of you to write, and I imagine it might be quite pleasant to know you and continue this correspondence.

But I'm afraid it won't do.

Please don't construe this as any criticism of yourself. It isn't. The truth is that I tossed bait into the sea in the hope of catching one sort of fish, and I've caught the wrong kind.

Since you work for a publisher you will, I hope, sympathetically understand my confession. No, I'm not a stranded creature pining away, etc. It happens that I'm a writer. I'm planning a novel whose theme will be based on the sort of advertisement I inserted in the "Weekly Literary Review." It's to be a love story of two lonely souls in London who meet through the medium of an advertisement similar to mine.

What I hoped to get was a communication from some would-be Romeo with whom I could correspond and out of whose letters I might perhaps create one of the characters in my novel. You, unfortunately, are not at all the type I had in mind. With your good job and your many outside interests you're obviously not the forlorn, lonely specimen I'm planning to study. So, if you'll try to understand and forgive, I think we'd better bring our correspondence to a close with this.

Sincerely,

Miss X.

June 5, 1936.

Dear Miss X.,—

So that's it.

I must admit your manner of gathering material for a novel seems ingenious enough. On the other hand I think you're doing something most unfair to the forlorn, lonely chap you hope to trap into revealing his soul. Why, after all, do you have to resort to this means of research? Haven't you ever met any lonely man? Haven't you any imagination?

What's more, the sort of novel you're planning doesn't strike me as being particularly original. As a matter of truth, during the course of my editorial work I've read manuscripts of the same kind time after time. Usually they're quite shallow. I hope you're not going to turn out another of these feeble, ineffectual tales about feeble, ineffectual people.

Excuse me if I sound scornful, but I must repeat I believe you're doing something wholly unfair to the honest, groping, lonely individual who may yet, in the best of faith, reply to your advertisement.

Severely,

Y.

June 7, 1936.

Dear Mr. Y.,—

So you think I'm unfair, do you? You, of all people, to say a thing like that. You, who admittedly answered my advertisement in a spirit of curiosity and not because you honestly desired correspondence with another lonely soul.

My system of research may be cruel as you put it, but is it any more heartless than your attitude? You, who were ready to examine under a microscope some pitiful lonely little girl merely for the satisfaction of your own futile speculations about her?

Perhaps it's just as well that we understand each other now. I think the wisest thing we can do before we drift into useless argument is to close the exchange of letters. Please don't write to me again.

Miss X.

June 9, 1936.

Dear Miss X.,—

Believe it or not, I'm beginning to like you.

When your last letter arrived, I could distinctly picture your reaction to my scolding note, and the vision made me sit back and chuckle.

There you were reading my criticism of your research methods. I could see you jump up from your chair, your lovely young face flushed in anger. I could see you stride back and forth across your study exclaiming: "The impertinence of the man! The impudence of him! Who does he think he is, criticising me?" With an impatient hand you flung back your disarrayed hair. You lit a cigarette, took a couple of deep puffs, then crushed it furiously in a tray. And while the passion of resentment was still boiling in you, you sat right down at your typewriter and pounded out a stiff, knockout reply.

Really, Miss X, that vision made you seem more real and human and delightful than anything else I've discovered in our correspondence. Not write to you again? Come, come. I think it would be a shame to let this unique beginning peter out into nothingness.

By the postmarks on your letters I see that you, too, live in London. I don't want to embarrass you by asking you to tell me your name now, unless you do so of your own accord. But don't you think it might be fun and adventure if we met—say for dinner on Saturday night—and discussed our differences of opinion over one of Zardi's steaks?

How about it?

Y.

June 11, 1936.

Dear Mr. Y.,—

Until your last letter arrived I had a mental picture of you which is probably all wrong. I always visioned you as being a stern young man with spectacles, a little thin of hair, round-shouldered, and too bony to be handsome. The schoolmaster type. Severe. Your letters were so critical that I decided you must be a pedantic prig in whom I couldn't possibly find any genuine interest.

Turn to Page 4 Fashion Section

### MEMORY

*To-day you brought to light once more*
*Some magic I thought dead,*
*I don't know whether 'twas your glance,*
*Or those dear words you said.*

*I felt the old sweet thrill again*
*For just a little while;*
*It may have been the words you said—*
*I think it was your smile.*

—Rosemary Price.

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# WHAT *Is It* ABOUT A SHIP....?

*YOUNG MEN and business girls on their annual holidays make up the larger part of a ship's passengers.*

## *Why Glamor of Sea Travel Appeals to Women*

**What is it about a ship? There is a call of adventure in a ship's siren and a charm in the sound of her bells that ring out promises of sunshine, gaiety, and fresh scenes.**

***There is magic in the very atmosphere of these gliding worlds that infects passengers with an invigorating rhythm.***

THE distant shores, the moonlight nights, the color and glamor that surround a ship have an intangible charm.

Almost as many old people as young undertake cruises to the Pacific Islands and New Zealand.

From South and West Australia there's a regular stream of travellers who want to see the east coast beauties of Australia. East coast people want to see Adelaide and Perth.

**These are purely local streams of traffic. Actually, you'll find Australians cruising over the seven oceans. That's what it is about a ship: You can go anywhere—north, south, east, west . . . the whole world's your playground.**

Shipping companies cater for all classes, but it is noticeable that a great many are young men and business girls on their annual holidays. They often book months before the cruise is timed to start.

Whether your boat ticket has cost £10 or £1000, there's the same feeling of enchantment, excitement, and interest in new places to be seen and explored—when, with a thousand or more others, you board a modern liner.

**A thousand people on a floating castle! A thousand or more floating castles on the world's oceans! Why, the equivalents of whole cities of people are always sailing about the seas discovering new paradises.**

The vogue for "cruising," in large tonnage liners, has made all the thrills of the sea voyage available to the person limited in both time and money.

**The preliminaries of a short trip are practically the same as for a long voyage; but a woman perhaps gets most thrills out of the planning of her clothes. Cruising has established a new branch of the fashion industry.**

### Cruise Fashions

FROCKS have to be carefully chosen and bought—frocks that a woman would not have in the ordinary course of events. Even the selection of a bathing suit and accessories is something of more importance than usual.

The word "Cruise" conjures up visions of sunshine, comfort and luxury, social life and play, and making new acquaintances.

It is at sea that friendships mature more quickly than under any other conditions. Life-long friendships often develop within a few days, even within a few hours.

**It is traditional that the sea is a happy hatchery for love affairs. There is just that something about moonlight nights on deck and that indefinable charm about a ship that keeps Cupid working overtime.**

Even those who embark on a tour alone are bound to find some kindred soul or group who will be anxious to adopt them.

There is a certain something about the sea air that seems to give a sense of comradeship that on land they scarcely knew they possessed.

### Background of Luxury

ON board ship one has all the comforts of an excellent hotel; but it is a moving hotel that takes one somewhere—which is perhaps its chief charm for women, who, although more venturesome than ever, still demand a background of luxury.

At nights there is the extra thrill of dressing for dinner which turns the meal into a ceremony. Foods are new and better, or perhaps appetites are keener, and there is gaiety and dancing to look forward to afterwards.

### *Your Pocket-money for a Cruise*

**HOW much money to take on a cruise is a problem for many travellers. Here are the incidental expenses incurred by a business girl who has just returned from a three-weeks' cruise:**

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Taxi fares to and from home to ship, with luggage | | 7 | 6 |
| Cigarettes, sweets, and refreshments | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Sweeps, gymkhana, and other deck sports | | 10 | 0 |
| Bridge parties and card games | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Barber shop — where beauty preparations and treatments were purchased | | 10 | 0 |
| Special suppers served in lounge | | 5 | 0 |
| Materials for fancy dress ball | | 10 | 0 |
| Tips for special services on cruise | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Hotel expenses incurred at various ports of call | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Taxi fares, theatres, picture shows, and meals in ports | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Total | 11 | 2 | 6 |

## WOMAN CHEMIST'S *Quest for* ETERNAL YOUTH

### *Peach Juice for a Complexion Like Peaches*

*By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London*

**"A complexion like peaches" . . . how often every woman sighs for such a gift.**

***In a tiny laboratory in the heart of London, where the international exchange rates and stocks and shares are the chief pre-occupation, Anna Chesney, a small and vivacious chemist, has been carrying on the eternal search for prolonged youth, and, in the process, has discovered the secret of the peach-bloom skin.***

"THIS is really the end of my search," she says. "While a woman still has a skin like a peach she can never grow old."

Even as a little girl Miss Chesney dreamed of bringing loveliness to faded cheeks, and when she qualified she fitted up a tiny room as a laboratory, and began her experiments.

"I believe that the success of all face creams and tonics lies in the essential purity of the ingredients," she said, "and I feel that anything that benefits us by internal application should also be beneficial to our skins.

**"It was this idea that led me to peaches . . . for surely it is only common sense to suppose that the juice of the peach, which produces such velvety skin for itself, could also produce something rather lovely for humans.**

"My peach lotion, which I call a 'skin cocktail,' is made entirely of the juice of real peaches. I cut up the fruit and bottle it, leaving it to ferment. I then strain it over and over again, until it is pale gold in color, absolutely clear, concentrated, and entirely pure.

"It is an instantaneous refresher for any type of skin, prevents blemishes, and is splendid protection against extremes of temperature."

Miss Chesney declares that she uses nothing, but this on her own complexion, and that, in itself, is an excellent recommendation. She admits to being over forty, yet she has scarcely a wrinkle, and certainly not a blemish.

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# As ADVERTISED

Continued from Page 2, Pictorial and Fashion Section.

THIS last note of yours, however, makes me doubt my former estimate. For one thing, it's cheerful and I didn't think you capable of cheerfulness. For another, it's pleasant. And I never thought of you as being a particularly pleasant sort of individual. And then, to cap it all, you speak of steak at Zardi's.

I love steak and I like Zardi's.

It happens, however, that a great many of my friends eat there quite often. If I should go there with you, the chances are I'd be seen by quite a few people I know. And I'm really particular about the men with whom I'm seen. Vanity, if you like, but it's the truth. Moreover, I have a faint suspicion that your original description of yourself wasn't altogether true. You probably wrote what you did in order to prod an eager reply out of the lonesome boarding-house girl who inserted the advertisement in the "Weekly Literary Review."

So, before I say yes or no, will you write me a more accurate account of yourself?

MISS X.

June 13, 1936.

Dear Miss X.,—

What would be the use of telling you I'm young, handsome, thrilling, and clever—a brilliant conversationalist, a superb swordsman, and a diplomat? I'm quite willing to let you see all this for yourself.

Saturday evening at six o'clock I shall come into the reception hall of the Hotel Merrimac. You will recognise me easily enough, I imagine, by the cane I shall carry—really an unusual cane. It's a malacca I picked up in Majorca a couple of years ago, and its handle is carved so that it terminates in the head of a dog.

I shall sit with the cane between my knees, its dog-head clearly revealed to the world.

Look at me when you enter. Surreptitiously, of course. If you decide I come up to specifications, simply drop your purse as you pass my chair. I shall pick up the purse instantly and proceed to be delightfully entertaining for the rest of the evening.

If, on the other hand, you don't care for my appearance or the dog-head or the steak, don't bother dropping the purse. Simply proceed on your way.

Fair enough?

Y.

June 15, 1936.

Dear Mr. Y.,—

Fair enough. Saturday night—the day after to-morrow—at six.

MISS X.

June 18, 1936.

Editor,
"The Weekly Literary Review,"
11 Flint Street, London.

Dear Sir,—

It seems to me that your magazine, in common with other supposedly responsible publications, owes certain considerations to the readers of your advertisements. Don't you ever investigate the people who insert ads. in your personal columns? Or are those columns open to any charlatan and impostor who has enough money to buy a few lines?

I recently replied to one of your advertisers, only to discover, to my chagrin and fury, that I was being made the butt of a cheap, offensive and utterly disgusting practical joke. The advertisement in question, signed merely X, purported to be in good faith. I don't care to embarrass myself here by giving you a detailed account of my experience. But I do assert most vehemently that you owe it to your readers to check up on your advertisers.

Truly yours,
JAMES NORTON.

June 18, 1936.

Dear Miss X.,—

If after what happened at the Hotel Merrimac last night you still want to be known as "Miss X.," it's all right with me.

Ordinarily, I think, I have a fairly good sense of humor. I'm easy-going, peaceful, calm. But I don't mind telling you that, in the reception hall of the Hotel Merrimac yesterday, I came pretty close to losing my temper completely and to taking a wild swing at your ugly red nose. The chances are that if there hadn't been so many people in the lobby I would have flattened that nose of yours—like a pancake.

I like a bit of fun as well as the next fellow. I don't even mind if the fun is at my expense. But I do resent your deliberate attempt to make a fool of me in public.

After all, I entered into this correspondence without the slightest suspicion that every word you wrote me was a lie. Maybe you wondered on Saturday night why I was so slow in recognising you and your trickery. As long as you're gloating to-day, you may as well pride yourself over the whole story.

The truth is this:

When I entered the Hotel Merrimac, almost the first person I saw was a glorious girl in grey tweeds. She was one of the loveliest creatures I'd ever seen, and at the sight of her, I don't mind telling you, my hopes shot far up into the stratosphere.

She was fondling a very pretty purse. As I sat down opposite her, expectantly, I displayed the dog-head of my cane. She was watching me so closely that I felt quite certain of myself—and of her. In fact, I was on the point of crossing to her without giving her the trouble of going through all the hocus-pocus of dropping the purse. But just as I started to get up, she, too, rose.

Then lots of things happened all at once.

First, a man entering the lobby went straight to the girl. He took off his hat, shook hands with her, and I realised with a collapse of hope that I'd been wrong. She hadn't been waiting for me at all. She'd been waiting for this other fellow. They walked away together.

I'd scarcely adjusted myself to this first disappointment when I heard something thud on the carpet at my feet. I blinked down to see—a wallet.

A man's wallet.

Then I looked up and saw you grinning at me—you, a man!

If you were a decent-looking sort of a chap, I shouldn't have minded so much. I might even have laughed and had a drink with you. But there you stood—fat, baldish, grinning, enjoying my discomfiture. You said, "Hello, Mr. Y. Have I kept you waiting long?"

In that moment I knew exactly what authors mean when they write of "seeing red."

There you were—a writer who'd been seeking material for a novel by deliberately inserting a false ad., a man who'd been trying to drag his fellow men into foolish self-revelation.

Why I didn't take a sock at your red nose, I still don't understand. Certainly I felt like doing it. I felt like telling you a few things, too. But as I started to speak, there were so many people watching us—or at any rate, so it seemed to me—that I decided it wasn't worth while making a public scene. Besides, the girl in grey was watching, too. That's why I turned and walked out of the hotel without saying a word to you. I don't mind telling you I was boiling, and still am.

But I can't resist the impulse to write this final note and to tell you I'll find great and thorough pleasure in bouncing a fist off your face if you'll meet me again—anywhere you say, and at any time.

JAMES NORTON.

"The Weekly Literary Review,"
London.

June 20, 1936.

Mr. James Norton,
23 Derrick Street, London.

Dear Mr. Norton,—

We deeply regret the unfortunate experience to which you were led by a spurious advertisement in our personal columns. It is our custom to investigate thoroughly every questionable ad. sent to us. I can recall no recent advertisement, however, which can be regarded as doubtful.

If you will be good enough to write us further details, I shall be glad to look into the matter at once. I find that seven advertisements during the past two months were signed X. May I request an early reply?

Truly yours,
HOWARD C. MULHAUSEN,
Advertising Manager.

*WIRE NETTING DOES NOT A PRISON MAKE. An unusual photographic study of a charming young sportsgirl exchanging a few words between sets with a friend on the outside. Her neat sports outfit is topped with a gaily-spotted bandanna worn in typical pirate fashion.*

June 20, 1936.

Dear Mr. Norton,—

When your indignant letter of the 18th reached me, I didn't blame you for wanting to flatten somebody's nose. Ever since the Merrimac incident on Saturday night I've been feeling the same impulse myself. Before you swing your fists at anybody, however, let me assure you that everything I wrote to you was not a lie. I hardly imagine you're sufficiently interested in this silly affair now to want to carry it on any further. So I won't bother you with detailed explanations. I'll say only this:

The man with the red nose was not the X. of the advertisement. He simply crashed in on the party. As for Miss X.—— I am and have always been a girl.

Please accept my apologies for what happened at the Merrimac. We should never have chosen that hotel of all places for a meeting. It's frequented by too many literary people—people I know.

Yours in regret,
MISS X.

June 22, 1936.

Dear Miss X.,—

A girl?

Either you're still trying to be funny or you owe me a longer explanation. What is all this anyhow?

JAMES NORTON.

June 24, 1936.

Dear Mr. Norton,—

As long as you ask for facts, you're going to get them. Here they are:

On Saturday afternoon, just as I was planning to go out to meet you, my brother unexpectedly arrived from Edinburgh. He's much older than I. He's married, has several children and a red nose, and visits London regularly once a year. He insisted on my having dinner with him that evening. When I persistently refused, not wishing to break my engagement with you, he became suspicious, laughingly accused me of being in love, asked me who you were.

Well, I couldn't tell him. Not even your name. All I could do, in a kind of surrender, was show him your letters. They weren't in any way harmful, and I didn't think you'd object.

When he read them he laughed as only my brother can laugh. Then he insisted on coming along to the Hotel Merrimac to witness the fun. I did everything in my power—please believe me!—to dissuade him. But if you knew my brother, you'd realise how impossible such a thing was.

Anyhow, he came along.

Yes, I was the girl in the grey tweeds you saw between the potted palms. I hope that makes you feel a little easier.

The instant you entered, I spied the cane with the dog-head. The sight of you, I don't mind confessing, was a distinct surprise and a pleasure. You really looked very nice. As you sat down, I was on the point of going toward you, when Randolph Carter, my publisher, of all people!—came into the Merrimac and saw me.

Mr. Carter came to me at once and shook hands. My brother, who was watching from a corner of the lobby, suddenly realised I couldn't launch a deliberate flirtation, or effect a meeting such as you and I had planned, in the presence of Randolph Carter. He knows Mr. Carter is a very correct and puritanical sort of person. He'd never have understood such nonsense.

I hoped desperately you'd wait while I got rid of Carter. My hope was that Carter would say goodbye quickly.

My brother, meanwhile, felt that the whole meeting had been ruined by Carter's appearance. So, having a distorted and demoniac sense of humor, as you're discovered for yourself, he decided to have a bit of fun on his own. He deliberately passed your chair and dropped the wallet.

If only you'd given him a chance to explain. I'm sure he would have done it eventually—after a hearty laugh. But you didn't. You lost your temper, swung around, and strode out of the hotel before Bert could say a word. I'm awfully sorry you felt humiliated. Please forgive Bert.

Sincerely,
CAROLYN LOWE.

June 25, 1936.

Mr. Howard C. Mulhausen,
Advertising Manager,
"The Weekly Literary Review,"
11 Flint Street, London.

Dear Mr. Mulhausen,—

Concerning our correspondence about the spurious personal advertisement signed X.

Forget it. Drop the whole business. My mistake. I apologise.

Truly yours,
JAMES NORTON.

June 25, 1936.

Dear Carolyn,—

I hope the roses which accompany this note will in some measure make up for the foolish letters I wrote you. I might have known the girl in grey—the glorious one between the potted palms—had to be you. I've just found your address in the telephone book and shall be ringing your doorbell half an hour after these flowers arrive.

Steak at Zardi's?

JIM.

"The Weekly Literary Review,"
July 29, 1936.

PERSONAL COLUMN

House Wanted: Literary couple, author and editor, desire small house in country for rest of the summer. What have you to rent?

XY.

(Copyright).

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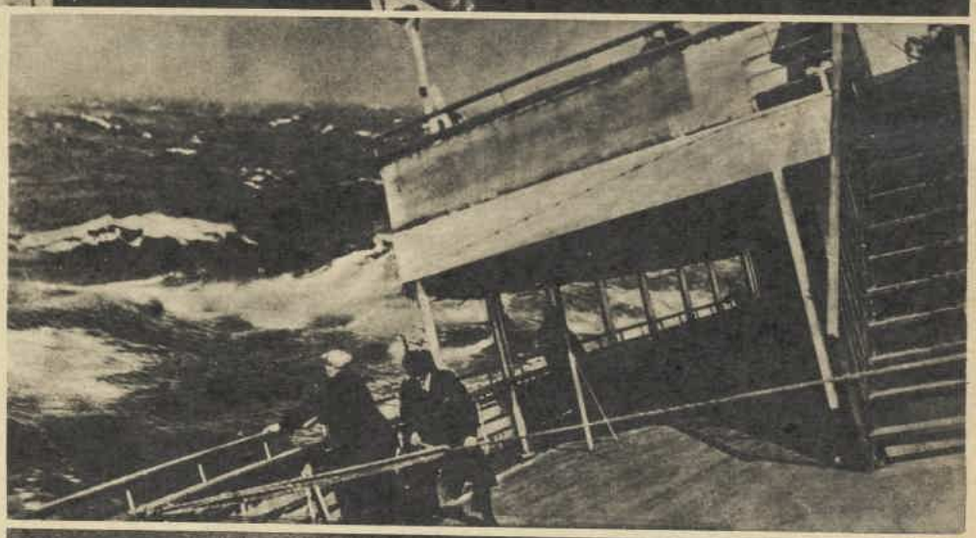
# Even Giants Roll In Sea Storm



A SERIES of pictures revealing the savage fury of a storm in the Atlantic, so severe that in the heavy seas the world's ocean giants, the Queen Mary, Normandie, Europa, and others pitch and toss like straws. The Queen Mary, it was reported recently, encountered waves 80 feet high.

These pictures were taken on the Europa. In the lower left corner, a seabird wheels—symbol of the end of the storm.

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# MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

## EVENING... YOU *Could* CALL THEM HATS!

CAPTIVATING bits of nonsense made from a ribbon, a rag and a hank of veil—plus a bit of magic in the deft fingers of the milliner.

● A LITTLE girl's hair-bow suggested the black satin model above. At the back it firmly fits the head and with no top to the crown, it has the appearance almost of a wide satin band tied around the head with a jaunty fly-away bow.

● RENAISSANCE-BLUE taffeta makes the lovely off-the-face hat below, which traces its ancestry to the Saint's halo as depicted by medieval artists.

● PEACOCK-GREEN velvet makes a twisted halo, the brim of which is a coarse, stiffened matching veil, which flares out from underneath the rolled velvet to form a turned-back halo of veil.

● BELOW IS sketched a tiny burgundy taffeta bonnet, with a veil of matching stiffened net, flaring well over right eye and swooping at the left.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4611521

# SHEERS Flared • Ruffled • Pleated

Photographs reproduced on this page were selected in Paris by Mary St. Claire, our special representative, and forwarded by air mail.

● SOFTLY FEMININE are these two dainty evening frocks of white sheer. That posed by the model standing is softly pleated from shoulder to hipline and falls in graceful folds. Very long, it is worn with a taffeta slip, six inches shorter than the skirt length. Its pretty little sleeves and girlish decolletage make it especially suitable for the debutante. The frock worn by the seated model is a little more sophisticated, though also suited to the debutante. The bodice is fitted and features an early-Victorian decolletage, with short puff sleeves and circular skirt. The corsage posy is red and white.

● AT LEFT: A delightful three-piece model for the older woman in plain and printed sheer. The skirt is entirely pleated and the bodice features yoke and sleeves of floral sheer in a vivid design printed on a dark ground. A finger-tip coat completes the ensemble. It is of the printed material lined with the plain. A fine ballibuntal hat, simply trimmed with grosgrain, and open-meshed gloves complete the outfit.

● ABOVE: A frock for formal afternoon wear, consisting of a skirt of black sheer and jacket type bodice of floral sheer, lightly printed in black and white on a white ground. The jacket has a flared peplum and is longer at the back than the front, with full elbow-length sleeves. A simple neckline and a row of covered buttons down the front provide the finishing touches.

● AT LEFT: This lovely frock of white sheer is a Heim model, worn by the Princess of Bavaria and Bourbon. Becoming ruffles finishing the decolletage and the hemline of the tunic-effect bodice are the only trimmings used. The ruffles are of sheer and the rest of the frock of cobwebby embroidery. The coiffure and jewel accents have been carefully chosen to fit in with the character of this beautiful model, which combines grace and simplicity with a sophisticated charm.

# COIFFURE *For Coronation* YEAR

## Ringlets of Grandma's Day Corkscrew a Comeback

*From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London*

**Curls and femininity will be the prevailing Coronation mode, according to Christine, coiffeuse-in-chief to one of London's most famous beauty salons.**

***Severe crops and artistic disorder are both definitely out.***

CURLS and still more curls—tight little curls right up the back of the head, "sausage" curls along the nape of the neck, rolls along the top of the crown, loose curls each side of the parting reminiscent of Queen Victoria's girlish days, and flat curls lacquered along the side of the head.

"But," says Christine, "the real style for Coronation year will be the demure ringlets that peeped out of great-grandmama's poke bonnet when she was a girl, round about 1830."

Another expert, Helene, said: "Women are very individualistic to-day, "and it is difficult to forecast the style that will be most popular, but it is a certainty that straight hair will be rigidly taboo. Front partings, too, are on the wane, except for those who are really low-browed."

A young Frenchman, who is a director of the house which made its name by inventing a wave, agreed with Helene that there would be no front partings in 1937.

"The modes will accentuate the shape of the head," he said. "Women take their fashions from world events, and in Coronation year they will step into the past from which the pomp and splendor of the crowning ceremony comes. The curls all over the head date back to Tudor days, and they will be very popular next year.

"The only alternative to curls in some form or another will be plaits worn in coils high on the head."

All three agree that the day of the blonde, platinum, ash and golden, is over—temporarily at any rate. Nut-brown and auburn are the new shades.

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# The Fashion Parade sketched by Petrov

## RINGING *the* CHANGES

- *ABOVE: Pale blue crepe dress with matching hat, gloves and shoes. Raspberry flowers and bag.*
- *RIGHT: The same dress with a blue-and-navy-blue loose jacket and navy-blue accessories.*
- *LEFT: The dress worn with white details—large hat in rough straw, white pique belt and flowers.*
- *ABOVE: Blue and pink combination. Pink panama hat trimmed blue. Pink gloves and bag, blue shoes.*
- *LEFT: The dress for late afternoon or evening. Black taffeta hat and sash, black shoes, bag and gloves.*

ANY amount of different changes can be wrought with one plain colored dress and several sets of accessories.

Just as the combining of different colors is an art, so is the collecting of dress details.

The result of careful thinking and patient searching will be well rewarded when they reveal to you how varied you can make one costume.

Having one frock plus four separate sets of accessories is not necessarily an inexpensive idea. More often than not the accessories will cost more than the dress. I would suggest that as much as possible be spent on the dress. And a matching pair of shoes, and let the other details be inexpensive. Belts, collars, jackets and flowers can be made by oneself, and so can a hat be retrimmed. These days, colored bags and gloves are quite cheap.

Care must be exercised to avoid wearing too many colored accessories at one time. For instance, if you had a navy dress you would look smart if you wore with it navy shoes, bag and hat, white collar, white gloves, and white flowers at the waist, or white hat, flowers and bag and everything else navy. You would certainly not be smart if you wore white hat, bag, gloves, shoes, jacket and belt.

With color you must be even more careful. Two or three details in a contrasting color to the frock are plenty. For example, dusty-pink dress, dubonnet hat, sash and gloves, or black dress, yellow gloves, and flowers at the waist.

The accessories you can have are numerous—hats, bags, shoes, gloves, jackets, belts, scarves, flowers and costume jewellery, collars and cuffs. Black or navy dresses will make more changes than any other, as pastel, bright and white accents look equally well.

White frocks are also simple to change. It is when you come to colored frocks that it is more difficult when you wish to have other than white or dark accessories.

### Attractive Ideas

WITH a simple black crepe dress try any of the following ideas:—

Black hat and shoes: White pique flowers at throat, white bag and gloves; bright yellow crepe belt, yellow gloves, black bag; pale blue gloves and pale blue flowers at waist, black bag; black-and-white print jacket, black gloves and bag; dusty-pink pique jacket, black bag and gloves; lime-green or orchid belt and flowers in hat, black gloves and bag.

With a black dress and black shoes you can wear a colored hat matched up with one other accessory—coral hat and bag, white hat and gloves, and flowers, if you wish, emerald-green hat and belt.

With a navy-blue frock and navy shoes: Red, white and blue print jacket, navy hat, white gloves; pink jacket and pink panama hat, navy bag and gloves; raspberry flowers on navy hat and at waist of dress, navy gloves, raspberry bag; white hat, gloves and belt; white collar, cuffs and bag navy hat. With a navy linen dress you could wear white shoes, a white pique jacket, a white hat or white shoes, hat and belt.

With white frocks you can wear all white, pastel or bright or tan accessories. Jackets either printed or in a plain color look smart over white dresses with white shoes, hat bag and gloves. Navy-and-white floral, or spot, bright green-and-white, red-and-white, pale blue-and-white, yellow-and-white, tan-and-white are all good combinations.

If you have a pastel crepe frock you can wear it by day with white accessories and to the evening cinema with dark accessories—and with colored ones for a change.

For example, a dusty-pink crepe dress with short sleeves can have these changes among many others:—Large white hat, white shoes, gloves and bag; large pink hat, pink linen shoes, pale blue gloves and bag. Navy hat, flowers, shoes, etc.; little black hat, black shoes, belt, bag and gloves.

On this page is sketched a pale blue dull crepe dress with five different changes. The slightly-flared skirt is on to a yoke, the loose cross-over bodice is draped, and the rather full sleeves also cross over.

In the first sketch the dress is worn with a large matching straw hat and blue linen sandals. Raspberry flowers in the hat and belt, and raspberry linen bag.

In the second sketch the dress is shown with a printed crepe jacket—pale blue with navy design, a large navy straw hat and veil, navy gloves, shoes and bag.

Third sketch—the dress with white accessories. Hat in rough white straw with white pique flowers, white pique belt, white gloves, bag and shoes.

Fourth sketch—the same dress for evening. A little black taffeta hat, black taffeta sash, black suede shoes, bag and gloves.

Fifth sketch—the frock ready for some important occasion such as a race meeting. A large pink panama hat banded with blue velvet, pink bag and gloves, blue linen court shoes.

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# Intimate Jottings

### Did You Know—

*That the enormous painting by Norman Lindsay, "The woman I am, the woman I was, the woman I'll one day be," which used to cover practically the whole of one wall in the lounge at Kismet, when the late Sir Rupert Clark lived there, now belongs to the Imperial Service Club? Not on view, though, but stored away!!*

### Varied Experiences

ALTHOUGH she expected to leave Valparaiso on December 12, returning home via Panama and New Zealand, Ruth Bedford may have her plans upset by the shipping strike, and one gathers that she wouldn't be unduly sorry, as she is enjoying herself tremendously.

Since her activities as Australian delegate to the P.E.N. Conference she has been staying at the Dutch Legation in Buenos Aires with the Teppemas, who were so much liked in Sydney when he was Consul for the Netherlands here.

Her next visit was to the home of Sir George Kenrick in Valparaiso. Much grand opera and a week-end at a real "estancia" have also come her way.

Her sisters are intrigued with the three-column interview in a Spanish journal she forwarded to them, but have to echo her comment, "Goodness knows what this says about me, but I hope for the best," as their Spanish is also a minus quantity.

✦ ✦ ✦

*Sir Kelso King's eldest daughter, Iris, Mrs. Harold Waring, who has a large home at Hampstead, only a few miles from Piccadilly and the hub of things, is already snowed under with Australian requests for accommodation during the Coronation season.*

✦ ✦ ✦

### Life on the Ocean Wave

WEEK-END parties on Alwyn Bloomfield's yacht Siren are of frequent occurrence already this summer, and easily arranged, as there is sleeping accommodation for six guests on board.

The yacht's new color scheme is blue — curtains, covers, cushions, china, and paint work all intensely cerulean.

Alwyn's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Bloomfield, have just returned from a week at Menzies—partly a business trip, as Mr. Bloomfield wanted to view the just-purchased site for the new ten-story Mutual Life and Citizens' premises in Melbourne.

✦ ✦ ✦

*Mr. Justice Milner Stephen and Mrs. Stephen, who vacated their home in Jersey Rd. in favor of the Leslie Stephens, are occupying a flat in Park Lane Mansions till they leave for England on the nineteenth of this month.*

✦ ✦ ✦

### On the Spur of the Moment

COMMANDER CHARLES GIFFORD had a grand time flying to England, and took many a turn at the "joystick" himself.

He wired good wishes to Doris Fitton for the success of the performance of "The Royal Family on Broadway," in aid of the R.P.A. Hospital, from Allahabad.

His sister Joan, instead of returning here from her tour of the East, made a sudden decision to board the Orion at Colombo and join "Giff" in London—a nice surprise for him!

### Swift Courtship

SEVEN months ago, Bart Osborne and Jill Suttor were more or less ignorant of each other's existence, but Bart's new property near Tamworth, Wangarang, is only 13 miles from the Suttor homestead at Hougemont, and Cupid was no laggard this time.

Bart came to town to sell his first wool clip last month and took back a platinum ring set with two huge diamonds. Jill wore it at the "announcement dinner" party the following day.

Next March both these young people hope to come to Sydney and meet mutual friends and relations, but Jill will meet her future in-laws before the end of the year as Mr. and Mrs. Harry Osborne and their other son, "Seppie," are motoring to Tamworth on Boxing Day. The wedding is scheduled for July.

### Welcome Visitors

ON his way to Australia is Mr. Willie Jay, and he brings his new wife with him to get her first glimpse of this sunny land. Mr. Jay has not been in Sydney since he gave his daughter, Robin, away on her marriage with Jim Mackinnon, some years ago. He will visit her in her Melbourne home and later come to Sydney to see his elder daughter, Mrs. John McKeown.

✦ ✦ ✦

*Official transfers have deprived Sydney of quite a number of charming people this year, the latest being Major and Mrs. L. Richardson and Captain and Mrs. W. F. Paterson, who are to leave us this month. Sydney's loss will be Melbourne's gain.*

### Generous Parents

THE ARTHUR WHITELAWS, who have been in Melbourne for some weeks since their arrival in Australia from London, intend to spend Christmas with the Lionel Whitelaws at Mendourie, Merriwa.

Mr. Whitelaw is not a mere bridge fiend, but an expert and authority on the game, and has written several books on the subject. He and his wife paid their last visit to Sydney soon after Lionel's marriage, and their wedding present to that lucky young couple was a trip round the world.

### A Wise Move

MRS. BILLY McINTOSH'S young son will find everything completed at their new home at Beverley Hall when he comes from Geelong for his Christmas vacation — even to a well-equipped gymnasium. Rather an unusual feature in even the most spacious of flats!

Mrs. McIntosh has the right idea about "moving house" and went to Lapstone for a week while the removalists were really on the job, and came back feeling fit and unfatigued.

*MARCIA MINNETT, who is to be bridesmaid at the marriage of her sister, Betty, with Mr. Bill Harrison, of Melbourne. The Minnetts are now living at Point Piper and will spend Christmas at their Collaroy cottage.* —Dayne

### Souvenirs of England

KNOCKMANY, the Ian McIntyres' home at Inverell, is being beautified by the addition of all those household treasures which they have brought back from England.

While there, Ian sold his former home at Bude, with much of its furniture, but kept all his favorite "bits" to bring overseas.

Young Jock McIntyre is to go to The King's School, but Biddy will return to England towards the end of next year. Their tiny stepsister, Robina, is voted by them "the loveliest baby ever seen."

### Appropriately Decorated

OPPOSITE the King's Cross Theatre, that milk bar which Mrs. Francis Due acquired on the eve of her unpremeditated trip to England this year, used to look like a cross between a mermaid's cave and an ogre's den, but since her return has suffered a complete change of face.

Now its wide portals open to an interior decorated entirely (most appropriately) in cream, while gay Norwegian posters justify its cognomen of "Norge."

Joan Long Innes, Mrs. Eric Sheller, Commander and Mrs. Theophilus, the George Rayners, Gilbert Hughes, and the John Gunnings are a few of the well-knowns who are turning Eleanor's new hobby into a social rendezvous.

✦ ✦ ✦

*Charming Helen Basche, daughter of Mr. Percy Basche, of Edgecliff Rd., who is still doing some cultural browsing at Hopewood House, goes to New Zealand for the summer holidays. She will stay with Joan Mills at her home in Wellington.*

✦ ✦ ✦

### Final Decision

EXERCISING her "woman's privilege," Valerie Hughes has again changed her mind about returning to Australia. She sent word last week that after all she would stay for the Coronation instead of leaving London on January 17, as she had previously determined to do.

✦ ✦ ✦

### Such a Nuisance!

THOSE little pests, white ants, are the dickens of a nuisance when they really get going.

They've made such a raid on the Sam Cohens' lovely old home in Ocean Street that experts will be on the job for months expelling them, and doing subsequent restorations.

The Cohens will leave them to it, and take a flat in the vicinity while the workmen are busy.

### Have You Heard—

*Mrs. Dick Hardy's little grouch—that though she has been married twice she has not had even one wedding cake?*

*The newly-wed Mrs. Charles Lonergan ("Mot" Shannon) playing jazz that sets every listener's toes tingling to dance?*

Peggy Neill

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# BEAUTIFUL WOMEN DO NOT FEAR HEADACHES

They Know That

# 'ASPRO'

GIVES QUICK & SAFE RELIEF

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN know that to retain the charm of youth to the age of 40 every care and discrimination in taking medicine is necessary to maintain perfect health. They know that they should free themselves of headaches as soon as they appear—they know that continual headaches result in the much feared facial lines and furrows, but some women don't know that powerful drugs and mixtures taken to relieve headaches may ultimately affect the system and mar their beauty. Beautiful women take no risks—they take 'ASPRO' for safe and quick relief for headaches. 'ASPRO' is pure medicine in tablet form—it does not harm the heart and there are no harmful effects that could possibly spoil natural charm and beauty. Always take 'ASPRO' for pain and headaches and follow the directions.

**Use 'ASPRO' for:**

| | |
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| HEADACHE | INFLUENZA |
| RHEUMATISM | EARACHE |
| SLEEPLESSNESS | COLDS |
| TOOTHACHE | MALARIA |
| SORE THROAT | SCIATICA |
| NEURALGIA | GOUT |
| HAY FEVER | LUMBAGO |
| FEVERISHNESS | DENGUE |
| IRRITABILITY | ASTHMA |
| TEMPERATURE | NEURITIS |

ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS.

'ASPRO' GIVES GREAT RELIEF TO WOMEN WHEN DEPRESSED.

ETF8/36



# Lip Secrets OF A LADY

● Truly smart women know that make-up should brighten—not paint! Tangee never paints, but blends with your own natural coloring. Brings a soft youthful glow to your lips—a subtle allure men find hard to resist. For those who require more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical.

UNTOUCHED: Lips without lipstick often look faded.

PAINTED: Lips coated with paint look unnatural.

TANGEE: Intensifies the natural rose of your lips.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

# TANGEE

Ends that painted look

★ TANGEE FACE POWDER. Send for purse size Tangee Face Powder (Rachel): Supply limited. Send at once. Enclose 6d. stamps, with your name and address, to: Tangee, Dept. C, Box 1810Q, G.P.O., Melbourne.


# NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

## P. C. Wren's Rattling Tale of Heroic Adventure

## Foreign Legion Goes East

**In the days of the modern problem novel, the psychological treatise masquerading as a story, and the oft-told adventures of metallic-hearted young moderns, we should thank heaven for P. C. Wren.**

HE writes frankly of adventure. There are no undercurrents. He is the eternal literary dreamer of high-hearted adventure with a pretty girl or two thrown in, to rest her head occasionally between the rows of medals on the hero's manly bosom.

Everybody who likes a good adventure yarn rarely told will welcome Wren's latest, "The Fort in the Jungle."

Dysart, the young Scotsman who figured in earlier Wren romances of the Foreign Legion, is the hero of this story. Locality is changed and we find young Dysart in Anam, Indo-China, as a secret agent. The background is the northern jungle where the natives are fighting the French. An army of Dacoits, Chinese mercenaries and brigands, is ready to cross the border and annihilate the French troops, tired and weary from a long campaign.

### Vivid and Grim

**DYSART worms his way into the confidence of the leaders of the rebel army. He acts as instructor to the Chinese forces, and thus is able to help the French.**

Ordeals meet him on every hand. It is here that Wren is at his best. He takes a sheer delight in contriving terrible situations for his hero, only to extricate him plausibly enough in most cases. It's pure melodrama in patches of course, but delightful stuff all the same.

There is one fault to find with Wren's treatment. He has developed an unusual trick for a writer of romantic adventure. He kills off the heroine. In this story Dysart's lovely companion dies—suddenly, swiftly—for the sake of the story. In "Spanish Maine," which was serialised in The Australian Women's Weekly, the beautiful Consuela meets the same fate.

**It's a vivid story, grim, and sometimes terrible, particularly the accounts of Chinese torture. But it's a story over which many people will burn the midnight oil.**

## SHORT REVIEWS

"AND THEN YOU WISH." **John Van Druten.** It is said that men and women write best of what they know. That is probably why dramatist John Van Druten has chosen a playwright as the central character of his latest novel, "And Then You Wish." In this yarn he takes Blanche, the inevitable little old lady passionately interested in the stage, and drops into her lap an uncouth young playwright. He is unknown, and embittered. To her falls the task of getting his plays produced. She succeeds at last, and the young genius forgets her in the glamor of his success—as young geniuses do. It's a moving and effective story, and Van Druten knows how to make the best of his subject. The playwright is tiresome, but Blanche is a very faithfully-drawn type. A book to be read more for the manner of its telling than the tale itself. (Michael Joseph, 7/6.)

* * *

"GUNNAR'S DAUGHTER." **Sigrid Undset.** A beautiful story which dramatises a northern myth in magnificent prose. There is a cold, hard, beauty about the tale which is very appropriate to its background. Sigrid Undset is such a great writer that reality is gripped and held throughout the telling of a story which is a thousand years old.

The legend of the Ljot who came from Iceland to Norway to woo the beautiful Vigdis loses none of its essential nobility in the telling.

In the author's hands it is not an heroic fable, but a gripping tale of men and women. Its theme, the embittered lives of proud people, who meet but part, unable to forget each other, is modern enough for the latest problem story. The beautiful simplicity of treatment makes it a masterpiece of majestic prose. (Cassell & Co.)

* * *

"NOT TOO NARROW—NOT TO DEEP." **Richard Sale.** The title of this first novel is an admirable description of its literary quality. It is a vigorously written story of ten men who escape from a French penal settlement in an open boat. They are a prime collection of cut-throats but there is one dominating figure among them. He becomes their leader and an apostle of better living. His queer, second sight and fearless attitude to danger weld the fugitives into a powerful force which defies the storms they encounter in the open boat. He teaches them more than navigation—he brings them to the realisation that another chance is theirs. The yarn is a queer combination of murder and exhortation to repentance. (Cassell, 7/6.)


# Rich...smart ...luxurious

The fascinating Charmosan Christmas Gift Caskets make the loveliest of presents.

You do not pay a penny for the caskets . . . you simply pay the ordinary price for the goods contained in them . . . the caskets themselves are given free.

All the creme and powder in the Charmosan Christmas Gift Caskets are FULL SIZE.

Here are particulars:—

No. 1 casket contains a FULL SIZE box of Charmosan face powder, and costs just 2/6.

No. 2 casket contains a FULL SIZE box of Charmosan face powder and a FULL SIZE tube of Creme Charmosan, and costs 3/6.

No. 3 casket contains a FULL SIZE box of Charmosan face powder and a FULL SIZE jar of Creme Charmosan and costs . . . guess . . . only 5/-.

There you have them . . . the best creme and powder in the world; in gorgeous gift caskets, and at prices that are a revelation. They are sold by all chemists and stores.

# Charmosan Xmas Gift Caskets



# Kill Kidney Trouble Quick

Thousands of sufferers from Kidney trouble and Bladder weakness have stopped Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Lumbago, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity and Loss of Vigour by a Doctor's new discovery called Cystex (Sistex). Gently soothes tissues, cleans and heals raw, sore kidneys. In 15 minutes Cystex starts refreshing your blood. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Guaranteed to end your troubles in 8 days or money back. Get Cystex at all chemists.


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# Mandrake the Magician

THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and his faithful servant,
LOTHAR: Giant Nubian, who are helping
SIR OSWALD: Sporting Englishman and
JANE: His lovely daughter, to recover the Star Sapphire, stolen from them by
SAKI: World's cleverest thief and master impersonator. By masterly disguises, Saki manages to elude Mandrake, and when Jane, terrified by him, decides to go to her fiancee by car, he disguises himself as her chauffeur and drives off with her. Mandrake realises the truth, and, by intense concentration, projects his figure image into the car, just as Saki has made himself known to Jane. Mandrake (in image) forces Saki to give the sapphire to Jane, who drives off. Mandrake's image disappears, and Saki is left behind. Saki, however, commandeers a motorcycle and pursues Jane. NOW READ ON—

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# CHINESE WATERS

Continued from Page 14

KHAILAR showed his yellow teeth. "The Indian guard is alive? He awakes? The knife did not make end of him." He wagged his head as if reproving himself gently for not doing the job more thoroughly.

"Ye mean tae say," said Strachan, "that the puir man's lying oot there wounded and wi'oot help?"

"Is it important? In small while he will be with fishes, and you will be with fishes also."

Ah Fang chuckled at his leader's wit.

The pitiful groaning continued. Its effect on young Fane was to make him forget his helpless desperation. He became the doctor, the man needed to deal with the bodily troubles of mankind. His white face hardened into stern dignity. "You can't leave him like that! I——"

"Much noise bad for my dinner." Khailar grinned. "He must be given silence."

Ah Fang ran the blade of a table-knife along his finger, got up, and nodded.

"Not that! not that!" shouted Fane. "No, for Heaven's sake! Let me attend to him. I'm a doctor."

Carol, who had closed her eyes, touched Khailar on the arm and said pleadingly: "Yes, let him see what he can do for this man."

"Pretty waitress ask me?"

"Yes."

Khailar shrugged his shoulders, and gabbled an order to Ah Fang. Then he turned to Fane. "He will untie the cords. You look see Indian man. Two of my men watch all time. You play trick, you die."

"I shall want lint and stuff from my cabin."

"You get him, then, but do not play trick."

Fane was released. As he got to his feet Carol looked at him and said: "Sounds as if the poor man's in awful pain, Dick. Wouldn't it be kind to give him something? Medinal makes people sleep, doesn't it?" He did not understand what she was driving at, and she went on quickly: "I think medinal's wonderful stuff. I've had it myself. It makes you sleep and forget everything. Oh, do give him something like that, and do hurry. I can't bear that moaning."

"Stop the talk," interrupted Khailar, and pointed his thumb at Fane. "Do what you care, but stop noise of Indian man. And play no trick." He called to the two on guard outside the saloon, and they came in and ranged themselves on either side of Fane.

With every fibre of her being Carol was trying to make Fane guess her unspoken meaning. "Why not use medinal, Dick? The taste isn't so bad. Oh, do be quick!" She thought she detected an answering gleam in his eyes, and did not attempt to say any more in case Khailar grew suspicious. As the two men led Fane out of the saloon she busied herself with removing the dirty plates from the table, before bringing the next course.

Khailar and his companions had helped themselves to some light Japanese ale. Carol smiled at Khailar, and refilled their glasses. He leered, and raised his glass, in a fashion he had learned in Liverpool. "You not sink with ship. You come with us—waitress much good to us."

"You haven't got away with it yet," said Lewis, between his teeth. "There's such a thing as luck, and if a sloop——" An empty bottle flung by Khailar caught him on the chin.

Hoad muttered: "It's no good. We can't do anything—can't do anything." He thought of his revolver in his cabin, and could have cried like a child.

"Another hour," began Strachan bleakly, "and we shall a' be——"

Khailar picked up a plate. "Stop the talk."

The next course was mutton and vegetables. Khailar and his men gobbled away, with grunts and suckings of satisfaction. Carol waited on them as if she had been trained for the part. The groaning of the wounded Indian had stopped. The only sounds now were the throbs of the engines and the noisy feeding of the pirates. Prayers, white-hot with their agony of hope, were in her mind. "Come back, Dick, come back here! Bring the medinal! You must understand! Be quick, oh, be quick! There's so little time left. Bring the medinal. It's our only chance." But had he understood her veiled meaning?

There were sounds outside. Fane entered, closely watched by his two guards. Khailar looked at him over his shoulder. "What you do with Indian man?"

"I've done my best."

Khailar laughed. "He live to drown." His thumb jerked at Fane. "Tie him, Ah Fang."

Carol felt she could not breathe. Fane had never even glanced at her. Either he had not jumped at her meaning, or else he was acting magnificently. In the next few seconds she would know.

As the guards brought him across the saloon, she carelessly stepped backwards, her hands behind her, her palms upwards. The tips of her fingers brushed him, and she felt something small and light roll down the curve of her fingers. In the instant her hands were closed. She could have sworn that the sudden racing of her heart could be heard. She dared not look again at Fane . . . It had been splendid, splendid, the way he had managed it. Nobody could have guessed that he had dropped a little phial of medical tablets into her waiting hands.

Fane was trussed up again by Ah Fang, and deposited among the others at the end of the saloon. Carol went to fetch the next course—portions of chicken, with curled rashers of bacon, and bread sauce.

SHE had the cork out of the phial, and some of the little tablets slid into her hand. Two, she knew, were enough to send anybody into a heavy sleep. By pinching them with all her might between finger and thumb, she crushed them into powder. It was easy to keep her hand closed and held in a natural attitude.

Khailar smacked his lips at the sight of the chicken. "Bread sauce?" she said, leaning over him. He looked at it, and nodded. She stirred the sauce before serving him, and half a dozen powdered medinal tablets were well mixed in it.

The others accepted big helpings of the bread sauce without question. After their coarse feeding in steerage, this was food of the gods.

Carol picked up another bottle of ale, shook it to produce a head, and froth hid any trace of the two powdered tablets she slipped into the ale. "Pretty waitress," said Khailar, "good waitress," and again raised his glass.

The others had their glasses refilled.

There was the sound of shouting, muffled by the mist. Khailar and his men started up, their revolvers ready. A man came pattering in, his slanting eyes excited. He twittered away, pointing and waving his arms, and Carol and the prisoners could only pick up a word here and there.

Khailar listened thoughtfully, grinned, and turned to the prisoners. "There is luck for me. A junk pass near, and man call, and one man of mine know voice. Then junk say warning. Fighting ship cruise close beside coast."

They knew what that meant, and the last thread of hope was near to snapping. Khailar would not dare to take the ship far in, in case the patrolling sloop picked up the sound of the engines and came across to investigate.

Please turn to Page 32

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**CASH PRIZES AWARDED**

*Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.*

*Pen names are not used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.*

**IT'S YOUR PAGE!**

*Letters on this page reveal the things our readers are talking and thinking about this week. Read them. Then write your opinion on the topic that interests you—or on some new topic of your own.*

## HELP OUR BLACKS

ISN'T it about time something was done to help our Australian blacks, and lift them from the deplorable state into which they have fallen?

We have taken away their land, and now the sorry remnants of once great tribes wander miserably round the countryside begging food and clothes. The unhappy lot of those who "cadge" tobacco and sweets from travellers on the overland train from Perth must touch the hearts of all.

It is vital, in the interests of humanity, and in order to wipe out a stain on our country's honor, to see that these poor people are given a chance to live like human beings, and not outcasts!

**£1 for this letter to Mrs. G. W. Philpot, Railway Station, Hamilton, Vic.**

✣ ✣ ✣

## WE WALK BADLY!

WHY do Australian girls walk so badly?

How many girls realise that a graceful poise gives added attraction—and confidence? Very few who look in street mirrors to inspect their make-up take the trouble to see if their carriage is correct. The average girl spends a considerable amount on beauty treatment and dress, but neglects this important item. Yet no girl who walks badly can look "finished" no matter how well-groomed she may be.

It seems almost a crime for an Australian girl not to add poise to her health and beauty.

**Mrs. Sidney Baker, 91a George St., Bathurst, N.S.W.**

✣ ✣ ✣

## AGE IS PEACE

HOW many of us have that innate dread of growing old? The thought that time will rob us of our looks, our energy, perhaps our zest for living, even our health, is obnoxious to most of us.

Yet what can be more pleasant than comfortable middle age, growing into old age, with the nerve-racking emotions of life left behind us? With children and grandchildren growing up around us, with our memories, and associations with old friends, why shouldn't we be content?

**M. Halliday, 50 Cambridge Street, Lederville, W.A.**

✣ ✣ ✣

## PERFECT SECRETARY

RE the article in The Australian Women's Weekly (21/11/'36), "Must a Secretary Have Sex Appeal?"

I should say a secretary does not need to have it to obtain or to hold a job. I think a business man would require his secretary to be efficient, first and foremost, and I think it reasonable to assume that a girl so qualified would have to be neat and clean in her personal appearance. What else could a business man require in his secretary?

**Mrs. A. R. Baird, 43 Hurtle St., Croydon Park, S.A.**

✣ ✣ ✣

## FOOLISH HOLIDAYS

NOISE and rush are so much part of our working lives in the city that it always seems to me that one should leave them behind on holidays.

It is surprising, however, to see the number of girls who rush away to a gay guest house and spend their entire holiday in an exhausting round of sport and dancing.

They rarely have one early night, and return to work worn out and unfit to continue their succeeding year's work.

Do not readers agree with me that one should live in a different atmosphere on holidays and so make them a contrast from the ordinary life during the year?

**M. Francis, 1 Burra Road, Artarmon, N.S.W.**

## *Australian Men And The Way They Dress*

I AGREE with Mrs. Clacher (21/11/'36) that our menfolk are, on the whole, neatly and smartly dressed. A man in a well-pressed blue or grey suit, with shirt and tie to tone, always looks well.

Men may be conservative in dress, but to my mind they are sensibly conservative. Shorts, sports-shirt and sandals are all very well on the beach, but I think they would look rather ridiculous as every-day dress.

**Anne Elizabeth Christie, Orange Grove, Lower Portland, N.S.W.**

### Just Laziness

NO man is laughed at because he wears a coat that happens to match his trousers—and because both articles have seen a clothes brush. He cannot really be dubbed a "dandy" because, by some mysterious coincidence, his tie tones with that suit, and his hat and shoes fall in with a color scheme.

Laziness and carelessness can hardly be described as manliness—do you think?

**Peggy Morris, Hill Street, Sherwood SW3, Brisbane.**

### Could Improve

I AGREE that men are comfortably and neatly dressed during winter, but what about the summer? They cannot be comfortable during these hot months the way they dress now.

I would not consider the man vain or effeminate who was sensible enough to wear a linen suit during the summer.

And there are other little innovations which would improve men's appearance and comfort, but which they are afraid to wear lest they be dubbed effeminate.

**J. Nash, Finate, Bungaloe Avenue, Balgowlah, N.S.W.**

### Satisfied With Them

I KNOW it is foolish and unreasonable of me, but something within me rebels against the man who is meticulously dressed. It is obvious that he has been studying his style and figure, and the effects of certain colors on him, and some-

*AUSTRALIANS are always comfortably dressed!*

how the thought doesn't please me. I don't, in the least, mind a man who is carelessly dressed—provided, of course, that he is clean!

I think there are a lot of people in agreement with me. Anyway, I'm perfectly satisfied with Australian men. They are always comfortably dressed.

**V. Prosser, Sergeant Larkin Crescent, Daceyville, N.S.W.**

### Men Lack Imagination

I WOULD like to challenge some of Mrs. Clacher's statements.

First, she says slackness in dress is an indication of manliness. I do not see it that way. Cannot a man be neatly and becomingly dressed without rousing any ridicule? All praise to him who takes a little pride in his appearance.

Mrs. Clacher further says that Australian men are comfortably and neatly dressed. But has she seen some of the poor things wearing heavy winter-weight suits sweltering in the summer heat?

In general, Australian men lack imagination in their dress.

**Betty McNamara, Napoleon St., Cottesloe, W.A.**

## *Even Poor People Must Have Entertainment*

WHO could blame a poor charwoman for seeking diversion twice a week at the pictures, even if she is spending her few hard-earned shillings (The Australian Women's Weekly, November 21). After all, what has she in life in comparison with her more fortunate sisters who have the means to travel, and various other comforts and luxuries to make life worth-while?

**Mrs. Atkinson, 128 St. John Street, Launceston, Tas.**

### Safety-Valve

FOR the working woman mentioned by Mrs. Nicoll, the pictures were a counter-irritant. There are many who frequent picture theatres who cannot afford to do so. This form of diversion is a sort of safety-valve.

I remember once the wife of a man in a good position expressing surprise at the fact that she had seen the holder of a relief ticket ordering expensive tinned articles. Doubtless this person was tired of the usual food ordered, and craved something different.

**"Oh Lord, let us see a little clearer**
**And judge less harshly where we cannot see."**

**Mrs. Z. Jennings, Pine St., Ipswich North, Qld.**

### Careless Discourtesy

**WHY is it that so many people are guilty of discourtesy in not keeping promises? Quite often we hear "Oh yes, count on me. I'll be there," when asked to join a tennis party or a social evening.**

**Then, straightway, she forgets all about the affair or doesn't bother to note the date, or passes on to something which promises to be more thrilling and perhaps does not notify the hostess until the day before the event, or else not at all.**

**There is no justification for this sort of behaviour!**

**Miss B. Paine, 44 Victoria Avenue, Willoughby, N.S.W**

### This is the Issue!

CERTAINLY no one can blame the charwoman for spending her hard-earned pennies on entertainment, if she wishes to do so. It is her money, and it is she who will go hungry and shabby.

If, however, those dependent on her suffer for her picture-going, I think she is being foolishly selfish. That is quite logical.

**Mrs. S. Gilbert, Tyrell St., Nedlands, W.A.**

### Can't Leave Debts Unpaid

I SHOULD like to agree with the kindly sentiments expressed by Mrs. Nicoll. There is, however, another side to this question.

The working woman who never forgoes her weekly entertainments is constantly in debt to landlord and tradesmen as a natural result. Surely we cannot condone this kind of thing.

My conscience would not permit me to enjoy any outings for pleasure while debts remained unpaid.

**M. G. Johnston, 125 Croydon Avenue, Croydon Park, N.S.W.**

### We Are All Human

SOME people seem to think that those who are poor have no right to hanker after any pleasure. We are all human, and it is human to love pleasure. Therefore I agree with Mrs. Nicoll's broadminded attitude towards the charwoman who goes so often to the pictures.

Possibly to that poor soul the pictures act as an anodyne, and if, for a few hours, she can lose the sordidness and drudgery of her own life in the glamor portrayed on the screen, then the sacrifice of her hard-earned shillings is worth while.

**Miss J. E. Mullins, 34 Richardson St., Brunswick N10, Vic.**

## *Do Modern Girls Lack Ambition And Enterprise?*

MISS C. PRINCE (21/11/'36) has far more understanding of the working girl's mind than has the headmistress of a girls' school, when she states that it isn't unwillingness but circumstances, that prevent girls from taking positions away from home.

Many a girl has a responsibility towards her parents. They either need her company or her practical help in the home. She feels it her duty to stay near her parents, even if opportunity does present itself.

**Miss A. Davis, 20 Milton Avenue, Fullarton, S.A.**

### Won't Stir Themselves

I AGREE with the headmistress mentioned by Miss Prince. Australian girls to-day—and I suppose they are alike all over the world—do show a lamentable lack of enterprise.

*TIED to her desk!*

They seem content to carry on year after year in the same old way, sitting and waiting for some opportunity to present itself—when they should be up and doing, making opportunities for themselves.

**J. M. Benton, Adelaide St., Hobart.**

## AUSTRALIAN BOOKS

GREAT interest has, of late, been focused upon the Australian novels which have flooded the Christmas book market.

We see the Australian novel and short story at last assuming something like a real place in world literature.

Everybody agrees we should "Buy Australian products," and yet most folk give these books a wide berth. It does not require blind patriotism or great sacrifices to encourage our own authors, for their works are every bit as interesting as those of novelists of other countries.

The public condemns without reading. Why not be fair and give Australian books a trial?

**L. Smith, 130 Taylor Street, Armidale, N.S.W.**

✣ ✣ ✣

## GIRLS, 'GOLD-DIGGERS'?

MANY girls of to-day are nothing but gold-diggers!

They pal up with a man not because they like him particularly but to get as much pleasure and as many amusements as they can from him.

The sedate, steady type doesn't get anywhere with modern girls.

What do other readers think?

**J. Marshall, 90 William Street, Sth. Brisbane.**

✣ ✣ ✣

## YOUTH CONVERSING

I AM amazed at the lack of conversation in the young people of to-day. All they seem able to talk about is sport or clothes, according to their sex.

Have they lost the power to think for themselves? Or are their many entertainments sapping all interest in current affairs and all desire to exercise their abilities?

Whatever the reason the result is the same. Remove radio from a young people's gathering and everyone is at a loss.

**Margaret Farrell, Yarra Avenue, Reservoir, Vic.**


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# CHINESE WATERS

Continued from Page 30

So Khailar would scuttle the Arun in a short while, and take to the boats. He pointed at the saloon clock. It was half-past eight. "One half-hour and make sink. You plenty dinner for fishes." Ah Fang laughed hissingly at this great joke.

Hoad and the other officers, who knew nothing about the medinal, seemed stunned. But Fane glanced covertly at Carol. Her eyes tried to say "I don't know, I don't know. I only hope the stuff works quickly, or it will be too late."

Khailar resumed his seat, and the others followed his example. Carol brought in the sweet course, moulds of fruit and egg custard. They attacked it greedily, without a sign of drowsiness. She was aware that a prickling coldness had started at her spine. Much more of this, and her calmness would break. She saw that spots of perspiration were oozing out on Hoad's forehead. Strachan had become a grim and rigid huddle. Fane's eyes held a veiled alertness. The hands of the clock seemed to be moving with wicked speed.

One of the pirates at the table, an oldish man with a few thick, coarse hairs drooping from his upper lip, yawned loudly and blinked. Khailar looked at him, and made some sort of joke. The man grinned sleepily, gobbled a last mouthful of the custard and fruit, and sat slumped and drowsy. Ah Fang pointed at him, twittered, and raised his glass for more ale. Carol filled the glass, watching Khailar from beneath her lids. She believed there was a slight dullness about his eyes.

It was Ah Fang who went off next, with surprising suddenness. He had been sitting back, looking at his empty plate. His head dropped forward on his chest, and in two or three seconds he was sound asleep. Khailar stared. He leaned across and shook Ah Fang by the shoulder. Ah Fang lolled under that shaking, and went on sleeping.

For an instant Carol had been unobserved. Her hand closed on a table-knife, and she stepped backwards, and dropped in into the lap of the squatting Strachan. With the swift intelligence of his type, he let the knife slide between his knees until only an inch of the steel could be seen. At the same time he drooped his shoulders and rested his bound hands on his knee.

Khailar turned round from the sleeping Ah Fang. His broken teeth were showing, and he caught Carol by the wrist. "Why he sleep? And why he sleep?" He indicated the other man.

"How do I know?"

"Why they sleep?"

She said: "Because they are tired, I suppose. They've eaten too much."

Khailar was puzzled and suspicious. He gazed at his other three companions. They had become silent and dull, without the slightest interest in what was going on.

Hoad and his officers were as puzzled as Khailar. But a fever of hope burned in them, for Strachan's bound wrists were moving up and down, very gently, very gently, and the knife-blade was doing its work.

A third pirate slipped forward, his head on the table, asleep. "Why they sleep?" said Khailar, and the word "sleep" was a quiet hiss, so full of meaning as to be hideous. Then he yawned himself, and blinked. But the man had a strength of will greater than the drowsiness of his brain. He held on to the table, raised his revolver, and pointed it at Carol. "Why they sleep? You tell me quickly!"

With a pretence of impatience she said: "Don't be so absurd. How on earth do I know? They must have over-eaten themselves."

"Food not make sleep." His glazing eyes glinted with an ugly brilliance. "Food. If there is put in food—— The doctor give Indian man plenty sleep. . . . You——" A shrill, wicked sound came from him. He clawed at her with his left hand, and slowly raised his revolver to her forehead.

Strachan's hands were free. With a wild jerk of his body he heaved himself erect, jumped with his bound feet, and grabbed Khailar's wrist, wrenching it upwards. Khailar yelled, and Strachan's left fist caught him fiercely under the jaw. As he dropped in a heap, the two men on guard outside the saloon came running in.

Like most small men who are strong, Strachan was quick in action. He had Khailar's revolver, and he fired twice. The two reports might have been one. Both men dropped before they had even realised what was happening.

Carol stooped and cut the cord at Strachan's ankles. With one slash he freed Darjow's wrists. "Quick, man, the others!"

There was a scampering of feet above, and a confused sound of shouting. With the revolver ready, Strachan said over his shoulder: "Aye, they're wondering, but I dinna think there'll be any mair trouble, wi' their leaders oot o' the way."

Old Hoad was flexing his freed hands and gaping. "Is it a miracle? Why did the blackguards doze off like that?"

"I smuggled a phial of medinal tablets to Carol," said Fane.

"And I doped their dinner—your dinner—our dinner."

"You were magnificent!" said Fane.

Hoad's eyes twinkled. He clapped his passenger on the shoulder. "And I've known duller doctors."

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# CALLING *at* TRINIDAD

*Continued from Page 10*

THE Consul took a straw out of its paper covering and stirred the ice in his glass. "You'll have to get a visa, you know. They won't let you land without one."

"I never thought of that," Mrs. X said.

The Consul looked at Lobere and smiled again. It was a dry grimace. "I was talking about you to-day. We have had a cable that may affect your movements."

I have never seen a man's features change like that Frenchman's did when the Consul said this. His face went literally grey-green. Every drop of blood must have left his cheeks. "You are not going to send me back!" he stammered.

"That will depend on the Governor of Trinidad." The Consul turned to Mrs. X. "We are in rather a difficult position about your friend. He and three others arrived yesterday after a pretty tough trip in an open boat. They came at once to my office and gave a frank account of themselves.

"All four had escaped from the French penitentiary at St. Laurent du Maroni, which the newspapers call Devil's Island. Three of the men were destitute and are being looked after by the police; but this gentleman had money waiting for him that had been sent out by friends to a bank in Trinidad. As he said he was an officer, who had been convicted of a political offence, we allowed him to come to this hotel on parole.

"We get a certain number of these fellows from French Guiana every year, and our practice is to allow them to stay forty-eight hours on the island. After that they must leave. A man is not sent back to the French authorities except in very special circumstances. But, as I was telling Monsieur Lobere, I have had a cable this evening that may affect him. In fact, that is why I have come up to the hotel."

Mrs. X stared at Lobere. "You are not a gold prospector? You have escaped from Devil's Island?"

The Frenchman did not speak. Walters' mention of a cable had made him break out into a sweat.

"According to the cable we had from Cayenne, a Dr. Vauban is missing," the Consul said. "I don't know if you remember the case; it attracted a lot of attention in France. The doctor had a habit of dismembering his women patients and dissolving their bones in a special acid of his own invention. Of course, we have no proof that this gentleman had anything to do with that business."

Monsieur Lobere got to his feet; he threw back his shoulders; there was a slightly insane look in his black eyes. "I am Vauban!" he announced proudly.

The famous specialist leaned back in his chair, folding his hands over his slim waistline.

"I must say," he concluded, "that for pure Grand Guignol I have never seen anything to beat the expression on Joan X's face."

(Copyright)

**Period Ruffles Return**

*THIS snug-fitting jacket blouse is of flowered cotton. The shoulder and neck ruffles are reminiscent of the Elizabethan period. A row of tiny buttons down the centre-front are its sole trimming.*

—Air Mail photo.

# HALFWAY ISLAND

*Continued from Page 16*

"I headed out to sea again, taxi-ing slowly so that you wouldn't hear me. When I was some miles out I climbed very high. I could see the island miles away. I cut out and glided down level with the main island. We just managed to glide the distance. Must have glided for miles. The last thing I wanted was to start my engines and put you people wise. We stayed at the back of the island until after dark. The plane's still there, as a matter of fact. I brought the boy ashore. Leota was overjoyed. Old Ota was placated. Everybody else seemed delighted, and the rest was easy."

"Well, now," said Elms, "I still guess I feel a bit of a sucker. The best thing I can do is to stick by you now. I guess your people and mine can work in with each other over this place. I'll back you up with your treaty."

"Thanks," said Howard, grinning.

They sat together watching the long wedding ceremony, the glow of the fire flickering on their faces and lighting their keen eyes. The drums beat louder and louder. The natives joined in a wild rhythmic dance, swinging around Leota and Aleu.

They sang and danced until the moon had almost finished its journey, long after Elms and Howard had slipped away into the shadows.

And Leota sat beside Aleu, smiling, her brown eyes gleaming, catching the firegiow, as she looked up at him.

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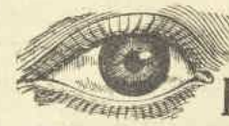

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# KING'S EMPIRE *and* KING'S LOVE

*MRS. ERNEST SIMPSON, the American brunette who, by the bestowal of a King's regard, has become a world figure.*

*KING EDWARD VIII, whose romantic attachment resulted in one of the greatest constitutional crises in the British Empire.*

**THE TWO PERSONS upon whom the eyes of the Empire have been focused. The nation's love of its ruler and desire for his personal happiness have clashed with an equally compelling wish to preserve the tradition of hereditary succession to the Throne of England. Important figures in this dramatic crisis are shown on succeeding pages.**

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# THE KING *And His* FRIENDS —

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, the official residence of His Majesty King Edward VIII in London.

ADMIRAL SIR LIONEL HALSEY, Treasurer and Controller to King Edward VIII. Admiral Halsey visited Australia with the King, as Prince of Wales, in 1920.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, who owns a million acres and a private yacht. He is a close friend of the King's.

ENJOYING ALL open-air pursuits, one of King Edward's favorite sports is golf. An informal photograph of him on the links.

FRIEND OF THE POOR. The King has always shown a keen interest in the welfare of the poor of England. He is here seen in a crowded village street in Wales, on his recent visit.

*KING EDWARD THE EIGHTH, apart from the official heads of the State and Church, has his own personal circle of friends and advisers.*

*The cables report that in the present crisis he consulted the Duke of Sutherland, Sir Godfrey Thomas, and Major Duff-Cooper, whose pictures appear on this page, as well as Sir John Aird and Lord Brownlow, two other close friends. Three of the King's intimate friends are Admirals of the Fleet.*

MAJOR DUFF-COOPER and his wife, Lady Diana Manners, who have frequently been the King's guests at Buckingham Palace.

LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, K.C., V.O., another of the King's close friends.

THE KING'S private secretary, Sir Godfrey Thomas.

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# — THE CHURCH *And The* STATE

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, citadel of constitutional authority, where members of the British Cabinet foregather.

THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, Lord Hailsham, who is one of those who have ruled that the Coronation must take place through the Established Church of England.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, Dr. Cosmo Lang, whose duty it is to enthrone the King of England.

THE PRIME MINISTER (Mr. Stanley Baldwin), who informed the King of the Cabinet's decision to resign if His Majesty did not refrain from his reported intention to marry Mrs. Ernest Simpson

• • •

*BULWARKS of a constitutional monarchy —the Church, the State, and men who represent them. Opposing the forces of a personal emotion, they uphold the principles upon which the Empire has established its greatness and renown.*

TYPIFYING THE SPIRITUAL and temporal power of the Church—Westminster Abbey. In this, one of the most magnificent and historic edifices in the world, many former Monarchs of the Empire have been enthroned and entombed.

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# MEMORABLE YEAR *for* KING EDWARD VIII

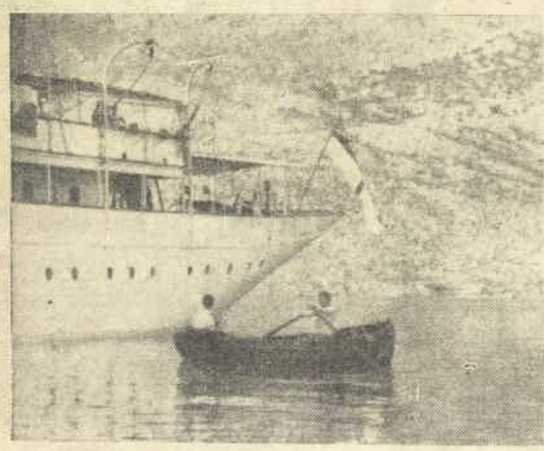
HIS POIGNANT first duty as King. At the funeral service to his beloved father, King George V. King Edward is shown marching with his brothers.

HIS FIRST RADIO BROADCAST as ruler of the Empire. It occurred a few weeks after his accession to the throne. He was the first member of the Royal family to broadcast, in October, 1922.

UNVEILING THE CANADIAN WAR MEMORIAL at Vimy Ridge in July. After the ceremony King Edward came down and talked to many of the women pilgrims.

HIS FIRST INVESTITURE at Buckingham Palace. The King is seen leaving the Palace in naval uniform.

AN INFORMAL study of King Edward in the swimming tank aboard the Nahlin on his recent holiday.



ANOTHER SCENE ON THE recent Nahlin cruise to the Adriatic. The King and Mrs. Simpson rowing ashore.

PRESENTING NEW COLORS to the Guards. It was after this impressive ceremony in Hyde Park in July that the McMahon incident occurred.

THE KING AND QUEEN MARY attending the Armistice Day anniversary, one of the last public ceremonies attended by the King.

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# Happy Family Study Of Heir To Throne

*HEIR TO THE THRONE. An informal, happy study of the Duke of York and his family taken at the Royal Lodge, Windsor Great Park. The Duke is direct heir to the Throne, and his daughter, Princess Elizabeth, is the Heir Presumptive.*

Copyright Major Mitford Brice, photographed by Studio Lisa.

*ABOVE: THE ROYAL CROWN. At right: The four Royal brothers, The Duke of Kent, King Edward, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Gloucester.*

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# LAW *Governing* ROYAL MARRIAGES

*Mr. J. A. LYONS, Prime Minister of Australia.*

*MR. M. J. SAVAGE, the Labor Prime Minister of New Zealand.*

*THE AGA KHAN, leading representative of India's ruling Princes.*

*MR. MACKENZIE KING, Prime Minister of Canada.*

*GENERAL HERTZOG, Prime Minister of South Africa.*

**Under the Statute of Westminster, these Dominion leaders have a voice in the status of the King.**

## *Powers of Sovereign & Parliament Defined*

### Actual Text Of Vital Acts

**Mr. Baldwin, the British Prime Minister, in his statement in the House of Commons, made reference to the Royal Marriage Act of 1772. The full text of the Act is given below.**

***Mr. Baldwin pointed out that the Act had no application to the Sovereign himself.***

"THE King requires no consent of any other authority to make his marriage legal," said Mr. Baldwin, "but the woman he marries necessarily becomes Queen and enjoys the status rights and privileges attaching to the position.

"Her children would be directly in line of succession to the Throne.

"The only way by which such results could be avoided would be by legislation dealing with the particular case. The Government is not prepared to introduce such legislation."

Shorn of the legal phraseology of the period, the Royal Marriage Act provides that no descendant of King George II (other than the issue of princesses married into Royal families) shall marry without the consent of the reigning sovereign.

Such marriages, if contracted without the Royal consent, become void.

If the King wishes to marry a commoner it would only be necessary for him to give his own approval to the marriage.

It was passed in the reign of George III, following on secret marriages contracted by two of the King's brothers.

A clause provides that a Royal bridegroom, after the age of 25, may proceed with his intention of marrying, unless bothe houses of Parliament expressly declare their disapproval of the match.

### The Act of 1772

This is the full text of the Act:

MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN.

WHEREAS Your Majesty, from Your Paternal Affection to Your own Family, and from Your Royal Concern for the future Welfare of Your People, and the Honor and Dignity of your Crown, was graciously pleased to recommend to Your Parliament to take into their Serious Consideration, whether it might not be wise and expedient to Supply the Defect of the Laws now in being, and, by some new Provision, more effectually to guard the Descendants of His late Majesty King George the Second (other than the Issue of Princesses who have married, or may hereafter marry, into Foreign Families) from marrying without the Approbation of Your Majesty, Your Heirs or Successors, first had and obtained;

We have taken this weighty Matter into our serious Consideration, and being sensible that Marriages in the Royal Family are of the highest Importance to the State, and that therefore the Kings of this Realm have ever been entrusted with the Care and Approbation thereof; and,

Being thoroughly convinced of the Wisdom and Expediency of what Your Majesty has thought fit to recommend upon this Occasion. We Your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal Subjects, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, do humbly beseech your Majesty that it may be enacted; and be it enacted by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the Advice and Consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the Authority of the same, that

No Descendant of the Body of His late Majesty King George the Second, Male or Female (other than the Issue of Princesses who have married, or may hereafter marry into Foreign Families) shall be capable of contracting Matrimony without the previous Consent of His Majesty, His Heirs or Successors, Signified under the Great Seal, and declared in Council (which Consent, to preserve the Memory thereof, is hereby directed to be set out in the Licence and Register of Marriage, and to be entered in the Books of the Privy Council); and

*that every Marriage or Matrimonial Contract of any such Descendant, without such Consent first had and obtained shall be null and void, to all Intents and Purposes whatsoever.*

II. PROVIDED ALWAYS, and be it enacted by the Authority aforesaid, That in case any such Descendant of the Body of His late Majesty King GEORGE the Second, being above the Age of Twenty-five Years, shall persist in his or her Resolution to contract a Marriage disapproved of or dissented from by the King, his Heirs or Successors, that then such Descendant, upon giving Notice to the King's Privy Council, which Notice is hereby directed to be entered in the Books thereof, may, at any time from the Expiration of Twelve Calendar Months after such Notice given to the Privy Council as aforesaid, contract such Marriage.

And his or her Marriage with the Person before proposed and rejected, may be duly solemnised, without the previous Consent of His Majesty, his Heirs or Successors; and such Marriage shall be good, as if this Act had never been made, **unless both Houses of Parliament shall, before the Expiration of the said Twelve Months, expressly declare their Disapprobation of such intended Marriage.**

III. AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED by the Authority aforesaid, That every Person who shall knowingly or wilfully presume to solemnise, or to assist, or to be present at the Celebration of any Marriage with any such Descendant, or at his or her making any Matrimonial Contract, without such Content as aforesaid first had and obtained, except in the case above mentioned, shall, being duly convicted thereof, incur, and suffer the Pains and Penalties ordained and provided by the Statute of Provition and PRAEMUNIRE made in the Sixteenth Year of the Reign of RICHARD the Second.

*Mr. E. DE VALERA, President of the Irish Free State.*

## *Statutory Power Of Dominions*

**Under the terms of the Statute of Westminster, Australia and other Dominions must be consulted in the event of Parliamentary action.**

THE Statute states:

"And whereas it is meet and proper to set out by way of preamble to this Act that inasmuch as the Crown is the symbol of the free association of the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations and as they are united by common allegiance to the Crown it would be in accord with the established constitutional position of all the members of the Commonwealth in relation to one another that any alteration in the law touching the succession to the Throne or the Royal style and titles shall hereafter require the assent as well of the Parliaments of all the Dominions as of the Parliament of the United Kingdom."

## THE CHURCH *and the* CONSTITUTION

### Religious Significance of Coronation Ceremony

**To understand the position of the Church in relation to the Monarchy, it is necessary to define the Church's place in the British Constitution.**

***In England, the Lords, the Church, and the House of Commons are known as the Three Estates, and as such are inseparable and vital parts of the Constitution.***

EACH has a tremendous significance in the government of the country.

As the Church of England is an Established Church, it has the King of England as its head, he being both a temporal and spiritual ruler. The Established Church plays a very big part in the affairs of the nation. At the time of a Coronation the King is brought in the closest union with the Church of which he is the head. The greatest and most impressive ceremonies are the Hallowing of the Monarch and the Communion Service.

Despite the glittering pageantry associated with the crowning of the King, it is the religious ceremony, simple in essentials, which really makes him ruler of the Empire.

**DR. BLUNT, Bishop of Bradford, who said: "We hope the King is aware of his religious need, though some of us wish he would give more positive signs of his awareness."**

This Communion Service is an integral part of the religious side of the Coronation. The conflict of King and Church is to be found in the fact that the laws of the Church may exclude from participation at Communion any divorced person.

The Church is not altogether unanimous on this matter, however. Bishop Barnes, of Birmingham, has suggested that on future occasions the Communion service should not be made portion of the public ceremony of the Coronation.

On the other hand, Dr. Blunt, Bishop of Bradford, feels that the whole historical and religious significance of the ceremony would be lost if the Communion Service were not part of the King's presentation to the Nation as its temporal ruler as well as its spiritual head.

The Act of Uniformity, passed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, made the King the legal head of the Church of England, charged with the administration of the spiritual laws. This administration has passed into the hands of the bishops. They speak with authority on matters of religious practice within the Established Church, both as leaders of the Church and as representatives of the Church as part of the Constitution of the British Empire.

### Temporal Side

THE House of Commons, the most potent member of the British Constitution, attends to the temporal side of the nation's welfare. Thus we have the Established Church and the Government as moulders of the destiny of the world's greatest Empire, and guardians of its imperishable traditions.

The conflict of these forces on the matter of the King's marriage is beautifully expressed by the French newspaper, the Paris "Soir," when it voices the sentiment of the French nation.

"It is not a crisis between the King and the Government, but, in a single soul, that of the Sovereign bound by destiny to the grandest crown in the universe."

This brilliantly epitomises the situation—the heart of a man and the soul of an Empire as expressed in the Constitution.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4611537

# MRS. SIMPSON — *Petite* AMERICAN

## *Study of the Beautiful Friend of Royalty*

*By Beam Wireless and Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London*

*MRS. SIMPSON'S LONDON HOME, and Mrs. Simpson herself. The three photographs on this page illustrate the manner in which the cameraman can show the different personalities and moods of this attractive American.*

**A quiet dresser, whose style is more severe than that of her close friend, the Duchess of Kent, is Mrs. Ernest Simpson, the American woman whose influence on the life of King Edward VIII has been responsible for the gravest constitutional crisis in the recent history of the British Empire.**

***It was her friendship with the King that caused the Archbishop of Canterbury, the head of the Church of England, and the Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, to visit Buckingham Palace and appeal to the King to use greater discretion in his association with Mrs. Simpson.***

**Staunch in his contention that a Monarch had equal rights with his subjects in matters affecting his personal affairs, particularly when those matters concerned his affections, the King is reported to have administered a stinging rebuff to both the spiritual and political leaders of England for attempting to advise him in regard to his friendship with Mrs. Simpson.**

MRS. ERNEST SIMPSON has been one of the leaders of fashion in London ever since her arrival from America.

She is a devotee of simplicity in dress and seldom wears any jewellery in the daytime, with the exception of semi-precious jewels which form part of her gown trimmings.

She wears only real flowers and the tiniest ear-rings with her outdoor ensembles.

With evening dress she wears magnificent diamonds and square-cut emeralds, providing a foil for her olive skin and brown eyes.

She parts her long hair in the centre and it is drawn over her ears to knot at the nape of her neck. She seldom wears any head ornament.

Her home frocks are mostly of woven woollen material, crisp organdie or pique, with lace collars and cuffs.

For summer wear she sports plain tailored costumes of figured crepe with square-cut neck and belted elaborately in the French style.

### Seasonal Gowns

IN winter she usually appears in a black suit with silver fox furs, a small black hat and suede gauntlets. For the colder days she has a Russian

In winter she usually appears in a black suit with silver fox furs, a small black hat and suede gauntlets. For the colder days she has a Russian

sable coat, suits with bright crepe blouses and brilliant brocade waistcoats.

Her summer outdoor ensemble is usually of navy crepe or navy-and-white figured silk, worn with a shady navy straw hat trimmed with plain ribbon bands.

She affects white gowns for evening wear, either in satin, velvet or chiffon. These are usually cut on tailored lines.

Her dinner gowns are of black velvet, of brightly patterned chiffon and of silver lame, and her favorite evening wrap is a three-cornered ermine cape, bordered with tails.

Since her Austrian holiday she has featured a number of Viennese embroidered blouses with gay Tyrolean hats of bottle-green, finished with tufts of feathers on the side.

Her taffeta dinner dresses are decorated with large hand-tooled silver buttons.

### At Fort Belvedere

**MRS. SIMPSON is a talented interior decorator, combining antique with modern furnishings. She is very fond of mirrors and old Bristol glass, and has given personal advice on the re-decoration of the King's rooms at Buckingham Palace.**

**She was recently brought from Paris in the King's plane to lunch with His Majesty at Sunningdale, his rural retreat, 27 miles from London, and, in conjunction with Lady Mendl, a famous international decorator, was commissioned to decorate the home.**

She also assists the King in his gardening at Fort Belvedere.

A critical reader, she has a leaning towards biographies. In conversation she is witty and brilliant, and speaks French well with a slight Virginian accent.

She has very democratic ideas, and prefers to attend the hairdressing saloon instead of having her hair done at home, as other society women do. Likewise she always goes to the dressmakers for her fittings, instead of having them at her home.

Mrs. Ernest Simpson was born in Baltimore, U.S.A., 38 years ago, and is the daughter of Wallis and Alice Montague Warfield. It is said that both her parents wanted a son, and when they found that fate had decided otherwise they compromised by giving the girl her father's name, which was soon shortened to "Wally" by her schoolmates.

"Wally" has an aristocratic background, even though it lacks Royal titles. She is related to a former Governor Warfield, of Maryland, and her aunt, Mrs. Buchanan Merryman, of Washington, is a social leader in Baltimore, as well as in the capital cities. In 1934 Mrs. Simpson made a tour of Europe with her aunt.

Mrs. Simpson early distinguished herself as a person of poise and grace, and soon won a place in the smartest circles. As a debutante she was popular as well as beautiful, and it was predicted at the time that she would make a brilliant marriage.

Some time later she made the acquaintance of Winfield Spencer, a dashing lieutenant in the U.S. Navy, and they were married after a short courtship in 1916. They then moved to California, where Lieutenant Spencer was assigned to duty in the development of a naval flying station.

For a few years her friends heard very little from her, and in 1925 she returned to the East, and lived in Virginia for 12 months, in order to conform to the residential laws of that State, and then obtained a divorce from her husband in Warrenton, Virginia.

In 1936 she visited England to see some friends, and there renewed her acquaintanceship with Mr. Ernest A. Simpson, a Harvard graduate, who had left America to make his home in England, and had renounced his American citizenship.

### Second Marriage

THEY were married on July 1, 1926, in London, and since that time Mrs. Simpson's life has been spent chiefly abroad. Her last visit to America was in the spring of 1934, when she attended the races at Pimlico, and briefly appeared on the social horizon of the American capital.

It was on a summer evening in London in 1933 that the dark-haired beauty first met the heir to the British Throne. The then Prince of Wales was seated at a ringside table in a fashionable club, and Mrs. Simpson was an attractive figure on the dance floor—a fact which attracted the eye of the club's distinguished guest.

**In accordance with his prerogative, Prince Edward demanded an introduction to the American woman and immediately asked her for the next dance. He almost monopolised her as a dancing partner for the remainder of the evening.**

From that time on, the Prince seemed to have acquired the knack of finding himself in various places where the American beauty happened to be. In the course of these happy reunions incidents have been observed which indicate that they were not mere coincidences.

On Mrs. Simpson's last sojourn at Biarritz, the Prince would appear to have had advance information, for he was at the railway station to meet her and personally attended to her luggage—an unheard of manifestation of Royal courtesy.

### Favored Partner

IN the days that followed the Prince upset another precedent. Although in his official position he usually distributes his dancing favors among quite a number of women, he monopolised Mrs. Simpson. It was the Baltimore beauty he danced with all through the evening. On one occasion it is recorded that from 10 p.m. to 3.30 a.m. he had *no other* partner.

As if to show officialdom how matters stood, the Prince then invited Mrs. Simpson to be hostess at a cocktail party attended by diplomats and other notables.

### Colors to Harmonise

***A GALLANT tribute frequently paid by the King, when Prince of Wales, to Mrs. Simpson was the harmonising of his attire with hers. If Mrs. Simpson appeared on the golf links in a yellow pullover, the Prince would turn out adorned with a yellow cravat.***

***And when Mrs. Simpson wore a red evening gown, a carnation of the same shade would be in the Prince's buttonhole.***

On one occasion, when the party motored to St. Topes, the Prince insisted on dancing long past the prescribed closing time. As a result of this, the proprietor of the night club was later dealt with by the court on a charge of disregarding the closing hours.

The friendship grew quickly, and Mrs. Simpson became a frequent member of parties which accompanied the Prince of Wales, not only in the West End of London, but also to his country home, Fort Belvedere, and on visits to the Continent.

**The American public knew of the King's friendship with Mrs Simpson long before most Londoners, but the first official hint of the friendship which came to the notice of the British public was contained in a Court circular of July 10, 1936.**

It was then announced that the King had given a dinner-party at York House, at which the Duke and Duchess of York were present. Among the guests was Mrs. Simpson. This announcement created much interest in social circles at the time.

She was next mentioned in a Court circular from Balmoral on September 23, which stated, "Mrs. Simpson and Mr. and Mrs. Herman L. Rogers have arrived at the Castle with the Duke of York, who, accompanied by the Duchess, on His Majesty's behalf, opened the new building of the Royal Infirmary at Aberdeen."

On September 30, the departure of the King for London was announced—accompanied by Mrs. Simpson and other guests from Balmoral. On May 27, at a private Derby Day dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson were among the guests, who also included Colonel Lindbergh and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin.

On his recent summer cruise of the Adriatic in the Nahlin, Mrs Simpson was one of the guests of the King. But Mr. Simpson was not present.

The new King and the American beauty were constantly together throughout the trip, and were frequently photographed in each other's company.

An incident which occurred showed clearly that the King made no attempt to conceal his friendship with Mrs. Simpson. When a Press photographer took a snap of the King and Mrs. Simpson, one of the Royal guards intervened and took the camera from the photographer. The King, however, ordered the camera to be returned with the plate intact.

### Her London Home

AFTER her return from her trip with the King on the Nahlin, Mrs. Simpson took a furnished house at 16 Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, at a rental of 25 guineas a week.

Although both Mr. and Mrs. Simpson had been frequent guests of the King together, and there was no talk of any estrangement between them, a sensation was caused when she issued a petition for divorce against her husband, alleging misconduct by him with a woman whose name was not disclosed.

The case came on for hearing at the Ipswich Assizes on October 28, and was not defended by Mr. Simpson.

Crowds surrounded the courthouse in an effort to get a view of Mrs. Simpson, who, although the case was undefended, was obliged to attend the court to give evidence in support of her application. The crowd was disappointed, however, as Mrs. Simpson arrived in a closed car with her legal advisers, and was able to enter the court unobserved and remain in seclusion until her case was called.

*Please turn to Next Page*

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# STRIKING PORTRAIT OF MRS. SIMPSON

*ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PAPERS discussing Mrs. Simpson are divided about the attitude taken by the Premier, Mr. Baldwin. One London paper said, "There may be better Premiers. There is no better King. It is the duty of Statesmen to find a solution of the difficulty over the King's marriage which will leave him on the throne and yet provide for his happiness."*

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# What Women Are Doing

### Precious Blooms

GARDENERS throughout England are tending thousands of plants which next year will provide decorations at the Coronation season, reports Miss Jessie Anderson, who has just returned to Adelaide after being abroad for two years. These particular flowers will be in colors of red, white, and blue.

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### Acting President of Creche and Kindergarten

MRS. F. H. WEDD, who will be acting president and chairman of the Creche and Kindergarten Association in the absence of Mrs. Bruce Shearer, is intensely interested in the betterment of conditions for children, and would like to see a kindergarten in every suburb.

Mrs. F. H. Wedd —Dorothy Coleman.

Mrs. Wedd lived for 8 years in Belgium, about 13 years in England, and has been in Australia well over twenty, during which time she has been a member of the Brisbane Women's Club; for a time its honorary secretary, and for three years the president. She was also the first honorary secretary of the Dickens Fellowship in Brisbane.

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### Wonderful Wildflowers in Wool

A WOMAN with original ideas in wool is Mrs. S. C. Boyd, of Perth, who has a wonderful collection of West Australian wildflowers, all made from wool and fibre.

Mrs. Boyd is a member of the handicrafts committee of the Perth Metropolitan branch of the Country Women's Association, and it was at Wool Week in Perth that first prompted her to make something original and appropriate from wool. Now she has a collection which is the only one of its kind in the world. Mrs. Boyd says it has taken her five years to collect these flowers, and it will be another five years' work to make a complete collection of the West's native flowers in wool.

## Woman Scientist Who Works Alone

**MISS L. E. CHEESEMAN, a scientist of the British Museum of Natural History, was in Brisbane recently. In the last eleven years she has made four expeditions from England to the Pacific, collecting entomological specimens and data, and has always worked and travelled entirely alone.**

**Two of her trips were to the wilds of New Guinea. She recently came from Dutch New Guinea, where she had been for the last ten months, having collected about 26,000 insects, 200 reptiles and 300 fishes, a most interesting collection which has been sent on to England.**

**Miss Cheeseman's previous expeditions were to Tahiti and other Society Islands, the New Hebrides, and Papua.**

### Woman Photographer Exhibits Travel Pictures

MISS PEG CLARKE, well-known Melbourne photographer, recently opened an interesting exhibition which she calls "Seven Countries With a Camera," in the studio of her home situated opposite Scotch College, Melbourne.

This is the third exhibition Miss Clarke has held since she returned from abroad several years ago. With Miss Dora Wilson, the artist, she spent two and a half years travelling through Europe, partly for enjoyment, and partly to gather some interesting pictures. While she photographed, her companion did some painting, and they both got through a tremendous amount of work while seeing the world.

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### Melbourne Organiser for League of Health and Beauty

MISS MARY WIMBERLEY, an attractive young brunette, who arrived recently from England to take charge of the Melbourne branch of the League of Health and Beauty, did all her training at the headquarters of the League in London.

Miss Mary Wimberley —C. H. A. Drake, Ltd.

Thoroughly versed in her subject, and a capable organiser, Miss Wimberley has spent some years teaching, lecturing and opening centres for the League all over England and Scotland—and hopes later to establish a centre at Auckland, New Zealand.

### Is at Her Best In Character Parts

EILEEN RAGG, who is to play Mrs. Noah in the Gregan McMahon Players' Production of "Noah," at the King's Theatre, Melbourne, commencing on December 12, for five nights, is a mistress of dialects.

Eileen Ragg —Broetherin.

She has played Scottish, Irish, and numerous English county parts.

Although young and lovely, she usually appears heavily padded and in elderly roles, and is one of the most consistent performers in the Gregan McMahon Players, Melbourne.

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### Seventy-year-old Mission Has a Party

WHEN the ladies' committee of the Hindmarsh Town Mission in South Australia arranged the Old Residents' Reunion Tea this month, it was adding one more good deed to its already long list. The Mission has been in existence for the past 70 years, and so many of these and similar functions have been held that the women have practically lost count.

Mrs. E. Bateup is president, and Mrs. P. G. Fergusson is secretary, and like many of the other workers for the Mission have been connected with it for several years. Mrs. A. Edquist arranged the musical programme for the party for the 22nd time.

Miss D. C. Norman, a member of one of the oldest families in Hindmarsh, was asked to cut the Christmas cake.

### Commandant of Detachment 602

AS commandant of No 602 Detachment, Miss Jean Law Launceston, is responsible for a very keen and efficient band of voluntary aids. Members meet once a month for stretcher and bandaging practice, and attend drill regularly. They have just completed their refresher course for this year.

Three or four members also give their services one day a week in the outpatients department at the public hospital.

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### Is South Australia's Youngest Doctor of Philosophy

DR. ENID ROBERTSON who is South Australia's youngest Doctor of Philosophy has just returned from England, where her new degree was conferred on her at Durham University. She is a graduate of Adelaide University.

Dr. Robertson

While in Durham Dr. Robertson stayed with her sister, Mrs. Lytton Sells, wife of the Professor of French Literature at the University, and herself a graduate of Adelaide University and author of several books dealing with the study of French.

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### Woman Preacher Has Another Book Published

MISS LILLIAN L. SCHOLES, M.A., B.D., Dip. Ed., of Melbourne, who was the first woman in Australia to qualify to become a Methodist minister, and will be the first woman to have a church when the Methodist Conference decides to admit women ministers, is also an author.

Some time ago she published a beautiful little religious book entitled, "Though the Vision Tarry." Now she has another small volume to her credit. It is "A Heart Beats Here," a collection of studies from Browning.

### Held Women's Service Association Rally

THE Women's Service Associations of South Australia had yet another bright idea when they planned the recent rally of the various branches, and this time it was for themselves and not for others, as is their usual work.

Mrs. J. L. Leal. —Reinberandt

Members of the Thebarton Association, which was started by Mrs. J. L. Leal, and is the first association, were hostesses at the gathering at the Thebarton Town Hall.

All their guests from the Prospect, Glenelg, Unley, and St. Peters Associations came in period costumes. The programme was arranged by the president, Mrs. M. Watson, and the secretary, Mrs. R. D. Field.

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### Charm of a Launceston Garden

THE loveliest private garden in Launceston, Tasmania, belongs to Mrs. G. E. Perrins, a skilful horticulturist, and an authority on the habits of wistaria, rhododendrons, azaleas, and native orchids. Mrs. Perrins propagates her own azaleas and layers her own rhododendrons—work that requires infinite patience and careful attention.

She has eleven different varieties in her wistaria house, all brought from Japan originally. These glorious trailing plants from the roof and sides of an enormous outdoor room shelter the choicest specimens of the rhododendrons and azaleas she has propagated during the last 15 years.

The conservatory is also very beautiful, with ferns from Lord Howe Island forming a background for blooms of rich coloring and a wealth of orchids.

## IN and OUT of SOCIETY - - By WEP

You also can be Happy and Well !..

To be well is to be happy; and to take Cream of Yeast is to be well! See, when you take this modern remedy, how aches and pains vanish; how weariness departs; how appetite improves, and how the joy of life comes back! Cream of Yeast is the world's greatest tonic and invigorator, conveniently available to all. Cream of Yeast makes you feel better and look better in a few minutes—*it's a wonderful lightning pick-me-up!* Never disappoints; forms no habit; no harmful drug-content. Let Cream of Yeast improve your health at once. All chemists and stores sell it—24 Tablets 1/11, 48 for 3/6, 125 for 5/9. Satisfaction or money back guaranteed.

*Your Health and Spirits will Quickly Improve*

by taking Cream of Yeast


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# EDUCATING *Girls & Boys* INTO JOBS

## Retailers' Training Institute Extends Its Operations

**So successful has been the work of the Training Institute established by the Retail Traders' Association of New South Wales that it has been decided to extend the opportunities to boys and girls of 15 to 18 years of age who are anxious to become shop assistants and win promotion in the retail trade.**

***The principal of the Institute is Miss Winifred Taylor, who has had long experience in organising and developing staff training. She recently made a tour of Great Britain and America, investigating the methods of those countries.***

WHEN the institute was established last February its activities were confined to the training of boys and girls already in employment, and between 300 and 400 have already completed the course.

The full course of training is of five months' duration, and at the end of that period a final examination is held, and a diploma issued to those who reach a satisfactory standard.

The study includes store system, stock-keeping, principles of salesmanship, store organisation, manufacturing processes, principles of advertising, display, psychology and other subjects of general commercial value.

### New to Australia

IT is expected that during 1937 pupils for this training will be drawn from about 100 of the secondary schools.

This type of training, although new to Australia, has been in vogue in England and America for more than

*MISS WINIFRED TAYLOR, Principal of the Retail Traders' Training Institute.*

twenty years, and is now regarded as an essential preliminary to entry into the retail trade.

Considerable interest will be added to the lectures by visits which will be made by groups of students to the big departmental stores, where they will be able to observe the methods adopted by experienced salesmen and saleswomen. Apart from this, demonstrations in actual sales will be given regularly.

The institute places great value on the personal factors in selling, and lectures on health, appearance and deportment will form an important part of the training.

The committee of the institute is comprised of the heads of most of the leading retail stores of Sydney, leading members of the Retail Traders' Association.

**The institute is not run for profit, but entirely in the interests of the development of the minds of students, and to help them bridge the gap between school and adult life, and fit themselves for future careers.**

**The only qualification required of intending students is that they must have had at least two years' secondary education, and must be healthy, vigorous, and of good appearance and address.**

To such boys and girls the retail trade offers definite possibilities, and most of the leading emporiums will draw their staffs from the ranks of the trained boys and girls of the institute.


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JUNE MARSDEN'S
AMAZING AND FASCINATING
Book on Everyday Astrology Can
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It tells you all about:
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Your fortunate months and days.
Your best marriage partner.
Your way to success and happiness.
Your lucky colors and numbers.
"FOLLOW YOUR STARS"
Makes a perfect Xmas gift. Send 5/9 to ASTRAL PUBLICATIONS, Box 3135-P, G.P.O., Sydney.


# Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

**Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home**

Sister Hope, the popular beauty specialist, recently offered this advice about grey hair: "Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add 1 oz. of Bay Rum; a small box of Orlex Compound; and ¼ oz. of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. "Twenty years should fall from the appearance of any grey-haired person using this preparation, which actually penetrates the hair cells and so defies detection. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off, and cannot affect waving of hair."***


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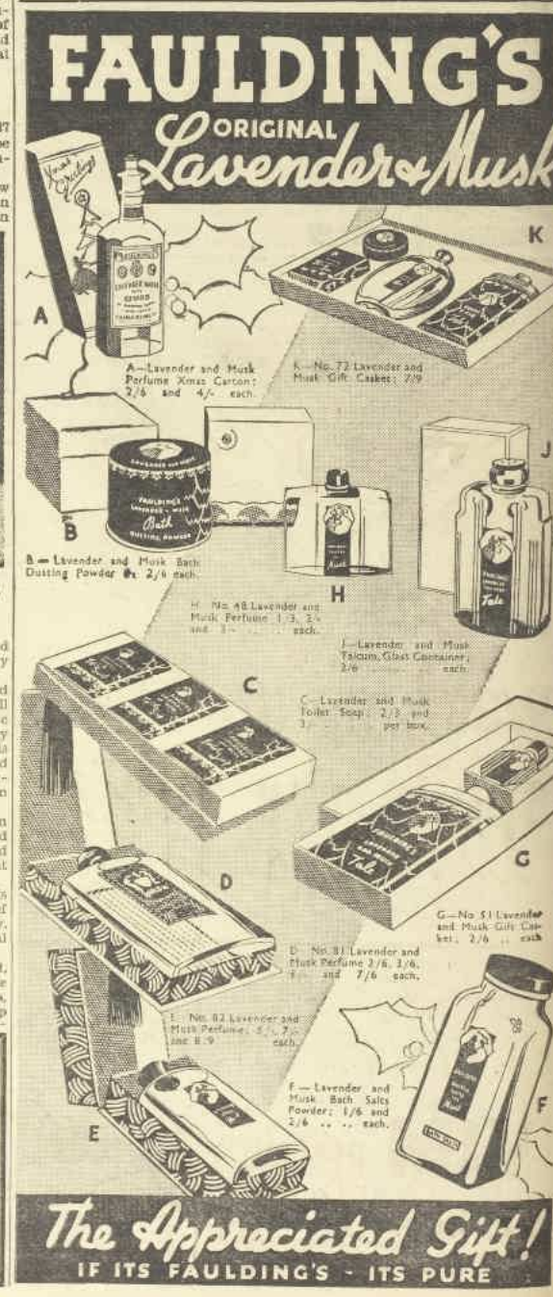
Our free booklet gives scores of instances of successful treatment with "DRINKO," the safe, tasteless treatment for drink addicts. If you are troubled, call or write for free confidential advice. Dept. WW, HOME WELFARE PTY., 333 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.







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WHO IS THIS 9TH. WOMAN?

...and how is she easy to identify?

● Most people know at least one girl who never has "quiet" spells — who never breaks engagements — never declines dances, parties or games, unless she wants to! and whose spirits never seem to droop during even the hardest day's work.

● She is not to be that "ninth" woman who uses Myzone! . . . that intelligent girl who never allows the charm of her femininity to be dimmed by needless suffering. She is always *poised*—mistress of herself—confident of her vivacious smartness—bright-eyed and alert.

● For Myzone's amazing new (anti-spasm) **activin compound** spares all that pain so often suffered by many women! Yes, even when distress and headache is most severe, or prolonged, two tablets with a cup of tea (or think of water) brings complete relief in 7 minutes!

● Specialists say this is now the most harmless, swift and certain way to relieve pain — and stay relieved — without "doping" after-effects. Get a box today. 2/- at every chemist. **Try it on your very next headache!**

PRODUCT OF International Laboratories


# EUTHANASIA . . . *Is It Too* CALLOUS?

## Doctor Would Leave Ending Of Life To Doctors . . . and Their Consciences

**Because he could not bear to see his three-year-old child, hopelessly afflicted, suffer any longer, Michael O'Sullivan, a West Australian father, put him out of his misery. He has now been tried for murder, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment for life.**

***A nation-wide petition for his release is already mooted, in view of the distressing circumstances of the case. The father was passionately fond of the child, which had been in constant pain since birth, was mentally deficient, and subject to convulsive fits. He claimed that he acted out of love for his child; the child's mother declares that she believes her husband acted for the best, and she is not ashamed of anything he did.***

HERE is a case which from time to time is paralleled by similar pathetic cases. Often it is the life of an adult dying of a painful, lingering disease that is ended.

In a Sydney tragedy a man, dying of cancer, after vainly appealing to relatives, persuaded his favorite son to provide him with a loaded gun, with which he committed suicide.

Euthanasia—the legalised termination of life by painless means, to avoid unnecessary suffering—is now being advocated in various civilised countries as the logical solution of all such distressing problems; a Euthanasia Bill is at present before the British House of Lords.

One of the strongest arguments for such legalised euthanasia is the popular one, "If we see animals suffering hopelessly, we put them out of their misery. If we see human beings hopelessly suffering, we let them linger."

In a plain-spoken and vividly-written book, Dr. Harry Roberts, an English physician, now reviews the proposed Euthanasia Bill in the light of this popular argument. He begins by quoting a letter from one of his own patients:

**"Dear Dr. Roberts,—As I anticipated, I can no longer swallow milk. I hope you will assure my wife that my life is now very short. I want to make one last request. You know the torture I am in, and that in any case I can live but a very short time. "Will you save me from this painful death?"**

What (asks Doctor Roberts) should he have done? He does not directly tell us what he did, but puts this hypothetical case. "I am suffering from cancer of the throat. Operations have been performed; radium has been exploited; there is nothing more to be done. If my doctor were my true friend, what would I wish him to do?

"I hope that he would, without a significant word or gesture, make that necessary modification in my medicine which would hasten the pace over a bit of bad going."

### Dreadful Suspense

THAT, in Dr. Roberts' view, would be "real euthanasia." He contrasts it with the future procedure if the proposed Euthanasia Bill becomes law.

The patient would first make a voluntary application to the authorities, enclosing two medical certificates; this would be attested by a magistrate; it would then be submitted to an official "euthanasia referee."

If it passed the latter, seven days must elapse to allow relatives' appeals (if any) to a court of jurisdiction, which may then cancel the permit. If not challenged, a medical practitioner (gazetted an official enthaniser) must be called upon, and the administration of the lethal dose made in the presence of an official witness.

**Dr. Roberts believes, in short, that for cases of conscious suffering, the deliberate week of suspense, followed by the callous "finishing off," is a revolting affair, on a line with the ceremony that precedes an official hanging—in fact, is unthinkable. But what of cases like the West Australian one, where the patient is mentally deficient from birth?**

### The Danger of It

DR. ROBERTS, after doubting whether congenital idiots experience much mental distress, goes on to deduce that as soon as "killing for uselessness" (as with idiots and imbeciles) is legally allowed, dangerous abuses may creep in.

In fact, he is definitely against it. It leads to making out a case for the "extermination of an undesired baby or an outworn grandparent."

Summed up, Dr. Roberts' views on legalised euthanasia are that a voluntary Euthanasia Act, as proposed in England, is too callous and brutalising; a more sweeping law, to include imbeciles and the insane or unconscious, would be dangerous. He would leave the matter of euthanasia in the hands of doctors and their consciences. If their sympathy outweighs their fear of the law, they should obey the orders of the former —"and help their patients over a bit of bad going."

"Euthanasia, and Other Aspects of Life and Death," by Dr. Harry Roberts. (Constable and Co., London.)

till the right powder changed her into a True Blonde

Are you called a blonde by some—"not a blonde" by others? This girl, too— Her hair still has some of its baby blondeness, her skin is very fair. Yet, with the powder she used, she *looked mousy, dim—a plain "in-between."*

The Colour Analyst told her to try a blonde's pet shade—Pond's Naturelle. It changed her completely! Her skin brightened with a lovely, luminous look. She herself said "Pond's Naturelle lights up my skin so that even my hair and eyes have more of that true-blonde sparkle!"

What Naturelle does for the near-blonde—one of the other new Pond's shades will do for you. They all add life, colour, tone to the skin.

An optical machine's discoveries made this possible. 200 girls' skins were analysed, hidden tints were revealed. *Bright blue* gives blonde skin that dazzling transparency, while *brilliant green* gives a creamy skin a glowing enchantment. Pond's blended these colours, among others, into entirely new shades of face powder, which bring youth and life to all types of skin. Dull skins, pale skins, sallow and florid—each gets the very tint it needs.

Perfect Weight and Texture.

Pond's Face Powder thrills every woman who tries it for other reasons, too! It is neither too light or too heavy, but of the exact texture to cling smoothly and evenly for hours, giving a petal-like softness to your make-up. Its rare and delicate perfume is entrancing—and its price so reasonable that everyone can use it. Pond's Powder is sold at all stores for 1/6 and 2/6 per box.

Fill in the coupon below and see what your shade of Pond's can do for your skin.

Over 200 girls' skins colour-analysed to find the beauty tints now blended in Pond's new Powder shades.

Trial Offer: Mail coupon with two ½d. stamps to cover postage, package, etc., for free sample of Pond's exquisite new Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) ☐, Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream (Natural) ☐, Naturelle (Light Natural) ☐, Rose Brunette ☐, Dark Brunette (Sunfan) ☐.

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It isn't washing-up that spoils the sink..

. . . IT'S HARSH CLEANING!

If you *will* clean the sink with harsh, gritty scourers, what can you expect? It's sure to be scratched and dull in no time. Remember, scratches harbour dirt—and often germs—and make cleaning harder as time goes on. Porcelain is delicate—it requires *smooth-cleaning* with Vim's soap-coated grains. A Vim-cleaned sink keeps its gleaming, new look and can be cleaned with one swift, light rub.

A LEVER PRODUCT

VIM REMOVES THE DIRT ..BUT SAVES THE SURFACE!



Good News! 'OVALTINE COLD or Hot is now served at Cafes & Restaurants

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The delightful Summer Drink

Trial Sample: A generous trial sample of 'Ovaltine', sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and postage.

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If flies haunt your home—
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SPRAY WITH
**MORTEIN**
and keep your home free from insect pests

SOLD BY ALL STORES AND CHEMISTS


# BETTY'S *'Racey'* NARRATIVES

## Why Not a Doubles Tote So We Can Get Real Odds on "This and the Next"?

By BETTY GEE

***I am an authority on doubles. Since I took that one recommended in The Australian Women's Weekly, Fernacre and Hope, there is nothing I don't know about picking the eyes out of doubles on Sydney racecourses.***

**When I come up, the bookies shrink, and whisper, "Look out for the vulture. Here she comes."**

***One time the bookies used to chant happily, "Double, Double, Lots of Trouble," meaning of course for the takers thereof, but all that is altered now. Doubles are dead easy. Even the Tote's gone in for them at the Ascot meetings in Sydney.***

*THERE are some bookies who lay nothing else but doubles all day. They start with one on the first two races, and work on through the programme, pairing them off like honeymoon couples until the last race sends them reluctantly home.*

*When there's some champion sticking out like Oliver Cromwell's wart or like Lynch Law did the other day at Moorefield, the odds are as short at 5 to 1.*

*Fancy taking 5 to 1 a double! It's worse than the price of vegetables. But people do, and when the first "leg" wins they reckon it's like having 5 to 1 about the second.*

**You can glean some of the stable secrets by cocking an ear to the business that goes on with these double books.**

**Leading lights of the racing game who really KNOW something that will be "going off" later in the day always come nosing round the doubles to see if there is another good thing they can couple with the one they know. The doubles never fail to give the hint that a stable fancies a horse.**

**If you see it neglected like an unattractive spinster at a cocktail party you know it won't be backed that day, but if you see doubles being quietly sneaked out of the book, you know that "to-day's the day."**

That Fernacre and Hope double, for me, was like the taste of blood to a tiger. I've become a double-hound ever since, and it pays, too—when your luck's in.

*Now it's one thing to harbor a double ticket down the front of your blouse, and quite another to get the utmost out of it. When the race comes along in which your first horse is running, what must you do?*

If you don't back him, and he wins, you have missed a chance. Your double may fail, then you've had the neuralgic experience of picking a winner, but being a loser.

So the logical thing is this. You must have something on your first "leg," quite apart from the double. So I had £2 on Fernacre, and he won, and I was on velvet pile axminster.

**When the second leg came along I was in the position to back two other horses, those nearest favoritism, for preference, because they appeared to provide the danger to my second "leg." Should Hope fail they were my "savers."**

**But this time Hope didn't fail me, and I lost only £3 on the "savers"—Buzzalong and Saimoth—and they ran second and fourth.**

So I won £42 on the whole transaction, but I haven't got it now. I bought that evening thing of mauve net I've been dreaming of, and a set of light summer things that make me wish it'd get hot.

### A Christmas Chance

*But supposing the first "leg" of the double misses out. Well, of course your money's gone west. But on principle one should back the second "leg" when its race comes on. If it wins you've got your double loss back, and you are now a Countess of the Pigskin. In other words, "home on the pig's back."*

**I've picked two other small doubles since, betting with the "This-and-the-next" men. Once I took as little as 7 to 1. But they seem to know when a horse is going to be hot in the betting, and if you don't take the short odds they offer, you might as well take up crazywork, and give up going to races.**

**It would be great thing for us girls if the Totes ran doubles at all the Sydney courses. When nobody picks the winning combination in a double the bookmakers get the lot.**

But the Tote's got to pay somebody, no matter if an outsider as rough as crocodile skin comes home. Sometimes it pays as long as 200 to 1. There's a chance, my dears.

South Australian racecourses, and those in West Australia, too, have these doubles Totes, and you can put 5/- on them. In England they have 2/- doubles Totes. One paid 1800 to 1 only last month. Does that make your mouth water?

I don't know why we can't have them here. I could see myself grow rich and become known as the Doubles Duchess, or the Master Mind of the Two-Way Plungers.

**Meantime, I'm going to have a small helping of Distinguished and First Son for the Villiers and Summer Cup, to be run at Randwick at Christmas, and the odds ought to be enormous.**

**HE MAY THINK he knows what is going to win the double, but watch the double bookmakers and see what the leading punters are backing. They generally know.**


**HANDICAPPED by Sluggish Liver**

**Health Restored by Mother Seigel's Syrup**

"For several years I was always ailing and feeling more or less seedy and unfit. I was subject to bilious attacks, severe headaches and pains in the back and right side. All this was due to a torpid or Sluggish Liver. Needless to say I found this chronic ill health a great drawback and handicap in many ways. My wife having previously benefited by your medicine, I too, commenced to use the Syrup. After a couple of doses the pain in the back became less acute, so I continued with the remedy and as I did so all symptoms of liver trouble left me. I took four bottles and my wife six and it cured us both so thoroughly, that we have been in excellent health ever since."

Mother Seigel's Syrup has proved its value in thousands of cases the world over. For toning up and strengthening the stomach and stimulating the liver, it is unsurpassed.

At all Chemists and Storekeepers. Trial size 1/9. Large size 3/- (contains more than three times the quantity of trial size).



# INDIGESTION is NEVER confined to the STOMACH

## THEREFORE

**to banish ALL your digestive troubles and make a good recovery you need 'BiSoDoL'—it helps a weak digestion "ALL THE WAY"**

'BiSoDoL' is a logical and scientific remedy which far surpasses other remedies in the scope of its action and the completeness of its effect. While ordinary stomach remedies or bicarbonate of soda act in the stomach, 'BiSoDoL' puts the entire digestive system right. On taking 'BiSoDoL' the first act of this remedy is to sweeten the sour fermenting contents of the stomach and give immediately relief from pain, fullness and flatulence. It soothes the gastric nerves and thus restores the acid balance of the gastric juice, so that food no longer turns sour, and stomach digestion proceeds in comfort.

But the restorative action of 'BiSoDoL' does not end in the stomach. The headaches, the liver attacks, the mental sluggishness and bodily lethargy, the fits of depression, the abdominal flatulence and distension—distressing symptoms of intestinal or bowel indigestion which are only too well known, especially to middle-aged and elderly people—quickly vanish when 'BiSoDoL' is taken. 'BiSoDoL' actively assists the digestion of meats, fats, starches, indeed all foods. It supports the feeble digestion — ALL THE WAY—until digestive power is fully recovered.

***"I have lost my Indigestion completely"***

*Miss C. L. J. writes:*—"I have lost my indigestion completely after the second tin of 'BiSoDoL' for I have not had a return for weeks past. It is a real treat to be able to enjoy my meals and to have full nights' sleep. Since I have not had indigestion I have been a new woman altogether."

***"It made a Wonderful Change in me"***

*Nurse W. writes:*—"It gives me great pleasure to write a few lines of honest praise for your remedy for indigestion. I have suffered for years from flatulence but the first few doses of 'BiSoDoL' made a wonderful change in me. Any wise person will take and recommend this wonderful remedy."

**BiSoDoL**

Try 'BiSoDoL' and you will realize what a great stride has been made in the conquest of indigestion by the discovery of this remedy which helps a weak digestion "ALL THE WAY."

1/9 and 2/6 OF ALL CHEMISTS
*Pronounce it* BY-SO-DOL



**"True Tale Dramas"**

Everyday folk do not always lead everyday lives, and in "True Tale Dramas" you have strange adventures that befall people of today.

**Each Monday Night at 7.15.**

**"And So Today"**

There is romance in everything, and here you have romance of Australian banking vividly presented by the B.S.A. Players in an unusual half hour's entertainment.

**Tonight, Tuesday, December 8, at 9.00.**

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# TALISMAN *Ring*

"I THINK," said Eustacie with a darkling brow, "that Tristram did not like my cousin Ludovic."

The Beau laughed.

"How clever of you, my dear!"

She looked at him.

"What did you mean when you said he must show me his collection?" she asked directly.

He raised his brows in exaggerated surprise.

"Why, what should I mean? Merely that he has quite a notable collection. I am not a judge, but I have sometimes felt that I should like to see that collection myself."

"Will he not let you, then?"

"Oh, but with the greatest goodwill in the world!" said the Beau, smiling. "But one has to remember that collectors do not always show one quite all their treasures, you know."

Sir Tristram, standing once more beside Sylvester's bed, was a little shocked to perceive already a change in him. Sylvester was still propped up by a number of pillows, and he still wore his wig, but he seemed suddenly to have grown frailer and more withdrawn. Only his eyes were very much alive, startlingly dark in his waxen face.

Sir Tristram said in his deep voice:

"I'm sorry, sir; I believe my visit has too much exhausted you."

"Thank you. I am the best judge of what exhausts me," replied Sylvester. "I shan't last much longer, I admit, but, by Heavens, I'll last long enough to settle my affairs! Are you going to marry that chit?"

"Yes, I'll marry her," said Shield. "Will that content you?"

"I've a fancy to see the knot well tied," said Sylvester.

The tea-table had been brought in when Sir Tristram returned and Beau Lavenham inquired after his great-uncle, and upon Sir Tristram's saying that he was very weak, said:

"I shall believe Sylvester is dead when I see him in his coffin. I hope you did not forget to tell him that I am dutifully in attendance?"

"He knows you are here," said Shield, taking a cup and saucer from Eustacie, "but I doubt whether he has strength enough to see any more visitors to-night."

"My dear Tristram, are you trying to be tactful?" inquired the Beau, amused. "I am quite sure Sylvester said that he would be dashed if he would see that frippery fellow Basil."

Shield smiled.

"Something of the sort. You should not wear a sugar-loaf hat."

"No, no, it cannot be my taste in dress which makes him dislike me so much, for that is almost impeccable," said the Beau, lovingly smoothing a wrinkle from his satin sleeve. "I can only think that it is because I stand next in the succession to poor Ludovic, and that is really no fault of mine."

"For all we know you may be farther removed than that," said Tristram. "Ludovic may be married by now."

"VERY true," agreed the Beau, sipping his tea. "And in some ways a son of Ludovic's might best solve the vexed question of who is to reign in Sylvester's stead."

"The estate is left in trust."

"From your gloomy expression, Tristram, I infer that you are one of the trustees," remarked the Beau. "Am I right?"

"Oh, yes, you're right. Pickering is joined with me. I told Sylvester he should have named you."

"You are too modest, my dear fellow. He could not have made a better choice."

"I am not modest," replied Shield. "I don't want the charge of another man's estate, that is all."

The Beau laughed, and setting down his teacup turned to Eustacie.

"It has occurred to me that I am merely in the role of chaperon to a betrothed couple," he said. "I do not feel that I am cut out for such a role, so I shall go away now. Dear cousin!" He raised her hand to his lips. "Tristram, my felicitations. If we do not meet before we shall certainly meet at Sylvester's funeral."

There was a short silence after he had gone. Sir Tristram snuffed a candle which was guttering, and glanced down at Eustacie, sitting still and apparently pensive by the fire. As though aware of his look she raised her eyes and gazed at him in the intent, considering way which was so peculiarly her own.

"Sylvester wants to see us married before he dies," Shield said.

"Basil does not think he will die."

Shield moved towards the fire and said, looking curiously down at Eustacie:

"Are you fond of him? Will it make you unhappy if he dies?"

"No," she replied frankly. "I am a little fond of him, but not very much, because he is not fond of anybody. It is not his wish that one should be fond of him."

"He brought you out of France," Shield reminded her.

"Yes, but I did not want to be brought out of France," said Eustacie bitterly.

"Perhaps you did not then, but you are surely glad to be in England now?"

"I am not at all glad, but, on the contrary, very sorry," said Eustacie. "If he had left me with my uncle I should have gone to Vienna, which would have been not only very gay but also romantic, because my uncle fled from France with all his family, in a berline, just like the King and Queen."

"Not quite like the King and Queen if he succeeded in crossing the frontier," said Shield.

"I will tell you something," said Eustacie, incensed. "Whenever I recount to you an interesting story, you make me an answer which is like—which is like those snuffers, enfin!"

"I'm sorry," said Shield, rather startled.

"Well, I am sorry, too," said Eustacie, getting up from the sofa, "because it makes it very difficult to converse. I shall wish you good night, mon cousin."

IF she expected him to try to detain her she was disappointed. He merely bowed formally and opened the door for her to pass out of the room.

Five minutes later her maid, hurrying to her bedchamber in answer to a somewhat vehement tug at the bell-rope, found her seated before her mirror, stormily regarding her own reflection.

"I will undress, and I will go to bed," announced Eustacie.

"Yes, miss."

"And I wish, moreover, that I had gone to Madame Guillotine in a tumbril, alone!"

*Please turn to Page 44*


Your Dog

Give him BARKO CONDITION POWDERS

He needs a Blood Purifier *regularly* Every Week.

Don't neglect your dog. Only a very little attention is needed to keep him in good health. Barko Condition Powders given regularly every week will keep him fit and well, beautify his coat and keep him free from troublesome dog ailments.

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A healthy dog should not be tired and listless without reason. If your dog is moody and miserable and appears to want to do nothing beyond lying down, you can be sure that he needs conditioning. Listlessness or bad temper in a dog is unnatural and indicates that his organs are sluggish as a result of impure blood which is sapping his energy. If a dog is permitted to remain in this low state of vitality he is in danger of contracting more serious dog ailments.
You can quickly restore his energy by giving him a course of Barko Condition Powders. You will be delighted at the speedy change Barko Condition Powders will produce. They tone up the entire system, restoring energy, appetite and good spirits.

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This unhealthy condition can be checked quickly and surely by giving the dog a course of Barko Condition Powders. The cleansing effect of Barko Condition Powders on the blood, combined with their swift tonic action will soon produce a marked improvement. Hairs will stop falling and the coat will regain that healthy bloom which is the unmistakable sign of a healthy dog.

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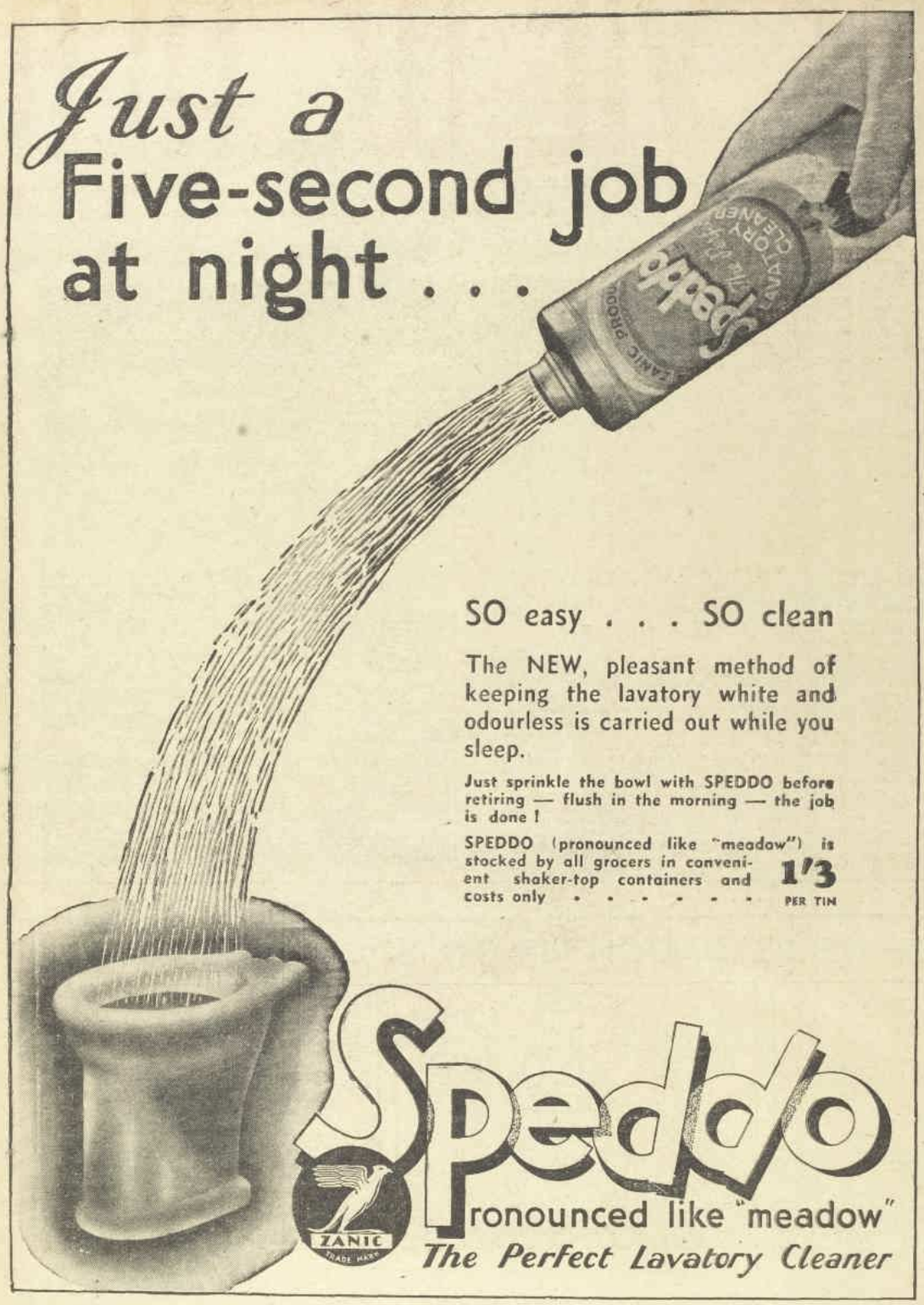


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Speddo

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Pronounced like "meadow"

*The Perfect Lavatory Cleaner*


# TALISMAN *Ring*

*Continued from Page 43*

COUNTRY - BRED Lucy, a far more appreciative audience than Sir Tristram, gave a shudder, and said:

"Oh, miss, don't speak of such a thing! To think of you having your head cut off, you so young and beautiful!"

Eustacie dried her eyes and said:

"But if I do not marry my cousin I shall have to live with a horrid chaperon when my grandpapa dies, and that would be much, much worse. One must resign oneself."

Sir Tristram had reached the same conclusion. Since, sooner or later, he would have to marry someone, and since he had determined never again to commit the folly of falling in love, his bride might as well be Eustacie as another. She seemed to be tiresomely volatile, but no sillier than any other young woman of his acquaintance. She was of good birth (though he thought her French blood to be deplored), and, in spite of the fact that if he had a preference it was for fair women, he was bound to admit that she was very pretty. He could have wished she were older, but it was possible that Sylvester, whose experience was undoubtedly wide, knew what he was talking about when he said that her extreme youth was in her favor. In fact, one must resign oneself.

During the course of the following morning Sir Tristram was sent for to Sylvester's bedroom. He found his great-uncle propped up very high in bed, and alarmingly brisk, and learned from him that his nuptials would be celebrated upon the following day. When he reminded Sylvester that marriages could not be performed thus out of hand, Sylvester flourished a special licence before his eyes, and said that he was not so moribund that he could not still manage his affairs. Sir Tristram, who liked being driven as little as most men, found this instance of his great-uncle's foresight so annoying that he left him somewhat abruptly, and went away to cool his temper with a gallop over the Downs.

When he returned it was some time later, and he found the doctor's horse being walked up and down before the Court, and the household in a state of hushed expectancy. Sylvester, having managed his affairs to his own satisfaction, drank two glasses of Madeira, and throwing his snuff-box at his valet for daring to remonstrate with him, had seemed suddenly to collapse. He had sunk into a deep swoon from which he had been with difficulty brought round, and the doctor, summoned post-haste, had announced that the end could not now be distant more than a few hours.

Regaining consciousness Sylvester had, in a painful but determined whisper, declined the offices of a clergyman, recommended the doctor to go to the devil, forbidden the servants to open the doors to his nephew Basil, announced his intention of dying without a pack of women weeping over him, and demanded the instant attendance of his nephew Tristram.

SIR TRISTRAM, hearing these details from the butler, stayed only to cast his hat and coat on a chair, and went quickly up the stairs to the great chamber.

Both the valet and the doctor were in the room, the valet looking genuinely grieved, and the doctor very sour. Sylvester was lying flat in the huge bed with his eyes shut, but when Tristram stepped softly on to the dais he opened them at once, and whispered:

"Dash you, you have kept me waiting!"

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"I did not mean to die until tomorrow," said Sylvester, laboring for breath. "Damme, I've a mind to make a push to last the night if only to spite that snivelling leech—Tristram!"

"Sir!"

Sylvester grasped his wrist with thin, enfeebled fingers.

"You'll marry that child?"

"I will, Sylvester; don't tease yourself!"

"Always meant Ludovic to have her—dashed young scoundrel! Often wondered. Do you think he was telling the truth, after all?"

*Please turn to Page 58*


TRAVEL

free FRIENDLY ADVICE on all Travel subjects

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU
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THE MOVIE WORLD

December 12, 1936. The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement Page One

# CALLING *Australia!*

## Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and JUDY BAILEY

*From Hollywood and London.*

### *Flynns Reconciled*

FROM trial divorce to the real thing, thence to reconciliation and a second honeymoon—the Errol Flynns have made the round trip, in theory, if not in practice.

A couple of weeks ago, the two decided to separate for six months, just to see whether freedom might not be more satisfactory than the marital state. On reflection, apparently, this didn't seem such a great idea after all; they decided to do the job properly, and divorce. Frequently, they no doubt thought, divorced couples have been known to remarry each other.

But, with further time for thought, even this plan didn't seem so hot. True love triumphed over temporary misunderstanding. They are now reconciled, and are planning an immediate second honeymoon—to Europe. What next?

### *Bill Powell's Eye Injured*

***William Powell is in New York under care of eye specialists who are treating a lesion which is forming over the left eyeball.***

***Mr. Powell has been in a dark room for several days. The doctors diagnose the trouble as due to over-exposure to the sun as the result of a fishing trip.***

### *Change of Heart*

ROBERT TAYLOR'S famous romance with Barbara Stanwyck has come to an end. He is paying court to the great Garbo—and is saying it with flowers. Ever since he was cast opposite her in "Camille," Garbo has been receiving a daily basket of orchids. There is no card or other clue, but the Hollywood florist who sends the flowers reveals that the donor is Mr. Taylor.

Bob was all set to build himself a big home in Coldwater Canyon, and it was generally understood that he would share it with Barbara. Now he calls the whole thing off. His close friends do not admit that he is "gone" on Garbo, but say the chances of his marrying in the next twelve months are slim. Maybe it's all just "hooey," but it's great publicity for the new film, "Camille."

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON, young Warner Brothers player

### *Gable Again*

AFTER having died down a trifle, gossip regarding Clark Gable's matrimonial intentions has flared up again with all the suddenness of a bushfire in drought-stricken country.

Clark is in New York, allegedly to consult his attorneys regarding an absolute divorce from Mrs. G. the second.

So once more every tongue is clacking the same tune: Who's going to be the lady who'll lead the husky Clark to the altar for the third time?

Everyone pretends to be "in the know," and the nominations for the honor mount every day.

### *Curve Controller*

PHYLLIS RAWLINGS, the woman with the magic hands, has arrived in England to control the curves and regulate the appetites of the film stars.

In Hollywood it is "Sylvia" who rules the film stars with an iron rod. She massages, gives manipulative treatment, and prescribes diet to keep the Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, and a hundred others at their proper weight and girth.

Phyllis Rawlings is "Sylvia's" disciple. She intends to do much the same in England for the local stars.

### *Jean in Glass House*

JEAN HARLOW may be the first in Hollywood to live in a glass house. She is subject to sunshine poisoning, and she figures that in a house of glass she may have her sun and her perfect complexion, too. The ex-platinum blonde is in conference with architects, and is enthusiastic over the plans for a small house of glass-brick, ultra-modern in design and decoration.

At the present time Jean owns no home. She sold her place recently because it was too big and because she could not use its outdoor facilities.

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Don't let your child toss and turn in bed, worried by burning, itching skin. Rexona Ointment will take away the discomfort of Prickly Heat, and heal the rash completely in no time. Rexona medications cool and soothe the skin—then the swelling and inflammation disappear, leaving it clear and healthy again.

Adults as well as children, suffer from prickly heat. Keep a tin of Rexona Ointment ready, and use it if you feel the slightest irritation on your skin—It will keep you free from unsightly rashes throughout the summer months.

TREATMENT. Smear Rexona Ointment over the affected part. If on the body, place a cotton vest next to the skin. Wash with Rexona Medicated Soap—it contains the same soothing, healing properties as the Ointment. Rexona Soap will keep your skin fresh and comfortable, and free from irritating summer rashes.

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Commencing BOXING NIGHT: MONTE CARLO RUSSIAN BALLET


# PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

*OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM*

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

*No stars . . . no good.*

## ★★★ ROMEO AND JULIET

**Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard. (M.-G.-M.)**

THIS is a magnificently-produced, splendidly-acted, and profoundly moving picture; something to which M.-G.-M. will be able to point with pride for quite a long time to come.

Although Howard and Norma Shearer, as Romeo and Juliet, respectively, have the major roles, the fine success of the film is attributable, at least as much as it is to them, to the finished performances of the many subsidiary players who appear. John Barrymore, for example—what a Mercutio! And Basil Rathbone, as Tybalt; magnificent old C. Aubrey Smith as Lord Capulet. It is a treat to watch them.

As Romeo, Howard was faced with the difficult task of presenting to sophisticated, hard-bitten audiences of 1936 the romantic, poetical lover of a type not in fashion to-day. Such a role is by no means as easy as it appears on the surface. This actor handled it in a manner that calls forth nothing but admiration.

Coming to Norma Shearer, those who recollect the number of years this actress has been in pictures will be astounded at the youthfulness she brings to her interpretation of Juliet. She not only looks young; she is young; and to this fresh charm she adds an emotional depth that reaches its highest point when, after her marriage, she has to bid farewell to Romeo when he is forced to flee to Mantua.

Much more could be written about this film. I will content myself with saying that it is a fine and lovely picture; one that no one should miss seeing.—St. James; showing.

### Week's Best Release

**"ROMEO AND JULIET."**

**M.-G.-M. feature. There's nothing else that approaches it.**

## ★★ THE GAY DESPERADO

**Nino Martini, Ida Lupino, Leo Carrillo. (United Artists.)**

AS bright a combination of good singing and comedy as anyone could wish for. After making an unfortunate debut in "Here's to Romance," Signor Martini returns to show that he's not so impossible a screen type as we all imagined; although not likely to sweep the fair sex off its feet as a romantic, he is quite fair; and his tenor warblings cover a multitude of minor defects.

Apart from this question of singing, however, Leo Carrillo, ably aided and abetted by Harold Huber, carries off the picture. Carrillo appears as Braganza, a Mexican bandit whose lofty ideals have been corrupted, temporarily, by American gangster films. Huber is Campo, his lieutenant. Martini's role is that of Chico, singer and handyman in a small-town cinema house.

There are some lovely skits on gangster pictures and dialogue, some excellent burlesque scenes. The best of the latter occurs when Chico is taken out to be executed by a firing squad.

I'd advise seeing this show. It's tip-top entertainment.—Plaza; showing.

## ★★ WE WENT TO COLLEGE

**Charles Butterworth, Hugh Herbert. (M.-G.-M.)**

NOTWITHSTANDING Una Merkel's nasal twang—a severe drawback to the picture, since one has to listen to so much of it—this item manages to slide into the two-star class, thanks to the efforts of those two splendid funmakers, Charles Butterworth and Hugh Herbert.

At all events, between them, they manage to pack a goodly number of laughs into the story of Old Home Week, at Kensaw College, the week when all the old graduates return to pretend for a while that they're boys again.

To give funmakers Butterworth and Herbert a rest between gags, Walter Abel, Una Merkel and Edith Atwater work out a comedy triangle situation which has its own humorous elements.

Can be recommended as a laugh—a series of laughs.—Mayfair; showing.

## ★ THE LONELY ROAD

**Clive Brook, Victoria Hopper. (Associated Distributors.)**

A VERY enjoyable one-star offering, with Clive Brook as an attractive, gentlemanly ex-naval officer whose misfortune in losing his ship preys upon his mind to the extent of making him an ineligible prospect for nice young girls seeking husbands.

Becoming involved, while intoxicated, with a gang of smugglers who are engaged in running arms into England, Mr. Brook finds himself, by a singular series of coincidences, hooked up with a professional dance partner (Virginia Hopper), a Machiavellian police superintendent, and machine-gun carrying thugs. This leads to a spot of excitement, and a hectic ending.

Brook, as I've said, is satisfying. Miss Hopper is just fair. She should never face the camera while singing. The main fault in the picture is its feeling of unreality; this prevents it from winning two stars. But it's enjoyable enough.—Lyceum; showing.

## ★ FORGOTTEN FACES

**Herbert Marshall, Gertrude Michael (Paramount.)**

WELL, perhaps, it's all for the best that they **are** forgotten, I mean, I, personally, should not like to carry round in my mind the memory of Mr. Marshall's lugubrious looks, and Miss Michael's vindictive visage as they appear, with much close-up effect, in this offering.

Herbie, discovering his wife with another man, shoots the villain. Why he doesn't pot them both is not explained. Then he goes bravely to gaol for twenty years, leaving his adored baby daughter with a doting couple who adopt her. The ensuing years bring heavy black pouches to the convict's eyes and a poor living in burlesque to his erring wife. Meantime, baby flourishes, unaware of the fact that her true mother is endeavoring to discover her whereabouts, with the idea of doing a bit of heavy extortion.

This heart-tearing drama gets hotter still when Herbert, scenting his wife's purpose, comes out of gaol on parole, and blackmails himself into a job as butler to his unsuspecting daughter. Then . . .

Well, what do you think?—Cameo and Civic; showing.

## ★ THE SUICIDE CLUB

**Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell. (M.-G.-M.)**

THIS effort adds one more to the list of those pictures which have gone to prove that a good short story (or a long one, for that matter) does not always make a good screen play. Good fantasy in fiction is not necessarily good fantasy in films.

R. L. Stevenson's "The Suicide Club" is a good piece of short-story writing; M.-G.-M.'s free adaptation of it is not so hot. The picture gives us melange of mythical European politics, revolutionaries, unconvincing attempts at the macabre, 19th century London, Rosalind Russell, trying hard to act, and Robert Montgomery in a stove pipe hat and side-burns. There is also a duel at the end; the best thing in the picture.

An average film that will be O.K.'d by the easy-going.—Mayfair; showing.

# The STAR GAZER

EACH year when Christmas comes around 20th Century-Fox endeavour to offer theatre patrons a picture that is really a Yuletide show. Last year it was Shirley Temple's "CURLY TOP," a truly delightful film. This year Shirley arrives just in time to complete the celebrations, and her picture is "THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL", the gayest of holiday entertainment.

What star is better able to exemplify the spirit of the festive season than this curly-haired, bright-eyed sweetheart of the universe? And this film is even gayer, more heartwarming than any of its forerunners.

Here is Shirley in all her glory, in a laugh filled story that is the happiest, most enjoyable picture this lovable little star has made. With five delightful song hits: "When I'm With You," "But Definitely," "Military Man," "You've Gotta Eat Your Spinach, Baby," and "Oh, My Goodness!" and Shirley dancing as you never imagined she could, "THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL" will long be remembered.

With her is a veritable galaxy of Hollywood's favourite players including Alice Faye, Gloria Stuart, Jack Haley and Michael Whalen.

**A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE FOR EARLY GENERAL RELEASE**

A Gift SHE HERSELF WOULD CHOOSE

SMART women the world over long have favoured Cutex for its quality and style. Give a Cutex Set this year. Join the select company of those who choose their gift as she would choose it—something she will keep and use and cherish for months to come. See them at toilet goods counters, a wide selection of styles, all reasonably priced.

CUTEX Gift SETS



## CRIED FOR HOURS WITH NEURITIS

### Could Not Walk For Pain

This woman suffered so badly with neuritis that for days together she could not walk. She used to cry for hours at a time with the pain. Then one day she started taking Kruschen Salts—and in a short time she was a different woman. If you are affected by neuritis, read her letter:—

"I suffered awfully from neuritis, and cried for hours at a time. I could not walk about for days together. I suffered pain all over me. It was awful. One day I started to take Kruschen Salts. Well, thanks to them, I am getting better. I take a dose of Kruschen every morning. Now I feel like a new woman."—(Mrs.) C.B.

The pains of neuritis and sciatica are a symptom of deeper trouble—the same trouble that causes rheumatism, gout, and lumbago. They are a sign of an impure blood-stream. Kruschen is a combination of six natural salts, which ensure internal cleanliness and keep the blood-stream pure. New and refreshed blood is sent coursing to every fibre of your being. Then, neuritis, sciatica, and kindred ills all pass you by.


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*Marlene Dietrich—Queen of Glamor*

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# STARS WHO FOLLOW THE STARS

## Supernatural Big Factor in Hollywood

By ROSE FIELDING

**ARE you superstitious? Do you avoid walking under ladders? Throw salt over your shoulder? Turn your money over at every full moon? Shy from lighting three cigarettes from the one match?**

***Nearly everybody has a pet superstition of some sort, from black cats to green dresses, but nowhere will you find a crowd of people more superstitious than in Hollywood. Fanatics in most things, they run true to type when it comes to the supernatural.***

● *JANET GAYNOR, who insists on wearing, in every picture, the old shoes she wore in her first success, "Seventh Heaven." Old and shabby now, the star still treasures them.*

MANY direct their lives by spiritual beliefs, ready to snatch at any happening, any influence, no matter how unimportant, as an omen.

They are a neurotic lot, suffering from illusion and delusion, living in fear and expectation of what is going to happen to-day and what the morrow will bring forth. Nursing superstitions which our great-grandfathers have handed down—old witches' tales that in their highly-strung mental states they are only too ready to believe; inventing new additions for themselves—conscience salvers, excuses, handy weapons to use when anything goes wrong with the works.

Good and bad luck make their visitations so quickly, so unexpectedly to many, coincidence plays such an important part in their lives, fame and riches are so easily within grasp, yet so far away, that there is little wonder at finding them such a superstitious lot.

Practically every star in Hollywood is interested in astrology and numerology. From the most insignificant extra girl who goes without her three meals a day in order to learn what the future might hold for her to the movie big bugs, who refuse to sign a contract before consulting the stars, they are in it head over heels.

Hollywood has its full complement of astrologists, genuine and "phoney," and they make a pretty penny out of it, too. The stars can afford to pay for advice and predictions, the astrologists know it, and, according to the fame of the star, they fork out anything from five to five hundred dollars. Clark Gable, however, who rates in the film colony as an expert astrologist, gives consultations to his friends free, gratis, and for the love of science.

**His advice is sought by many celebrities and also the humble workers employed on the sets. Gable casts their horoscopes and then tells them what lies in the future. He has already predicted that Jean Harlow will make a trip to Europe in 1937, and has made similar interesting prophecies which will redound to his credit as a soothsayer if they come to pass.**

Binnie Barnes always consults an astrologer before making any arrangement which will influence her career and particularly before signing a contract or accepting a part. Recently she decided to return to England, but the stars were unfavorable, so Binnie cancelled her passage.

### Colman's Quandary

WHEN Ronald Colman was offered the leading role in "Lost Horizon" he had three offers from other studios at the same time, and each was to appear in an important film. Before accepting any of them, he consulted his chart, discovered that he should take the part in "Lost Horizon," and most of his fans agree that he has never appeared in any better role.

Adrienne Ames has a maidservant who gets hunches but who prefers to believe that she is psychic. Anyway, Adrienne never embarks upon any venture without first consulting Louise and the actress always abides by her decisions. On one occasion when Adrienne decided to fly from Hollywood to New York, despite her maid's disapproval and prediction that an accident would befall her, the plane made a forced landing with engine trouble and, though nobody was injured, Adrienne avowed that in future what Louise decreed was good enough for her.

Quite apart from the usual "dos" and "don'ts" known to the theatrical profession, such as singing in the dressing-room, never speaking the final line at a rehearsal, most stars have their own pet superstitions.

Janet Gaynor will not make a picture unless she can wear, in every scene in which her feet do not appear, a pair of old shoes which she wore in her first success, "Seventh Heaven." These shoes, now old and shabby, the soles barely holding to the uppers, are treasured by Janet, who would no more part with them than Jean Harlow would give up the little powder compact given her by Ben Lyon on completion of "Hell's Angels."

During "The Farmer Takes a Wife" Janet was able to wear her old shoes for nearly the entire picture as they were covered by her long frocks which almost swept the ground. Her nasty accident whilst making "Way Down East," and which caused her a long illness, the first in many years, she attributes to the fact that she had not brought her shoes on the set of that picture.

Glenda Farrell has a pair of very ornamental earrings which she always insists upon wearing in at least one scene in each film she makes. A treasured possession from the days when she appeared on the stage, Glenda believes that they are her good luck charm and woe betide the director who suggests that she should remove them.

### Superstition Again

MAYBE you have noticed that Norma Shearer always wears a different hair arrangement in each picture. Superstition again. Change your coiffure with each character and you change your luck is her belief. A pretty matter-of-fact person in most things, I have found this to be Norma's one superstition and she sticks to her guns, come what may.

**Even though she sometimes likes a particular style well enough to adopt it in every-day life, when it comes to appearing in another picture, the first person she visits is her personal beauty specialist, and they experiment with different coiffures until they find a new and original one which is in keeping with the character and of which Norma herself approves.**

*Turn to Page 10, Movie Section*

● *PASSING PEOPLE on the stairs and breaking mirrors are Ross Alexander's twin horrors. Any sequence demanding either of these actions is barred by him, even if it means giving up a role.*

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# "FANTASTIC" SUMS UP HOLLYWOOD

## Stars Compete In Thinking Up Crazy Notions

By MARY OLIVIER

**If Hollywood ever decided to adopt a characteristic trade mark of identification, no more appropriate emblem could be found than a nice, colorful cuckoo bird.**

***There are times when the normal Hollywood dweller (and I pride myself on being such) feels that there would be more real rest and homelike retreat in a lunatic asylum than in this crazy place where equally crazy people do the maddest things.***

IT is so usual to find film companies shooting scenes in the streets that recently when a milkman shot his fiancee in the middle of a busy thoroughfare because he had discovered that she was deceiving him, the crowds just didn't take any notice of what was going on, thinking that it was just another Hollywood gangster movie.

If perchance you hear some bright spark remark that Hollywood isn't what it used to be don't you believe it. Maybe the Will Hays influence has made its presence felt in some quarters but you can't possibly bottle up Hollywood's fantastic gaiety. If you stop it at one point it ups and pops out at another. The stars just love the spotlight of attention to be turned full blast on to their doings. They know that a sure way of breaking into print is to adopt the unconventional, even the ridiculous. But you've got to be pretty original to stand out from the crowd.

It's the glorious uncertainty of what is going to happen next that makes life in Hollywood so exciting—just one round after another of delicious expectancy and gay unreality.

● *ANN SOTHERN, who has her own little eccentricities, most notable of which is her collection of dogs. She doesn't buy them or have them given to her—she just collects any waif or stray, and sticks to it.*

● *ABOVE: Everything has to match when Ginger Rogers goes out riding—frock, saddle, bridle, and everything else.*

● *TOP LEFT: Bing Crosby, whose passion for crooning has caused him to have built a soundproof room so that he can practise any old hour.*

For instance, W. C. Fields, not at all content with a proper vehicle to ride around in, hired a beer truck with six white horses and drove it up the main street to one of the most social of our recent Hollywood premieres.

Richard Bennett, not to be outdone by any of the colorful escapades of his daughters, installed a public address system in his car, and instead of honking at other drivers, bellowed thunderously at them from the air. You could hear him several blocks away each morning as he came to work, announcing from the interior of his car: "Good morning, people. This is Richard Bennett arriving at the studio to commence production for the day on such and such a picture."

Whilst on the subject of conveyances, I must mention Peggy Fears' green-lined black Rolls Royce with rugs of leopard skin. In this sumptuous chariot the Broadway actress-producer used to arrive at even the most formal functions dressed nonchalantly in a well-worn pair of slacks and a rather threadbare shirt.

One must not forget Marlene Dietrich, who rides about in her Rolls Royce with her daughter Maria and a young army of bodyguards. Or Gladys Swarthout, who, just to be different, had a Rolls Royce body built on to her Ford car.

### Peculiar Taste

SOME women have peculiar taste in frocking—even in your own home town. In Hollywood you need not be surprised at what you see the men and women wearing. Some of the men get around in shirts that you simply would not be seen with—even at Bondi. Dolores Del Rio recently appeared in a whole suit of grass. The Princess Natalie Paley, then visiting Hollywood, went one better by walking down Hollywood Boulevarde in a jacket made entirely of fine wood. And whilst Joan Crawford is never seen in the same dress twice Rosamond Pinchot, a newcomer to pictures and one of New York's blue bloods who doesn't know the extent of her own wealth, has been in Hollywood for three months and has never appeared in anything else but the one frock.

Ginger Rogers, who is an accomplished equestrienne as well as being a clever dancer, can be seen any old day out riding on a horse with saddle, bridle and even the horse's hoofs painted to match her riding habit, which sometimes is blue, sometimes green, or brown, or red, and even white.

### Mad Parties

CAROLE LOMBARD is one to whom you can always look to stir things up. Nobody can be dull whilst Carole is around. Her parties are always a riot—in more ways than one. The last one she staged was at a nearby fun park and the only person who came out of it without a scratch was Carole herself.

Recently she threw a party for Robert Riskin's birthday for which she converted her lovely drawing-room into a haymow. Everybody arrived in full dress complete with trains, diamond tiaras, white ties and tails. There was champagne served from galvanised iron buckets packed in boxes of ice with tin mugs instead of glasses, and steaks grilled in the open fireplace, eaten from enamel plates with only the assistance of penknives. Saveloys came out of big boilers and had to be attacked with only nature's assistance—the fingers. Throughout, a Hill Billy band provided the musical entertainment. But the final touch to the evening was Carole divesting herself of her slacks and shirt to spend the rest of the night in a snappy bathing costume.

On still another occasion when Carole received word at the studio that her pet dog had died, she stopped work to take up a collection to bury the animal—and had enough money left over to buy herself another one.

Inspired by Carole's hay party, Grace Bradley staged a hay ride to which she sent out five hundred invitations. Was she in a lovely stew when practically all accepted!

*Turn to Page 10, Movie Section*

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# LOVE Shows ITSELF IN FUNNY WAYS

## Presents that Pleased Movie Favorites

By . . JEANNETTE MacMAHON

**Love, you funny thing! . . . whether in Hoboken, Bourke, Bronte—or Hollywood—you're still funny! But I think it's in the last-named burg that you're funniest, always have been and always will be!!**

***Possibly because Hollywoodians are funny people, rich enough to satisfy the most outrageous of human whims, and original enough to create them! The residents of the film city are artists to the fingertips—and who was it said that artists are crazy, especially when they're surrounded by the ballyhoo which accompanies film luminaries wherever they go.***

HOWEVER, to return to a dissertation on love, by one who knows nothing whatsoever about it. They tell me that in prehistoric days if a fellow brought home an unusually long lion's tusk and presented it with due reverence to his beloved, he usually got the girl. If, on the other hand, she refused, he simply hit her over the skull with a club, dragged her off to his cave, and kept her there until she was willing to say "okay."

Most stars have plenty of money of their own. They have silver-fox furs, handsome cars, and beautiful jewellery. A bracelet or a car is just another present. Love affairs in Hollywood to-day must be garnished by far more imaginative and thoughtful touches than a Rolls Royce or an aeroplane.

No, a young man in Hollywood to-day, to win and keep the love of his lady fayre, has to express himself in an unusual and distinctive way in beautiful and imaginative gestures and gifts. Hence the stars' love affairs become idyllic things of romance and fascination far above the ordinary, and infinitely more amusing.

### Brent and Garbo

YOU all know about the love affair of George Brent with the sedate and aloof Garbo. And I think the story of how this tall, dark, and handsome Lothario captured the affections of Greta is one of the most delightful little yarns about Hollywood love that I know.

Wise man that he is, George decided that the screen's most glamorous and exotic woman would prefer, in that hidden heart of hers, gifts of simplicity and fascination rather than something which she could more easily afford financially than he.

Accordingly, on her birthday, what should he give her but a birthday cake, cooked by his own hands. It was a lovely chocolate creation, inscribed with the words "Happy Birthday"—nothing else! And after the cutting of the cake he asked Greta if she'd ever had her palm read. He told her that her hands were extremely interesting and beautiful, and that they would hold great interest for a palm reader. Yes, he said, he knew all about reading hands, and when she handed her palm to him, he told her that a tall and dark man was coming into her life.

This was an extraordinarily simple gesture and birthday gift, but I've an idea that it completely captivated the great Garbo, whereas a handsome present or a flowery speech may have left her cold.

Packed away in an old worn leather case are Helen Hayes' dearest love tressures—a few phonograph records presented to her from dark-haired, full-of-fun Charlie MacArthur, her brilliant playwright husband. No, they're NOT records of Bing Crosby or Nelson Eddy. This is their story:

One lonesome day, when Helen was working on pictures in Hollywood, and Charlie was hundreds of miles away in New York, the first record arrived. She hadn't heard from hubby in three weeks, and was right down in the dumps. When she first received the record, her first impulse was to smash it into little pieces. But when she eventually put it on the gramophone, wondering what it was all about, lo and behold, Charlie's voice spoke to her, telling her all the tender things that he'd ordinarily write in a letter. She played it over and over again.

### Nonchalant Charles

CHARLES' nonchalant explanation was that it was not less trouble than writing a letter. But Helen knew differently. Records took far more work—they were a product of his imagination and love, and she still revels in playing them.

**Could you imagine a more fiery and sophisticated pair of lovers, either on screen or off, than Bill Powell and Jean Harlow? I don't think I can. They're currently setting Hollywood afire with a high-spirited romance that threatens to result in their ultimate walk up the flowery aisle.**

*ABOVE: Jean Harlow, who was thrilled by a present of—writing paper.*
*LEFT: He gave Garbo a birthday cake—George Brent.*

I know of one thing that Bill did for Jean that pleased her more than anything else. Jean, as you know, has aspirations as an author. One day there was a ring at her door, and there were two uniformed messenger boys carrying two huge parcels. Jean opened them and found two enormous bales of writing paper, one yellow foolscap, the other of white bond, with several boxes of clips, two erasers and a few dozen pencils. With them was just a brief note from Bill which read: "Fill these up with words."

### Author Harlow

**AT the time Jean was hard at work on the thing that she adores above everything else, the writing of her book. Being one of our foremost screen stars means less to Jean than making her name as a successful writer. Bill had heard her say the night before that she never seemed to have enough paper. And you know, if you write, that you never do.**

And there are plenty more evidences of these idiosyncrasies of love in Hollywood. If any menfolk are listed amongst my readers to-day, I'd advise them to try the recipe of Hollywood. It seems to work! You can see that no Hollywood love-affair follows a dull course. The stars, when they fall in love, enjoy romances far above the ordinary in glamor and imagination. They put their all into their affairs of the heart and because they are so steeped in emotion, because emotion is the very life-blood of Hollywood, theirs are super-romances which ordinary mortals seem to miss, but shouldn't.

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# SINGING AGAIN

*NINO MARTINI is back again in "The Gay Desperado," scenes from which appear above. His chief accomplices this time are Leo Carillo (with the rope, plus smile) and Ida Lupino. The gentleman with the rifle is anonymous — rightly so.*

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# FATE of the STARS of YESTERDAY

## A Line-Up Of Old Screen Favorites

By ROSE FIELDING

**WHERE are the stars of yesterday, who helped make movies what they are to-day? What has happened to the scintillating satellites of the motion picture heavens who sky-rocket to fame only to descend as quickly as they had risen, but not as spectacularly? Nothing is more pathetic than to watch a falling star struggling, fighting to regain a place in the sun before it is too late.**

***In the great army of Hollywood identities who come and go they are quickly forgotten, their places filled by others who, perhaps, are no better, maybe not as good. But they serve to feed the insatiable hunger of the picture - going public for fresh faces, new personalities, entertainment.***

WHAT topples these former celebrities from their pedestals? Why can't they continue to shine as brightly in 1936 as they did in 1930 and before that? Why are most of them failures to-day when they were outstanding successes a few years back? Did the public tire of them? Is the oft-voiced excuse true that they were swamped by the inexorable demand for new faces? Or does the answer, in most cases, lie in the mistakes of the stars themselves?

Five or six years is the generally accepted period of starring life for a Hollywood personality. To this add a couple of years for the duration of the rise to favor and a couple more for the decline, and you have nearly ten years of fame of varying degrees, ten years of adoration, of limelight in the big money class and of opportunities to swell their incomes to amounts many times the size of the pay envelope. Not bad when you come to think of it. Some, of course, survive and go on to a ripe old screen age, but not many. Most of them don't even last the five year stretch, but pass out after making a couple of films.

Where do they go to? What becomes of them? Why did they nosedive, anyway?

Let's take a look at some of the stars of yesterday and see what they are doing to-day.

Vilma Banky, one of the loveliest women who ever graced the screen, who helped put Ronald Colman on the map when co-starred with him in silent films, repeatedly refuses to come back because she is happily married to Rod La Rocque. They recently celebrated their 10th anniversary.

Jobyna Ralston, another pretty little actress, is Mrs. Richard Arlen, and has two delightful children. June Collyer is Mrs. Stuart Erwin and has a bonny little son. Gertrude Olmstead is the wife of Director Robert Z. Leonard. Another director's wife is Alice Joyce, now Mrs. Clarence Brown. Constance Talmadge is Mrs. Townsend Netcher, wife of a dry goods magnate. Dixie Lee is Mrs. Bing Crosby, with three strapping sons. She occasionally makes a return to pictures. Corinne Griffith has only recently wed the "Wet Wash" King, Preston Marshall, a laundryman in a big way who has had the sagacity to pick Washington, D.C., as a place to wash dirty linen.

Dorothy Sebastian is Mrs. Bill Boyd. Clara Bow, who was well and truly on the downward march when she married Rex Bell, is chatelaine of the lovely ranch which now occupies all her spare time. Billy Dove, as Mrs. Robert Kenaston, prefers to be just an ordinary socialite. Edna Purviance, glamorous star of many Chaplin pictures, is still in Hollywood, beautiful as ever, and still on Chaplin's payroll at a salary of 300 dollars per week, a sum which she has drawn all the years as a mark of Chaplin's gratitude.

### Out of Fashion

MANY of the women of six or seven years ago lost their popularity because the types they portrayed went out of fashion, and they did not have either the ability or the inclination to change with the mode. Among these are Evelyn Brent, Madge Bellamy, Colleen Moore, Alice White, Lupe Velez, Merna Kennedy, Dorothy Mackaill, Betty Compson and Nancy Carroll.

**Yet Joan Crawford started in the same school with them and is still a star to-day with no indication of dimming in brilliancy. Why? Because she had the sense to change her type from the flapper to the mature, sophisticated woman you see to-day. Norma Shearer, too, wisely moved with the times; the colorless little ingenue became the poised, magnificent beauty of 1936.**

Among the men who have survived the years are Ronald Colman, Warner Baxter and Gary Cooper, all as popular to-day as they were six or seven years ago. Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and Victor McLaglen are three others who have enjoyed enduring fame.

The most amazing case is that of Gloria Swanson, one of the original Mack Sennett bathing beauties, who looks younger and lovelier than ever. Gloria, falling fast in the dying days of silent films, found new life with talking pictures. Then she slipped again, but though her fan following has dwindled it is still large for a star who hasn't appeared in a picture for nearly three years. Large enough, anyway, to warrant a contract from Irving Thalberg just before his death.

Gloria's chief trouble was that she made too many enemies when she was on top, enemies who took a delight in standing in her way whenever they could. In addition to all this she made an unfortunate contract with a producer who didn't produce, delaying her return to the screen for so long that when she finally escaped from the agreement the producers and the public had forgotten her.

Death has robbed the screen of many of its most brilliant actors and actresses, including that genius of acting and direction, Lowell Sherman, the brittle and smart charmer, Lilyan Tashman, and the gay and lovely Thelma Todd. Death also took John Gilbert, but he was just about at the end of his tether when the call came.

### Refused Small Money

THERE are numerous reasons for the decline of others. Nils Asther took too long to get rid of his accent; Monte Blue wouldn't take small money, and nobody would give him big; Bebe Daniels wanted more than she is worth, now does an occasional stage play, and runs an exclusive dress shop; Hoot Gibson died with Westerns; William Haines' technique was outmoded and he is now an interior decorator.

Jackie Coogan was forgotten in the growing-up process, and is now on the stage; Lila Lee suffers from lengthy illnesses; Conrad Nagel was an indefatigable worker, but became involved in studio politics and was blackballed; Ramon Novarro was kept for so long without a picture that fans forgot him—he is now in London trying the stage; Buddy Rogers prefers conducting an orchestra.

*TWO old-time favorites. Above: Billie Burke, who, in character roles, is still charming the fans. Left: Lovely Madge Bellamy, a former movie beauty, who refused to change with the mode.*

**There are plenty of stars trekking along the comeback trail, hoping for another chance to make good. They hang around the studios taking whatever is offering. You see them sometimes in crowd scenes or bit parts—favorites of the past forgotten in the present.**

Another chance is being given to Esther Ralston, once one of the loveliest actresses on the screen, who was mismanaged by her husband, and Tom Moore, one-time popular leading man, in a coming film, "Reunion." Pauline Frederick recently appeared in "Ramona." Sally O'Neill, who became famous with Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett, is to return in a picture called "Too Tough to Kill," whilst Paramount is going the whole hog in a forthcoming film called "Hollywood Boulevarde," and has a cast composed almost entirely of stars and popular players of the past.

In it you will see Francis X. Bushman, Maurice Costello, Charles Ray, Bryant Washburn, Frank Mayo, Pat O'Malley and Herbert Rawlinson—all matinee idols in their respective days; William Desmond, the serial king, Jane Novak, Betty Compson, Mae Marsh and Esther Ralston, ex-leading ladies of cinemaland, Creighton Hale, Harry Myers and Jack Mulhall, each at one time at the top of the tree. Every one of them is hoping for a comeback. But stars seldom have another life; the screen does not reincarnate.

One of the very rare people who have come back with any measure of success is Jean Arthur, once a pretty, well-liked leading lady, now a definite box-office star. Dolores Costello, after a lengthy retirement, looks like being another star who will find fame anew. Alice Brady and Billie Burke have found a new success in character roles, but such cases as these are few and far between.

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# HERE'S *Hot News* FROM All the STUDIOS!

*From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY, Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives*

**GRIEF over her husband's death has made Norma Shearer a victim of pneumonia. She has had two nurses in constant attendance for ten days. Since the death of Irving Thalberg, beautiful Norma has been racked with anguish so that her physical resistance failed her. Doctors are hopeful, however, than she will recover fully.**

***The outside world thinks of Norma Shearer as the richest and most beautiful widow in Hollywood. To those who know her well, she is a pathetic young girl whose happiness has been prematurely and tragically cut off.***

***Norma cannot bear the thought of work now. "I have a feeling," she said, "that I shall never make another picture."***

✣ ✣ ✣

THE romance between Andre Kostelanetz, famous musical director, and Lily Pons is really providing the gossip hounds with something to talk about. Every week-end Andre airplanes here from New York to be with Lily, who is working on her new picture at R.K.O. studios. Then, during the week Lily collects strips of film "takes" which are not needed for the production and air-mails them to Kostelanetz every night. He is compiling an album with them. Such devotion!

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HEATHER THATCHER, lovely young British actress, who made a picture in America several years ago, is visiting Hollywood. She decided to take a vacation at the close of her London play. Engaging passage aboard the dirigible Hindenburg, she arrived in New York, had a cup of coffee at the Newark airport, and boarded a plane for Hollywood. She arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, whose house guest she will be, a little over one hundred hours after she closed her make-up kit in London's Winter Garden. These Transatlantic dashes are really amazing.

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TWO Australians—Ian Fleming and Eve Gray—are working in the new Sherlock Holmes story, "Silver Blaze," now in production at Twickenham.

Eve is looking prettier than ever, and is delighted with her part—that of the wife of the horse-trainer at whose stables most of the action takes place.

Ian is, of course, Dr. Watson, and he is just as deliciously stupid and conscientious as ever. This is the fifth of the famous detective stories in which he has played Dr. Watson to Arthur Wontner's Holmes.

Both Eve and Ian miss the Australian sunshine. They both have visions of making heaps of money and returning to their native land to live within sound of the surf.

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FIRST Jean Harlow changed from platinum blonde to brownette and then Alice Faye followed suit. 'Tis said that Joan Crawford is changing the color of her hair to light brown, and now our famous titian head, Ginger Rogers, who earned her name from the color of her locks, is going ash brown. She is making this change before beginning work in "Mother Carey's Chickens."

It is no secret that Ginger has wanted a change from the romantic comedy leads she has been playing in duo with Fred Astaire. And this change represents a step in her transition from that type of role to dramatic characterisations such as she will play in this new film.

## DOTS and DASHES

UNA MERKEL shopping on the boulevard with her mother. ● Edna May Oliver making plans to visit the Leslie Howards in England and attend the Coronation. ● Betty Furness knitting herself an evening dress. ● Eleanor Powell bringing her lunch to the studio. ● Bruce Cabot revealing his real name, Etienne Jacques de Bujac. ● Elissa Landi indignantly denying that there was any truth to reports of her impending marriage to Nino Martini, grand opera and film celebrity.

THERE is at least one star currently working in British studios who owes her start to "nerve." The star, captivating Sally O'Neil, is over here from Hollywood to play the lead in "Kathleen Mavourneen."

I chatted with Sally between shots out at the B.I.P. Elstree studios the other day.

"When I announced to my family," she said, "that I was going on the movies, they laughed. Still, my Irish blood was fairly sizzling, so I dashed to an agent and told him of my ambitions. He laughed. He said I deserved to get on, and on the chance of getting me into a crowd scene he took me along to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

"As I sat in the casting-office—not feeling quite so sure of myself now—who should walk out of the casting director's room but Marshall Neilan, who was directing a picture called 'Mike.' He looked at me quickly. Then he looked again.

"He found out who I was and took me straight to Louis B. Mayer's office and told the chief that I was

## Breaking In

just the type he wanted for the lead in 'Mike'—a wild Irish colleen.

"Nowadays, I would be a bit nervous about meeting a man of the standing of Mr. Mayer, but at that first meeting I wasn't in the least perturbed. Nor in the least surprised when he offered me a contract! Youth's a grand thing. . . ."

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*The latest novelty race from Hollywood to Hawaii will be staged by Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck. As soon as Bob finishes up "Camille" he will take ship for Hawaii. Barbara says she will beat Bob to it via the China Clipper. Since Bob will have the advantage of leaving three days earlier, Barbara thinks it's a fair race.*

*She was inspired to stage the race when Douglas Fairbanks offered her his reservation on the China Clipper. His physician forbids him to make the trip.*

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JOHN LODER, currently working in "King Solomon's Mines" at the Gaumont-British studios, has a remarkable dressing-gown, in which he rests in his room between shots.

A weird-looking garment, made up of scraps of variegated material it is part patchwork-quilt, part kimono. Triangles of brightly-colored satin alternate with squares, circles and shapeless scraps of brocade; one sleeve is of pink silk, the other of velvet, print and cire satin.

John calls this queer gown a "portable historical souvenir" of his career. It is made up of scraps pegged from the wardrobe-mistresses in many studios, from the costumes worn by famous stars with whom he has appeared.

SALLY EILERS has very definite views on beauty culture, views founded on long association with film making and quick observation in private life.

When I called out to Pinewood recently, where Sally is starring with Ricardo Cortez in "A Man With Your Voice," I heard her giving the girls some beauty hints.

"You've probably noticed," Sally said, "that most men have much better complexions than women. Shaving, I believe, has a lot to do with it. Watch a man who is busy with his razor! Doesn't he screw his face about in the most amazing manner? Well, as he does so he exercises all the facial muscles, and what is even more important is that he follows this up with a real wash and a thorough brisk rubbing with a rough towel.

"That sets the circulation going properly, and in the rubbing the surface of the skin is being continually removed and renewed."

Sally has adapted this form of facial exercise and friction to her own needs. She washes her face with soap, rubs it vigorously, then spends five or ten minutes making the most atrocious "faces" possible.

Sally's lovely skin is evidence of the success of her methods—but she says these things must be done very carefully.

✣ ✣ ✣

*Some of the stars' fan letters are simply amazing, and pretty funny, too. Claudette Colbert has just had a letter from someone in London offering to rent her a room and adjoining balcony from which she and as many as seventeen friends can enjoy a fine view of the coming Coronation of King Edward. The letter also suggests a champagne luncheon for the occasion.*

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**ANOTHER Hollywood engagement. June Lang is the happy recipient of a diamond engagement ring to match the diamond and emerald bracelet already given her by Vic Orsatti, actor's agent. They will probably be married by Christmas.**

**The present trend in Hollywood is long engagements. Perhaps the girls have noticed that the hasty marriage often means a hasty divorce. Let's watch and see if the Hollywood rate takes a drop.**

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MONA BARRIE has just been signed to play the heavy in the new Gable-Crawford yarn, "Love on the Run." Mona bewails the fact that ever since she left Australia to try her luck in Hollywood she has played villainesses over and over again.

Actually she possesses a very mad sense of humor and should be able to handle comedy roles beautifully. She says producers cast her that way because she's usually so scared when she goes to see about a new picture that she can't crack a smile.

✣ ✣ ✣

CARY GRANT is seriously thinking of growing a beard and hiding behind a pair of dark glasses. And all because his pal Randolph Scott got married. You see, Randy and Cary had a house together and then suddenly, oh, very suddenly, Randy took unto himself a bride.

Since the bridegroom will not say a word about his marriage to the socialite, Marion Du Pont, Cary is being hounded by all the Hollywood scribes. And he can't convince them that he has never even seen the bride, although he did know that his pal was married last March and had kept it a secret until recently.

## SCREEN ODDITIES

***By Captain Fawcett***

CLARK GABLE takes his role in "Parnell" very seriously. He called up two Hollywood book stores and ordered every available volume dealing with the life and work of Charles Stewart Parnell. Almost immediately 24 books were delivered.

Clark was still game. Then he was deluged under a veritable avalanche of books, and when the total reached 127 he yelled quits. Now he is stuck with the most complete reference library in the world concerning the Irish politician.

Hawley Tropper is the ideal hat for men, women, and children. It looks smart on everybody. It is light, comfortable, cool. It is sunproof, rainproof—the hat for every occasion.

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# Stars Who Follow the Stars

DELMA BYRON has a little gold chain anklet with a lucky charm brought back by a friend from the East. The anklet is soldered and can be removed only by cutting the chain—the chain of good luck, as Delma believes. And she would rather relinquish a part in a picture than have that anklet removed.

Everyone knows of Cecil B. de Mille's great superstition of including in every picture a bathtub whether it is the good old homely Saturday nighter or the lavish pool he sported in some of his great extravaganzas.

**Theatrical people are notoriously superstitious and they have not left their beliefs behind when they have come out here to Hollywood. I've seen Claire Trevor purposely sitting beneath a ladder on the set just to annoy Fredric March, Ian Hunter and others who looked on in sheer horror. I've been present when Olivia de Haviland arrived at the studio shaking with fear and refused to go on with a picture after passing a cross-eyed man on the street.**

I've known Ross Alexander to positively refuse to do a certain scene

*Continued from Page 4 Movie Section*

because it called for him to pass another person on the stairs. As for breaking a mirror — well, anything could happen after that.

Many an amazed grocer's boy, delivering his wares late in the day, or a passing tramp, bedraggled, begrimed and very hungry, has often found himself the fourteenth and uninvited guest, sipping cocktails at some great movie personages dinner party. I went to a movie dinner recently when the numbered place cards ran 12—12a—14.

## Stars Bow To Moon

WALKING down Vine Street, Hollywood, one night I was amazed to see Gary Cooper and his wife standing in the middle of the footpath and bowing very low to vacant space. For a while I was fascinated—Gary is usually so sane and sensible—then realisation swept the frowns from my puzzled brow. They were bowing to a new moon and no doubt having three glorious wishes — just an old superstitious custom.

At the Paramount Studios they always keep a black cat—have done so for years. When one puss strays or goes to join his forefathers, he is instantly replaced by another and those lucky cats are looked after like babies with every care and attention lavished upon them. Talking about cats reminds me about Anita Louise (no, don't misunderstand me, read on), who always insists upon having her pet cat on the set with her; says its brings her good luck.

When Anita failed to turn up recently for a scene in a new picture she was making, the studio phoned her home. Over the wire came a quavering voice which was recognised as that of the little actress. She was not coming to work that day, she said, because she had dreamed that she had met with a serious accident, and the dream book which she had consulted advised her being very careful for the rest of the day, lest something unfortunate really happen.

Charlie Chaplin, of course, still has the funny old boots, hat, walking stick and suit worn in his first comedy. Duplicate sets have been made to relieve the wear and tear on the original, but he always brings it out for at least one scene in each picture he makes.

## Tragic Case

FORTUNE-TELLERS, palmists, and other charlatans have milked the stars for plenty at various times, but following a tragic suicide of a little extra girl a few years ago the police rounded them up and gave them their walking orders.

An impressionable girl, this little extra went to a fortune teller who told her that she would bring tragedy to four people in the following year and be responsible for the death of someone very near and dear. Believing implicitly what she had been told, the girl took a dose of poison.

And there you have the superstitions (or some of them) of Hollywood. A trifle ridiculous you may consider them, and a bit mad you will deem the stars, but every belief has a basic foundation and its carrying out gives those concerned peace of mind and the confidence to carry on.


A cake of Pears lasts longest!

You cannot buy a more economical toilet soap than Pears! A cake of Pears outlasts a cake of any other soap because it is so free from moisture. The moisture is driven out by the unique maturing process which every cake of Pears undergoes before it is sold.
And in addition, Pears gives you greater complexion beauty. The well-known tonic action in the rich, mellow lather of Pears brings to your skin a new, fresher bloom—a greater beauty.

ECONOMY NOTE

*There is no waste with Pears Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake, and becomes part of it.*

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# "Fantastic" Sums Up Hollywood

*Continued from Page 5 Movie Section*

GRACE had to spend a week chasing all over the country for sufficient hay and hayricks, which are not so easily come by in the metropolitan area.

Even these fantastic gaieties seem tame when compared with some of the extraordinary tastes and doings of the stars within the four walls of their own homes.

William Powell's home on the hill sports a huge swimming pool, and right beside it is a complete and very natty black and chromium bar. The idea, of course, is to wet yourself inside then outside—or vice versa. Another well-known Hollywood writer has a house which you cannot enter by the front or back door—because there aren't any doors. If you want to get in—or out—you must do so through a subterranean passage, which commences in the bushes at the bottom of the garden.

Neither must I overlook Jean Parker's pink house, in which Jean has tied pink ribbon bows to almost everything that will stand it. There are bows around the legs of chairs and tables, on doorknobs, ornaments—in the bedroom, the bathroom, the dining-room, the drawing-room and the back and front verandahs.

Bathrooms remind me of Joan Crawford, who, during the re-decorating of her new house, came in unexpectedly one day and heard a workman using her own bath. Nothing would satisfy Joan than to have the bath taken out and a new one put in. And of Bing Crosby, who has added a sound-proof room to his home so that he can practise his crooning to his heart's delight, and the neighbors won't come knocking at the door in the middle of the night.

Crazy? Insane? Well, your guess is as good as mine.

*ALICE FAYE, whose "date with a dentist" alibi doesn't always work—to the disgust of the sought-after star.*

# ALIBIS Necessary In HOLLYWOOD

## Excuses To Fit In With All Occasions

By BARBARA BOURCHIER, Our Special Hollywood Representative

**The more famous one is, the more alibis one needs to concoct, and that is why Hollywood is the home of alibi artists.**

***No matter what the occasion here, perhaps it is nothing more important than a benefit dinner for a home for stray cats, but the sponsors call the studio and ask for a star to appear.***

THEY feel that Lombard or Garbo should feel honored to attend. If stars attended all the affairs of this kind they were invited to they would have no time to work, let alone to have any life of their own.

Therefore, they alibi. Their agents, the diplomats in the publicity department, think up new alibis. In fact, everybody alibis.

One jolly way to get out of going places is just not to be at home. Margaret Lindsay just isn't in; no matter what the hour of day the answer is the same. Miss Lindsay is not at home. Ruby Keeler, when called, has her servant say she is sleeping. You call again, and Miss Keeler has just left. Adrienne Ames' servant says she is in the bath. A very persistent agent tried to get her recently, and, getting the same answer after several calls, finally said to the servant: "You'd better look and see if Miss Ames hasn't drowned by this time."

Jean Harlow always has a date with her dentist if she wants to get out of anything disagreeable.

Alice Faye used the same excuse. But finally it caught up with her. A friend asked her to a party and was given the usual alibi.

"Oh, but she can't be going to see her dentist this evening," the girl retorted, "because he is coming to the party."

Bing Crosby uses his responsibilities as a gentleman rancher to get him out of difficulties. He is forced to hasten to his ranch to give his horses a work-out, and since Bing's horses almost never win races this alibi has proven very successful.

Joan Crawford finds a filled date-book her pet alibi. Glenda Farrell suddenly becomes very ill. And just ask Dick Arlen to do something he doesn't want to do. He can invent the most terrible details of the sudden sickness that has descended upon him without a quaim of conscience.

When Pat O'Brien wants to avoid studio or personal calls he has the servant who answers the telephone say that he has taken his baby daughter, Mavourneen, out for a walk. In fact, Pat is getting to be known as a champion long-distance walker.

## Occasional Failure

EVERY now and then, of course, they get tripped up on their alibis, even as you and I. Take Ralph Bellamy, for instance. His favorite alibi to avoid some invitation he doesn't want to accept is to plead a bad case of Kleig eyes. But one day recently, after eloquently presenting all the symptoms of this dread ailment over the telephone to a friend who had invited him to a party, he met the friend on the street an hour or so later.

"Why," said the friend, "I thought you said you had Kleig eyes, and I must say I never saw your eyes look better."

"Well," faltered Bellamy, "I have a very good doctor. I've just been up to see him, and he fixed me up."

"That's fine!" said the friend. "You can go to the party with me, then?"

And Ralph just couldn't think up another alibi.

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No. 400. — A very smart girl's frock, in Summer Breeze with prettily stitched collar and cuffs, in charming floral designs in blues, greys, and greens. Sizes 24 and 26-inch, 5/11 each. Sizes 28 and 30-inch, 6/9 each.

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**Dymock's Block, 428 George Street, Sydney.**

*Catalogue FREE on request.*

MISS NOELINE DOROTHY HEATH, daughter of Mr. A. E. Heath, C.M.G., official representative of the New South Wales Government in London, and Mrs. Heath, was married in Surrey recently to Mr. Marcus W. Hall. The couple are shown leaving St. Peter's, Newdigate, Surrey. The bride was well known in Sydney. —Air Mail photo.

# TIME FLIES ... *and So Do* WOMEN

## Can Now Drop In On Interstate Friends for Tea

**Flying services are developing so rapidly that the legendary women's invitation "to drop in for a cup of tea" now has an interstate significance.**

***Nearly thirty centres, in the different States, are now linked by air services, which were recently extended.***

WOMEN have been quick to avail themselves of the more speedy and comfortable method of travel. About half the passengers are women, and on a few occasions the complement of passengers has been 100 per cent. female.

A number of the passengers who travel regularly are business women who want to spend as little time as possible away from their head office. Others are women going to another State for holidays, who find it convenient not to have to pack a suitcase for overnight travelling.

**A number of school children travel to and from boarding-school from country districts or other States.**

Warehouses and exclusive frock and hat shops are also using the planes for quick transport of goods, and the plane freights include anything from eggs to evening models.

### Good Travellers

WOMEN passengers have proved as good air travellers as men—and they are always punctual. The only time a plane has had to stop for a passenger when it was taxi-ing across the drome was when a man nearly missed it.

Very few women passengers—even elderly women—show any nervousness.

**In fact, most of the women travelling on one plane, on the four occasions when it had to turn back because of bad weather, thoroughly enjoyed what should have been a nerve-racking experience because it gave them longer time in the air.**

Parents have found travelling by plane the safest and most soothing way of journeying with young children. An aeroplane is the only vehicle a child cannot fall out of.

Little Willie may precipitate himself out of a car or a train window, or the little darling may fall through a ship's railing, but in an aeroplane he is safely sealed in, and the worst he can do is to ask innumerable questions—which an air hostess will answer instead of father having to do so.

And little Willie can even fill himself up with ginger beer and lollies, which are supplied on the plane.

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To restore NATURAL WHITENESS to Dull Teeth

-he says KOLYNOS

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM, the proved antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing tooth paste, quickly restores the sparkle and attractiveness of *natural* whiteness to your teeth.

Dentists throughout the World recommend Kolynos because of its ability to remove unsightly stain and tartar, cleaning and whitening the teeth without harmful bleaching action or unnecessary abrasion. Kolynos actually kills harmful germs in a few seconds and keeps teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy.

Being highly concentrated, Kolynos is most economical in use. Kolynos is best used on a DRY tooth brush. Try it. Get a tube to-day. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

ONE TUBE LASTS TWICE AS LONG

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Erasmic Vanishing Cream 2/6 Jar, 1/- Tube, leaves delicate protective film. Erasmic Cold Cream 2/6 Jar. Rich in fragrant, softening oils.

1/- PER BOX

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

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# STREAMLINED *Toys for* CHRISTMAS

## *Speed Is The Slogan For Santa This Year*

**Speed—and more speed—is the slogan for Santa Claus this year.**

***Products of a mechanical age, children will get mechanical toys in their stockings, if there are stockings big enough to hold them. It's going to be a streamlined Christmas.***

MORE than half the toys move on wheels and on wings this year. They look so efficient that maybe Father Christmas will swap the proverbial reindeer carriage for one of his own motor cars or aeroplanes on December 25.

"Gee! Whizz! She can go," said a small boy with an ecstatic grin, as he watched the shop assistant try out a toy motor-car not much smaller than his father's "baby car."

It was fitted with lavish rubber tyres, headlights, tail light, adjustable seat, instrument board, unbreakable windscreen, bumper bars, and a good many other gadgets.

The modern child is not interested in the motor car unless it goes, and goes fast.

It is not sufficient that toys look like aeroplanes and speed boats. They must act like them, too.

They do. This is the mechanical Christmas.

Everything is streamlined for speed. Tricycles, scooters, motor cars—whether four inches or four feet long—all have the new streamline.

Trains are more streamlined than any real train seen in Australia yet. Speedboats are modelled on the famous speedsters of recent racing history.

They not only have efficient engines. One that is eighteen inches of speed even has a searchlight. It works, too.

**There are electric railway stations complete with signals and safety gates that work automatically, electric light signals of warning and all the other attachments that make for safety first.**

### All "Mod. Cons."

DOUBLY streamlined motor-cars that go backwards as easily as they go forward are definitely things of the future.

There is even a five-story garage with elevators for carrying motors to the parking areas on various levels.

**Meccano sets that once provided materials for making bridges and water towers can now manufacture aeroplanes and autogyros, ships, and even jazz bands.**

There are more war toys than have been seen for years. Machine guns, camouflaged ambulances, motor transports, and despatch riders on camouflaged motor cycles are here, with highly-efficient armored cars, tanks, and even working models of a dug-out, wireless operator at work, and all.

**As for dolls' house equipment. Well, no doll's house need be without all "mod cons" these days.**

The bathroom, built-in bath, tiled walls, shower, bright taps, and a light over the shaving mirror, can be bought intact.

Furniture in the modern manner can also be had, even to pots with half-inch-high shrubs.

### Marvellous Detail

KITCHEN dressers are as well fitted as mother's own. There are as many types of electric lights and lamp-shades as are available for a full-sized house. Standard lamps three inches high have all the necessary attachments to see that they really light.

Diminutive dinner-waggons that can stand on the palm of a hand bear infinitesimal waterjugs and glasses no bigger than peas.

One has quarter inch-high liqueur glasses with an inch-high bottle filled with the real thing.

There are four-inch-long vacuum-cleaners, and equally tiny carpet-sweepers with the tiniest brushes imaginable—but they work.

This year, washing boards are out of date. The small housekeeper will do the dolls' laundry in a washing machine that really washes. Even stores are stream-lined, decorative affairs with plate-warmer and all modern attachments.

Quintuplet dolls and Shirley Temple dolls are other favorites.

Incidentally, a great number of the bigger toys in our shops this year are made in Australia, and some of our own soft toys that are such excellent portraits of our own kangaroos, koalas, and other animals are finding a ready market overseas. **Australia is being put on the toy map.**


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It is not every woman, unfortunately, who can claim that she is really at her best in what should normally be the prime of her life. It is not time that takes toll of good looks so much as the neglect of health. Instead of wishing she could stay the hands of time, the woman who is growing prematurely old should stay the encroachment of ill-health on her beauty.

Clements Tonic is the safe and certain aid to keeping ever young. The worry and nervous headaches that develop "crow's feet" are unknown to the user of Clements Tonic. The disordered digestion that causes skin to become sallow, the sleeplessness that makes faces haggard and worn are banished by a course of this great natural remedy. Nervous, digestive and blood systems are revitalised by ingredients that are in Clements Tonic for this very purpose. Bone, muscle and tissue are built up by vital components in this tried and tested tonic—the most famous tonic Australia has known in the past 50 years.

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"I am writing these few lines to let you know the great benefit that I derive from taking Clements Tonic. I had been in hospital for 15 months and under six very severe operations. I am home again now, and when I am feeling run down I take Clements Tonic and find I get wonderful benefit from it. I can't speak too highly of its wonderful value and will recommend it to all my friends." (Mrs.) F.S.M.

**Peps Me Up.**

Kensington, N.S.W.

"About seven years ago I was very run down with sickness, and happened to read about Clements Tonic, and decided in desperation to try a bottle! I picked up at once, and was able to take the wheel of my car and drive hundreds of miles per day! Since then I have never looked back! I am always healthy, full of pep, overflowing with vitality, and the life of the party wherever I go. Thanks to Clements Tonic, which I resort to when necessary, as sometimes I overdo things and become a wee bit jaded with continual social engagements, then Clements Tonic peps me up again." (Mrs.) B.S.

*(Original letters on file for inspection.)*

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6/226


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# FREE *Novel* *Contest* WINNERS

## Stories Our Readers Like Best

**Some weeks ago, readers of The Australian Women's Weekly were asked to write telling us the free novel they liked best, and why.**

***Great interest was taken in the contest, and now the judges are able to announce their decision.***

READERS like variety, and express pleasure at the stories published, suiting as they do every mood.

Mrs. A. M. Coelli, of Leeton, winner of the guinea for the best letter, expresses this idea splendidly when she says:

**"Gay Adventure"**: Most charming serial. Judith's dauntless disregard of useless convention in that era paved way for Jean Batten to-day.

**"Amazing Chance"**: Clean, pretty story. Anna Blumm a magnificent character.

**"Five Little Heiresses"**: Delightful serial. Mary Hyde's modest devotion as appealing as Stella Converse's superiority complex as amusing.

Twenty consolation prizes were awarded as follows:

Mrs. Rita Freeman, Crow's Nest (N.S.W.).

Miss Mollie Stratton, Ulverstone (Tas.).

Miss D. Sanderson, Pinnaroo (S.A.).

Miss L. Lobrisch, Longreach (Q.).

Mrs. H. B. Bowley, Port Broughton (S.A.).

E. M. Carter, Seville (Vic.).

Mrs. E. A. Treasky, Forest Lodge (N.S.W.).

Mrs. C. E. Gaul, Wowan (Q.).

Mrs. Alice Young, Warwick (Q.).

Mrs. Vera Bowden, Barossa Goldfields (S.A.).

C. J. Reynolds, Turondale, via Sofala (N.S.W.).

Miss Frances Lane, Devonport (Tas.).

Miss M. P. Heinicke, Hatherly, Parilla (S.A.).

Jessie Eldred, Franklin Road, Portsea (Vic.).

Miss Vera Worland, Bundarra Road, Inverell (N.S.W.).

Mrs. A. Esposito, Brown Coal Mine (Vic.).

Mrs. D. M. Pierpoint, Mayfield (N.S.W.).

Olive Tierse, Plenty P.O., via Diamond Creek (Vic.).

Mrs. M. Crowley, The Rock (N.S.W.).

Miss Connie Magee, Benalla (Vic.).


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Obtainable in Colours of:—Blue, Pink, Green, White, and String.

ME 1.—We leave it to you to judge style and quality, and these wonderful Suits have both. The NEW LOW DOUBLE-BREASTED SUIT, with 6-button fastening, shaped coat, roll collar. Front Panel pleat in Skirt. Sizes: SSW. to OS. Regular Value, 25/-.
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ME 2.—MAN TAILORED SUIT, showing new American shirred back. Fullness for freedom, rounded fronts and wide, stiffened revers. Panel pleat in Skirt. Sizes: SSW. to OS. Regular Value, 25/-.
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Obtainable in Colours of:—Blue, Pink, Green, White, and String.

ME 3.—FITTED TAILORED COAT shaped to figure with Jigger button, and shaped pockets wide stiffened revers. Skirt showing double knife pleats. Sizes: SSW. to OS. Regular Value 25/-
NETT BARGAIN PRICE .. . 13/6 each

ME 4.—THE MOST POPULAR AMERICAN ACTION BACK. Two pleats in Coat back and front, fitted to shaped yoke. Wide stiffened revers, finished with front buttonine and belt. Skirt showing inverted pleat. Sizes: SSW to OS. Regular Value, 25/-.
NETT BARGAIN PRICE .. .. 13/6 each

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*Insurance For Women*

# SMALL-PAYMENT *Policies for Low-Wage* FAMILIES

## How a Husband Can Protect His Wife and Children

*This is the third and last of a series of articles designed to give the average Australian woman a clear explanation of insurance and show her how she can make provision for herself and her children.*

*This article deals with insurance as it affects the wife of a man on a low salary or wage.*

**A husband who is earning a low salary or wage finds it hard to keep a home going, and, at first thought, is unlikely to favor additional expenditure for any purpose whatever.**

***But if he finds it difficult, how desperate will be his wife's plight in the event of his death? A number of insurance schemes are offered to meet his special requirements.***

FOR a small weekly premium a man may insure his life so that his wife will receive an agreed sum at his death or double that sum if his death is due to accident before a certain age.

Under such a policy, for a weekly premium of sixpence a parent aged twenty-four may insure his life for £57. His wife will receive this amount at his death or it will be paid to him when he reaches the age of eighty years.

In the event of his death by accident before the age of sixty-five years, his wife will receive at once the sum of £114. Alternatively, a husband may insure so that his wife will receive a fixed sum at the end of an agreed number of years or at his death before that time.

### Accident Safeguard

THIS policy also provides for the payment of double the amount on death by accident. For example, a man of twenty-five years may insure to receive £100 at sixty years of age for a payment of 1/3 per week.

If he dies as the result of accident before that time, his wife will receive £200. In this form of insurance also the wife frequently takes out a policy on the life of her husband.

The amount payable as a result of death by accident is not affected by any sum which may be received under the Workers Compensation Act.

These may be termed Essential Insurances. There still remain a number of forms of both Life and Endowment Insurance, which are available chiefly to those who are drawing higher salaries or who have private incomes. A number of these can be only briefly explained here.

### Joint Policies

A MAN who is in a position to decide the age at which he will retire may arrange his life insurance so that no premiums have to be paid after that age.

A husband and wife or two partners may take out a joint policy covering the first of their two lives. Under this arrangement the survivor receives the full amount of the insurance.

A husband may cover his wife so that in the event of his death within a fixed period of years she will have an agreed quarterly income for the remainder of those years, and will then receive in addition the full amount of the insurance.

**In the event of his death after the period she will receive the full insurance.**

A man may insure for an amount payable at his death before a selected age, or double the amount payable on his attaining the selected age.

He may arrange for an annuity payable quarterly for a specified period after he has reached a selected age.

Generally speaking, life policies aim at the protection of wife, children and dependents in the event of the husband's death, while endowment policies provide assistance in meeting responsibilities, such as children's education or the payment of a mortgage.

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Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/3, household size 2/-. Resent a substitute.

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# WRITTEN IN THE STARS

## ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

*President, Astrological Research Society*

# *The Sportsmen Of The Zodiac ... Sagittarians*

**Sagittarians are some of the world's most noted sportsmen and adventurers.**

***There is an element of the gambler in these people which seems to lead them instinctively—and oft-times unconsciously—into the realms of excitement, chance and danger. They are really happiest when taking risks of some kind.***

**If they win, they are generous, talkative and delighted; if they lose they are philosophical, optimistic about the next time, and ready to tell the story against themselves.**

SAGITTARIANS are those people whose birthdays fall between November 23 and December 22. During that period the planet Jupiter sends his rays to earth, thus endowing those born during this period with a naturally jovial, kindly, generous, and optimistic character.

They are sportsmen and sportswomen of the finest kind, mentally and physically. They love to argue and debate, and though often pretending to an opinion they really do not hold (just for the pleasure of making the opposition explain), they are fair enough to admit the fact and try to make amends in some other way.

**Generally, Sagittarians have few peers. They are honest, tolerant, and truthful—sometimes horribly so. They can be frank to a degree which breaks up valued friendships and brings enmities which surprise them, because they have not realised that their Sagittarian abruptness and truth-telling have lacked tact and diplomacy.**

Physically, these people are inclined to take all kinds of risks—brave or foolish. For this reason they excel in the fields of sport, but are also found in goodly numbers at the racecourse or gambling tables.

They like anything to do with horses and cattle, and usually prove successful on the land or in any other work which brings close contact with animals. They have an uncanny ability to train animals, and generally prove good horse riders.

**Throughout life most Sagittarians will take physical risks, and thrive upon them. In fact, in spite of this penchant for danger and excitement, statistics have proved that those born under this sign of the zodiac predominate as octogenarians.**

## Don't Provoke Them

TRUTH to tell, even if they live to be a hundred, they will still find ways of getting a little fun and "pep" out of life. For they are opportunists and instinctive adventurers—always ready to take chances.

Family relationships have a lot to say in the life of most Sagittarians. They also make wonderful friends, but unless there are intellectual as well as physical attractions, new friendships are likely to quickly give place to still newer ones.

Most Sagittarians are clever, and seem able to outrun all competitors. Famous artists, musicians, and writers belong to this sign, as also do many lawyers, shipping agents, [illegible]rters, brokers, [illegible]shers.

[illegible] the short-[illegible]ittarius [illegible], auto-[illegible]chnical [illegible]isher.

**[illegible]elected [illegible]ell-built [illegible]ge, while [illegible] large and [illegible] knockout to [illegible]y temper of [illegible]ly provoked.** [illegible]o the women [illegible] to the men.

## The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

**ARIES PEOPLE** (March 21 to April 21): Poor on December 8 and 9, but do not fail to make the most of December 12, 13, and 14. Ask favors, seek promotion, begin new enterprises or changes. Be confident and aggressive.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): December 10, 11, and 12 poor; December 15 fair.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Be on your guard, especially against misjudgment, losses, opposition and upsets. December 12, 13 and 14 particularly unfriendly. Do not begin anything important.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Nothing spectacular. December 10, 11, and early 12 best.

**LEO** (July 23 to Aug. 24): The stars should be propitious this week, so try to begin new ventures, seek advancement, or otherwise benefit yourself. December 12 and 13 very good. December 14, excellent.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Very poor. Live quietly, and try to avoid disagreements, unexpenses, delays, and worries, especially on December 12, 13, and 14.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Fair enough on December 8 and 9, December 15 poor.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Moderately fair on December 10, 11, and 12.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Try to advance all your affairs this week. Work hard on December 12, 13, and 14. The stars favor you.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): December 8 and 9 poor; December 15 just fair.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Slightly favorable on December 8 and 9.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to March 21): Be wise and patient. Avoid changes and upsets. Difficulties possible on December 12, 13, and 14.

**[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]**

## *Gifts for Coronation Year Babies*

**By Air Mail from Our London Office.**

**HUNDREDS of babies will probably be christened Edward in Coronation year—especially in Sandwich (Kent), where the Mayor and Mayoress have announced a Coronation babies' gift fund.**

**They hope, through dances and other means, to raise funds to enable every child born in Sandwich during Coronation year to receive a Post Office savings book with a sum of money.**

**The amount, and the question of whether twins and triplets will receive a savings book each, will be governed by the amount of money raised.**

"Regular" BUT NOT THOROUGH —Her TONGUE TELLS

Headaches, indigestion, lack of energy, pimply skin and other signs of constipation warn thousands that regularity is not enough. Bowel action must be THOROUGH as well as regular. But "regular" or constipated, you'll benefit by taking an occasional dose of Chamberlain's Tablets.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

they tone and strengthen stomach and liver.

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[illegible]t and alur[illegible]ites on neck, [illegible]th the new [illegible] Used by the [illegible] Creme La-ne-[illegible] to make the chin supple, smooth and [illegible]. No disagreeable odour. [illegible] Postal Note for 2/9 for extra large tube (under plain wrapper) to The Cosmetics Company, 228a George Street, Sydney

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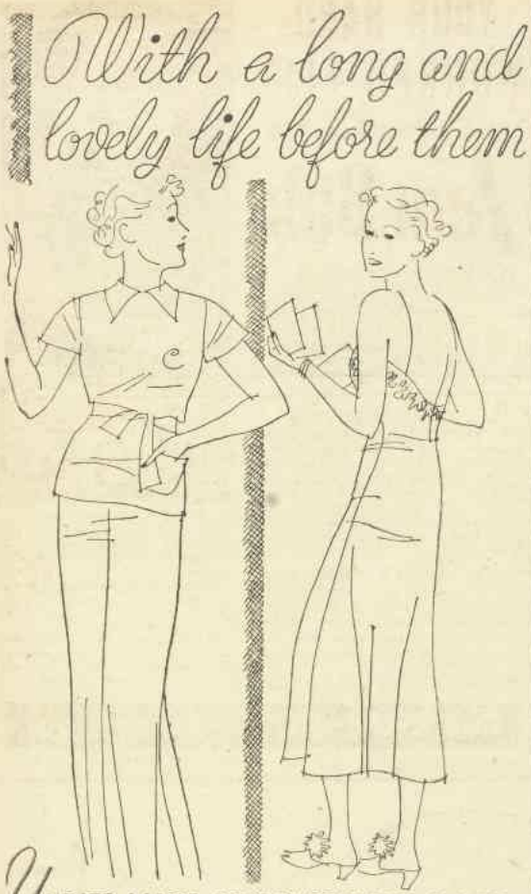


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Specially designed by the leading Australian underwear manufacturers, these undies of Courtaulds Rayon keep their shape and lovely looks for ages.

Next time you buy undies, look for the styles that carry the Courtauld Housemark—it's your guarantee of lasting loveliness and of long wear.

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Brewed from a 200 Years Old Recipe

CHAMPION'S
PURE MALT
VINEGAR

# TALISMAN *Ring*

*Continued from Page 44*

SHIELD was silent. Sylvester's pale lips twisted.

"Oh, you don't, eh? Well, you can give him my ring if ever you see him again — and tell him not to pledge it! Take it: I've done with it." He slid the great ruby from his finger as he spoke, and dropped it into Shield's hand. "That Madeira was a mistake. I ought to have kept to the Burgundy. You can go now. Don't let there be any mawkish sentiment over my death!"

"Very well, sir," said Shield. He bent, kissed Sylvester's hand, and without more ado turned and went out of the room.

Sylvester died an hour later. The doctor who brought the news to Shield, and to Beau Lavenham, both waiting in the library, said that he had only spoken once more before the end.

"Indeed, and what did he say?" inquired the Beau.

"He made a remark, sir—I may say, a gross remark!—derogatory to my calling!" said the doctor. "I shall not repeat it!"

Both cousins burst out laughing. The doctor cast a look of shocked dislike at them and went away, disgusted but not surprised by their behaviour. A wild, godless family, he thought. They were not even profitable patients, these Lavenhams: he was glad to be rid of them.

The Beau patted his ruffles.

"Do you still mean to be married to-morrow?"

"No, that must be postponed," Shield answered.

The Beau laughed gently, and bent to pick up his hat and cane from the chair on which he had laid them.

"Well, I do not think I envy you the next few days, Tristram," he said. "If I can be of assistance to you by all means call upon me! I shall remain at the Dower House for some little time yet!"

"Thank you, but I don't anticipate the need. I rely on Pickering. The charge of the estate would be better borne by him than by me. Goodness knows what is to be done, with the succession in this accursed muddle!"

"There is one thing which ought to be done," said the Beau. "Some effort should be made to find Ludovic."

"A good deal easier said than done," replied Sir Tristram. "He could not set foot in England if he were found, either. If he stayed in France he may have lost his head, for all we know. It would be extremely like him to embroil himself in a revolution which was no concern of his."

"Well," said the Beau softly, "I do not want to appear unfeeling, but if Ludovic has lost his head it would be of some slight interest to me to hear of it."

"Naturally. Your position is most uncertain."

"Oh, I am not repining," smiled the Beau. "But I still think you ought—as trustee—to find Ludovic."

During the next few days, however, Sir Tristram had enough to occupy him without adding a search for the heir to his duties. Upon arrival of the lawyer, Sylvester's will was read, a document complicated enough to try the temper of a more patient man than Shield. A thousand-and-one things had to be done, and in addition to the duties attendant upon the death of Sylvester there was the problem of Eustacie to worry her betrothed.

SHE accepted both her bereavement and the postponement of her wedding-day with perfect fortitude, but when Sir Tristram asked her to name some lady living in the neighborhood in whose charge she could for the present remain, she declared herself quite unable to do so. She had no acquaintance in Sussex, Sylvester having quarrelled with one half of the county and ignored the other half. "Besides," she said, "I do not wish to be put in charge of a chaperon. I shall stay here."

Sir Tristram, feeling that Sylvester had in his time created enough scandal in Sussex, was strongly averse to giving the gossips anything further to wag their tongues over. Betrothed or not, his and Eustacie's sojourn under the same roof was an irregularity which every virtuous dame who thought the Lavenhams a godless family would be swift to pounce upon. He said:

"Well, it is confoundedly awkward, but I don't see what I can do about it. I suppose I shall have to let you stay."

"I shall stay because I wish to," said Eustacie, bristling. "I do not have to do what you say yet!"

"Don't be silly!" said Sir Tristram, harassed, and therefore irritable.

"I am not silly. It is you who have a habit which I find much more silly of telling me what I must do and what I must not do. I think I will now arrange my own affairs."

"You are a great deal too young to manage your own affairs, I am afraid."

"That we shall see."

"We shall indeed. Have you thought to order your mourning-clothes? That must be done, you know."

"I do not know it," said Eustacie. "Grandpapa said I was not to mourn for him, and I shall not."

"That may be, but this is a censorious world, my child, and it will be thought very odd if you don't accord Sylvester's memory that mark of respect."

"Well, I shan't," said Eustacie simply.

Sir Tristram looked her over in frowning silence.

"You look very cross," said Eustacie.

*Please turn to Page 59*


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Sunburn, if neglected, may lead to dangerous skin ailments. Iodex quickly soothes and heals the inflamed skin. It penetrates deeply into the underlying tissues, speedily relieving the inflammation and congestion caused by severe sunburn.

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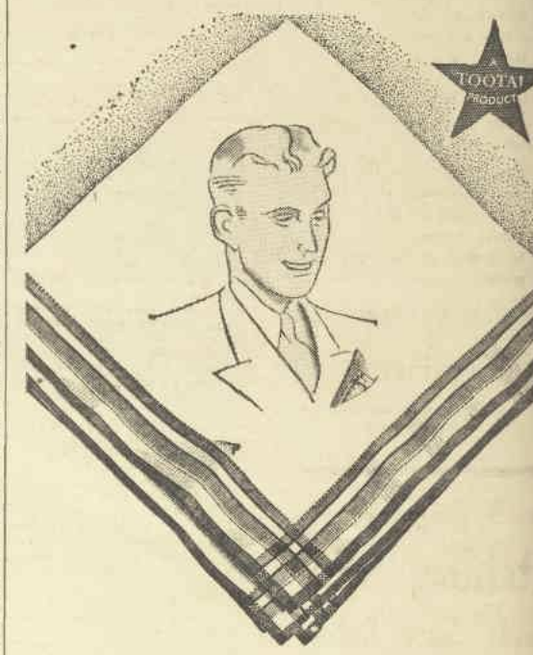


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You can get Moone's Emerald Oil at any chemist. It is safe to use, and failure is rare indeed.***



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# TALISMAN *Ring*

*Continued from Page 58*

"I AM not cross," said Sir Tristram, in a somewhat brittle voice, "but I think you should know that while I am prepared to allow you all the freedom possible, I shall expect my wife to pay some light heed to my wishes."

Eustacie considered this dispassionately.

"Well, I do not think I shall," she said. "You seem to me to have very stupid wishes—quite absurd, in fact."

"This argument is singularly pointless," said Sir Tristram, quelling a strong desire to box her ears. "Perhaps my mother will know better how to persuade you."

Eustacie pricked up her ears at that.

"I did not know you had a mother! Where is she?"

"She is in Bath. When the funeral is over I am going to take you to her, and put you in her care until we can be married."

"As to that, it is not yet decided. Describe to me your mother! Is she like you? And what does she do?" demanded Eustacie. "Does she amuse herself at Bath? Is she gay?"

"Hardly. She does not enjoy good health, you see."

"Oh!" Eustacie digested this.

"No parties? But if I am not to go to any parties what then am I to do in Bath?"

"Well, I suppose you will have to reconcile yourself to a period of quiet."

"Quiet?" gasped Eustacie. "More quiet? No, and no, and no!"

He could not help laughing, but said:

"Is it so terrible?"

"Yes, it is," said Eustacie. "First I have to live in Sussex, and now I am to go to Bath—to play backgammon! And after that you will take me to Berkshire, where I expect I shall die. It will be better, I think, if we do not marry!" she added suddenly.

"Possibly!" said Sir Tristram, nettled. "But I gave my word to Sylvester that I would marry you, and marry you I will!"

"You will not, because I shall instantly run away!"

"Don't be a little fool!" said Sir Tristram unwisely, and walked out of the room, leaving her simmering with indignation.

Her wrath did not last long, for by the time she had taken a vow to put her threat into execution all the adventurous possibilities of such a resolve struck her so forcibly that Sir Tristram's iniquities were quite ousted from her mind. She spent a pleasurable hour in thinking out a number of plans for her future. These were varied, but all of them impracticable, a circumstance which her common sense regretfully acknowledged. She was forced in the end to take her handmaiden into her confidence.

LUCY being adjured to think of some means whereby a lady could evade a distasteful marriage and arrange her own life, she had the happy notion of suggesting a perusal of the advertisements in the paper.

Together, mistress and maid pored over the columns of this useful periodical. It was not, at first glance, very helpful, for most of its advertisements appeared to be of well-matched carriage horses, or superb residences to be hired for a short term. Further study, however, enlarged the horizon. A lady domiciled in Brook Street required a governess with a knowledge of astronomy, botany, water-color painting, and the French tongue to instruct her daughters. Dismissing the first three requirements as irrelevancies, Eustacie triumphantly pointed to the last, and said that here was the very thing.

Lucy doubted whether Sir Tristram would permit his betrothed to leave the Court.

"He will know nothing about it," said Eustacie, "because I shall escape very late at night when he thinks I am in bed, and ride to Hand Cross to catch the mail coach to London."

Eustacie began to ponder the details of her flight. The scheme itself might be fantastical, but there was a streak of French rationality in her nature which could be trusted to cope with the intricacies of the wildest escapade. She said:

"We shall need the stable keys."

"We, miss?" faltered Lucy.

Eustacie nodded. "But yes, because I have never saddled a horse, and though I think it would be a better adventure if I did everything quite by myself, one must be practical, after all. Can you saddle a horse?"

"Oh, yes, miss!" replied Lucy, a farmer's daughter, "but——"

"Very well, then, that is arranged. And it is you, moreover, who must steal the stable keys. That will not be a great matter. And you will pack for me two bandboxes, but not any more, because I cannot carry much on horseback. And when I reach Hand Cross I shall let Rufus go, and it is certain that he will find his way home, and that will put my cousin Tristram in a terrible fright when he sees my horse quite riderless. I dare say he will think I am dead."

"MISS, you don't really mean it?" said Lucy, who had been listening open-mouthed.

"But of course I mean it," replied Eustacie calmly. "When does the night mail reach Hand Cross?"

"Just before midnight, miss; but they do say we shall be having snow—and that would make the mail late as like as not. But, miss, it's all of five miles to Hand Cross, and the road that lonely, and running through the forest—oh, I'd be afeared!"

"I am not afraid of anything," said Eustacie loftily.

Lucy sank her voice impressively.

"Perhaps you haven't ever heard tell of the Headless Horseman, miss?"

*Please turn to Page 60*


YOUR HARD-WORKED FEET

Need Regular Care With

Zam-Buk

WHATEVER your daily task; whether you're a nurse, a shop assistant, work in a busy factory, or are occupied at home with domestic duties—think of the strain you put on your feet. If you neglect your feet, no wonder they swell, ache and feel tired, and you're weary and irritable.

Here is an easy nightly treatment that brings untold relief and maintains your feet in health and comfort. After bathing the feet in warm water and drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The *refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk* are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

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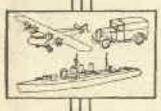
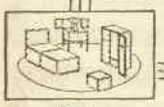
# MECCANO





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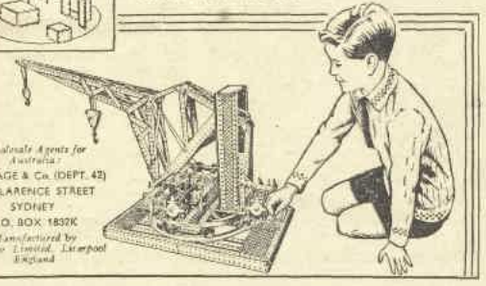

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*Manufactured by Meccano Limited, Liverpool England*


# TALISMAN *Ring*

*Continued from Page 59*

"NO!" Eustacie's eyes sparkled. "Tell me at once all about him."

"They say he rides the forest, miss, but never on a horse of his own," said Lucy throbbingly. "You'll find him up behind you on the crupper with his arms round your waist."

Even in the comfortable daylight this story was hideous enough to daunt the most fearless. Eustacie shuddered, but said stoutly:

"I do not believe it. It is just a tale."

"Ask anyone, miss, if it's not true," said Lucy.

Eustacie, thinking this advice good, asked Sir Tristram at the first opportunity.

"The Headless Horseman?" he said. "Yes, I believe there is some such legend."

"But is it true?" asked Eustacie breathlessly.

"Why, no, of course not."

"You would not then be afraid to ride through the forest at night?"

"Not in the least. I've *often* done so, and never encountered a headless horseman, I assure you."

"Thank you," said Eustacie. "Thank you very much."

He looked a little surprised, but as she said nothing more very soon forgot the episode.

"My cousin Tristram," Eustacie told Lucy, "says that it is nothing but a legend. I shall not regard it."

Had Sir Tristram been less preoccupied he might have found something to wonder at in his cousin's sudden docility. As it was, he was much too busy unravelling the intricacies of Sylvester's affairs with Mr. Pickering to pay any heed to Eustacie's change of front. If he thought about it at all he supposed merely that she had recovered from a fit of tantrums, and was heartily glad of it. He had half expected her to raise objections to his plan to convey her to Bath on the day after her grandfather's burial, but when he broached the matter to her she listended to him with folded hands and downcast eyes, and answered never a word. A man more learned in female wiles might have found this circumstance suspicious; Sir Tristram was only grateful. He himself would be returning to Lavenham Court, but he told Eustacie that he did not expect to be obliged to remain for more than a week or two, after which time he would join the household in Bath, and set forward the marriage arrangements. Eustacie curtsied politely.

SHE did not attend Sylvester's funeral, which took place on the third day after his death, but busied herself with choosing from her wardrobe the garments she considered most suited to her new calling, and directing Lucy how to bestow them in the two bandboxes.

Her actual escape from the Court was accomplished without the least difficulty, the servants having gone to bed, and Sir Tristram being shut up in the library with Beau Lavenham, who had come over from the Dower House to dine with his cousins. Eustacie had excused herself from their company soon after dinner, and gone up to her bedchamber. At eleven o'clock, looking quite enchanting in her riding-dress and crimson cloak and wide-brimmed beaver, with its red feather curling over to mingle with her dark, silky curls, she tiptoed down the back stairs, holding up her skirts in one hand, and in the other grasping her whip and gloves. Behind her tottered the shrinking Lucy, carrying two bandboxes and a lantern.

Half-way down the stairs Eustacie stopped. "I ought to have a *pistol*."

"Good gracious, sakes alive, miss!" whispered Lucy. "Whatever would you do with one of them nasty, dangerous things?"

"But, of course, I must have a pistol!" said Eustacie. "And I know where there is a pistol, too!" She turned and ran lightly up the stairs again, and disappeared in the direction of the Long Gallery.

When she returned she was flushed and rather out of breath and carried in her right hand a peculiarly deadly-looking dueling pistol with a ten-inch barrel and silver sights. Lucy nearly dropped the bandboxes when she saw it, and implored her mistress in an agitated whisper to put it down.

"It is my cousin Ludovic's" said Eustacie triumphantly. "There were two of them in a case in the bedchamber that was his. How fortunate that I should have remembered! I saw them—oh, a long time ago!—when they put the new curtains in that room. Do you think it is loaded?"

"Oh mercy miss, I hope not!"

"I must be careful," decided Eustacie, handling the weapon somewhat gingerly. "Hurry, now!"

The snow had stopped falling some time before, but a light covering of it lay upon the ground, and there was a sharp, frosty nip in the air. The two females, one of them in high fettle, and the other shivering with mingled cold and fright, trod softly down the drive that led from the house to the stables. No light showed in the coachman's cottage, nor in the grooms' quarters, and no one appeared to offer the least hindrance to Eustacie's escape. Once safely in the saddle she reminded Lucy to lock all the doors again and to replace the keys, gave her her hand to kiss, and set off, not by way of the avenue leading to the closed lodge gates, but across the park to a farm track with an unguarded gate at the end of it which could be opened without dismounting.

*Please turn to Page 61*

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All you have to do is to cut out this advertisement and send it with 2/- postal note, with 3d. for postage, and your name and full address clearly written on separate sheet. No Post Office addresses accepted. State whether Mrs., or Miss. Mention colour required. Then give the following measurements in this order: 1. Bust; 2. Waist; 3. Hips; 4. Neck to Waist (at back); 5. Skirt Length (at back); 6. Shoulder to Waist (in front); 7. Sleeve Length (under arm to wrist.)

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*"DEAR KATHLEEN COURT—*

# *WHY* ★ doesn't MY daughter marry?"

*"MY DAUGHTER IS 25*

**She is an attractive girl, and has many friends—mostly girls. But she is often invited out by men, and they seem to like her. One by one they drift away, however, and I begin to wonder whether she will marry. Is it her skin or figure? She has rather coarse pores, but not too noticeable when made up. Is she a tiny bit plump, I wonder—she is 9st. 11lb., and I don't call that fat for her height—5ft. 4in.? Dear Kathleen Court, you sound so sincere on the Radio—can you tell me what you think?"**

*MY REPLY* Dear Mrs. ———, I get hundreds of letters from all parts of the world, and hitherto I have not replied in this way. But your worry may be shared by many Mothers, so I am going to answer here. You do not give me all the facts, so I must guess a little. Face and figure are tremendously important, but charm of manner counts, too. This Charm comes much more easily when a girl has no worries. If she is conscious of a faulty skin, or plump figure, she will lose poise, and may even appear awkward. You do not, perhaps, see her skin under all conditions. The coarseness you think is hidden may sometimes be obvious—a bad skin repels. It CAN be corrected—at 25 this is not difficult. Below I suggest a Method which will create a basic betterment not dependent on Make-up alone.

As to your Daughter's figure, she could afford to lose about 8 or 9 lbs.—not a lot, but it may make a marked difference. Having persuaded your daughter to take her skin and figure in hand, see that she makes-up well, and dresses with good taste. Many girls dress too fussily. Simple styles are usually best. Finally, while I must congratulate you on your thoughtful regard for your Daughter's welfare, I would say that girls marry a little later now than they did. The next two years are most important ones—if your Daughter follows the advice I give below, her future will not be jeopardised by the points you mention.

Sincerely yours, Kathleen Court

**A SIMPLE TECHNIQUE *for Improvement of FACE & FIGURE:***

Skin Cleanliness is the BASIS of beauty. Each night all embedded dust, old make-up, etc., should be removed. For this purpose use my Cleansing Cream, following with a wash using "Paris" Facial Treatment Soap. If the skin is dry, or lined, use my Night Cream, leaving it on until morning. On waking each morning, wash, using "Paris" Soap; dry, and then pat in my Astringent Skin Tonic. This refreshes the tissues, ends skin oiliness and blackheads, and closes open pores. To MAKE UP, apply "Facial Youth" Cream or Lotion, following with a Kathleen Court Face Powder selected to suit the user's skin. My "Velvet Skin" Powder is popular, and I now also offer "Facial Youth" Powder, in 2 Types, for either Dry or Oily Skins. (Coarse skins need Type "B"). For attractive harmless colour, I suggest one of my lovely rouges and lipsticks. Light lashes and brows are a handicap—darken them with my Eyelash and Brow Cosmetique. To correct overweight and secure lovelliness of form, my Reducing Treatment gives effective results. Eight pounds may safely be lost in a week in 10 days. Any Chemist or Store can supply

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# TALISMAN *Ring*

*Continued from Page 60*

THIS feat presently accomplished, Eustacie urged Rufus to a trot and set off down the lane towards the rough road that ran north through Warningdid to join the turnpike road from London to Brighton at Hand Cross.

She knew the way well, but to one wholly unaccustomed to being abroad after nightfall the countryside looked oddly unfamiliar in the moonlight.

The lane presently met the road to Hand Cross, and here the country began to be more thickly wooded, and consequently darker, for there were a good many pines and hollies which had not shed their foliage and so obscured the moonlight. It was very cold, and the carpet of snow made it sometimes difficult to keep to the road. Once Rufus stumbled almost into the ditch, and once some creature (only a fox, Eustacie assured herself) slipped across the road ahead of her. It began to seem a very long way to Hand Cross. A thorn bush beside the road cast a shadow that was unpleasantly like that of a misshapen man. Eustacie's heart gave a sickening bump and all at once she remembered the Headless Horseman and for one dreadful moment felt positive that he was behind her.

Past Warningdid the country grew more open, but, although it was a relief to get away from the trees, Eustacie knew, because Sylvester had told her, that the forest had once covered all this tract of ground, and she was therefore unable to place any reliance on the Headless Horseman keeping to the existing bounds. She began to imagine moving forms in the hedges, and when, about a mile beyond the Slaugham turning, her horse suddenly put forward his ears at a flutter of white seen fleetingly in the gloom of a thicket, and shied violently across the road, she gave a sob of pure fright, and was nearly unseated. She pulled Rufus up, but his plunge had done all that was necessary to set the troublesome bandbox free. It slipped from the strap and went rolling away over the snow, and came to rest finally quite close to the thicket at the side of the road.

EUSTACIE, patting Rufus' neck with a hand which, though meant to convey reassurance, was actually trembling more than he was, looked after her property with dismay.

She did not feel that she could abandon it (which she would have liked to have done), but in spite of being afraid of nothing she was extremely loath to dismount and pick it up. She sat still for a few moments, intently staring at the thicket. Rufus stared, too, with his head up, and his ears forward. Nothing seemed to be stirring, however, and Eustacie, telling herself that the Headless Horseman was only a legend, gritted her teeth and dismounted. She was disgusted to find that her knees were shaking, so to give herself more courage she pulled the duelling pistol out of the holster.

Rufus, though suspicious of the thicket, allowed her to lead him up to the bandbox. The shrill neigh of a pony not five yards distant startled her almost out her wits. She gave a scream of terror, saw something move in the shadow, and the next minute was struggling dementedly in the hold of a man who had seemed to pounce upon her from nowhere. She could not scream again because a hand was clamped over her mouth, and when she pulled the trigger of her pistol nothing happened. A sinewy arm was round her; she was half lifted, half dragged into the cover of the thicket, and heard a rough voice behind her growl:

"Hit her over the head, blast the wench!"

Her terrified eyes, piercing the gloom, saw the dim outline of a face above her.

Her captor said: "I be dashed if I do!" in the unmistakable accents of a gentleman, and bent over her, and added softly: "I'm sorry, but you mustn't screech. If I take my hand away will you be quiet—quite quiet?"

SHE nodded. At the first sound of his voice, which was oddly attractive, a large measure of her fright had left her. Now, as her eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, she saw that he was quite a young man and, judging from the outline of his profile against the moonlit sky, a very personable young man.

The voice of the man behind her spoke again.

"She'll be the ruin o' me! Let me shut her mouth for her!"

Eustacie made a strangled sound in her throat, and tried to bring her hands up to clutch at the young man's arm. The barrel of her pistol, which she was still clutching, gleamed in the moonlight, and caught the attention of her captor, who said under his breath:

"If you let that pistol off I'll murder you! Ned, take the gun away from her!"

A heavy hand wrenched it out of her grasp; the rough voice said:

"It ain't loaded. If you won't do more, tie her up with a gag in her mouth!"

*Please turn to Page 62*

## Her Happy Little Self

A Mother writing from Redbank, N.S.W., says:—

"I would not be without your Infants' Powders or use any others, from now on. At first I used other well-known Teething Powders for my little girl, but they never agreed with her. Now when she is irritable and cross I give her one of your valuable little Powders and she sleeps and wakes up quite her happy little self. After giving several of my friends one Powder to try they tell me they are using Ashton & Parsons Powders and find them the best yet."

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS are intended to ease pain, soothe the child and check stomach disorders, correct the motions, relieve fever, restlessness, fretfulness and similar troubles incidental to the teething period, and are useful in delayed or prolonged dentition.

Mothers, ensure the best protection and comfort for Baby by using Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders, which are perfectly harmless.

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# BACKACHE

## MEANS KIDNEY ACHE

*The work of the kidneys is such an essential part of the body's work, that your whole outlook on life, your very happiness depends on their healthiness.*

The Misery of RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, "TOO-OLD" FEELING, JOINT PAINS is all caused by faulty Kidney Action.

This article will show you how essential it is to keep the kidneys healthy, and to see that any symptoms of faulty kidney action are put right at once. **Delay is Dangerous.**

The kidneys perform the very important work of filtering out poisons from the body. Day and night your body is producing these poisons—uric acid, live and dead bacteria and cells, and other products which would rapidly kill you if allowed to remain. Every movement of the limbs, every heart-beat and breath, yes, every thought and emotion adds yet more of these poisons.

In health, the kidneys filter out the poisons and pass them out of the body in the form of urine.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are specially compounded to heal sick kidneys. They gently but surely tone the kidneys up so that they work as Nature intended they should. The accumulated poisons are filtered out of the body, and once again you are healthy and enjoying life.

Should the kidneys become unhealthy from any cause such as a shock, chill, after-effects of influenza or other disease, they become clogged and do not take out all the poisons. These poisons, especially uric acid, accumulate in the muscles and joints, and cause the intense pain of rheumatism, lumbago, general lassitude and that "too-old" feeling. Dragging-down pains in the back is usually the first symptom. The kidneys become clogged and inflamed—that is why you get that terrible pain in the back.

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# TALISMAN *Ring*

*Continued from Page 61*

"NO, no, she's much too pretty," said the young man, taking the pistol and slipping it into the pocket of his frieze coat. "You won't squeak, will you, darling?"

As well as she could Eustacie shook her head. The hand left her mouth and patted her cheek.

"Good girl! Don't be frightened; I swear I won't hurt you!"

Eustacie, who had been almost suffocated, gasped thankfully:

"I thought you were the Headless Horseman!"

"You thought I was what?"

"The Headless Horseman."

He laughed.

"Well, I'm not."

"No, I can see you are not. But why did you seize me like that? What are you doing here?"

"If it comes to that, what are you doing here?"

"I am going to London," replied Eustacie.

"Oh!" said the young man, rather doubtfully. "It's no concern of mine, of course, but it's a plaguey queer time to be going to London, isn't it?"

"No, because I am going to catch the night mail at Hand Cross. You must instantly let me go, or I shall be too late."

The other man, who had been listening in scowling silence, muttered:

"She'll have the pack of them down on us!"

"Be dashed to you, don't croak so!" said the young man. "Tether that nag of hers!"

"If you let her go——"

"I'm not going to let her go. You keep a look-out for Abel, and stop spoiling sport!"

"But certainly you are going to let me go!" interposed Eustacie in an urgent undertone. "I must go!"

The young man said apologetically:

"The devil's in it that I can't let you go. I would if I could, but to tell you the truth——"

"There's no call to do that!" growled his companion. "Dang me, master, if I don't think you're unaccountable crazed!"

Eustacie, who had had time by now to take stock of her surroundings, discovered that the darker shadows a little way off were not shadows at all, but ponies. There seemed to be about a dozen of them, and as she peered at them she was gradually able to descry what they were carrying. She had been living in Sussex for two years, and she was perfectly familiar with the appearance of a keg of brandy. She exclaimed:

"You're smugglers, then!"

"Free-traders, my dear, Free-traders!" replied the young man cheerfully. "At least, I am. Ned here is only what we call a land-smuggler. You need not heed him."

Eustacie was so intrigued that for the moment she forgot all about the mail-coach. She had heard a great deal about smugglers, but although she knew that they were in general a desperate, cut-throat set of outlaws she was so accustomed to her grandfather and most of his neighbors having dealings with them that she did not think their illicit trade in the least shocking. She said:

"Well, you need not be afraid of me, I assure you. I do not at all mind that you are smug—Free-traders."

"Are you French?" asked the young man.

"Yes. But, tell me, why are you hiding here?"

"Excisemen," he replied. "They're on the watch. You know, the more I think of it the more it seems a very odd thing to me that you should be riding about by yourself in the middle of the night."

"I have told you; I am going to London."

"Well, it still seems very odd to me."

"Yes, but you see, I am running away," explained Eustacie. "That is why I have to catch the night mail. I am going to London to be a governess."

She had the impression that he was laughing, but he said quite gravely:

"You'll never do for a governess. You don't look like one. Besides, you're not old enough."

"Yes, I am, and I shall look just like a governess."

"If you take my advice," said the young man, "you'll give up this notion of being a governess. Try something else!"

"Well, perhaps I will be a milliner," said Eustacie. "When I get to London I shall consider carefully what is best for me to do."

"Yes, but you aren't going to London to-night," he said.

"I am going to-night! You do not understand! If I do not go to-night I shall be found, and then I shall have to go to Bath to play backgammon, and be married to a person without sensibility!"

HE seemed to be much struck by this, and said seriously:

"No, that would be too bad. We must think of something. You'll have to stay with me, at least till Abel reports all clear, of course, but there's bound to be a London coach through Hand Cross in the morning."

"And I tell you that in the morning it will be too late!" said Eustacie crossly. "I find that you are quite abominable! You spoil everything, and, what is more, I think you are excessively impertinent, because you have taken my horse away and stolen my pistol!"

"No, I haven't," he replied. "I've only had your horse tethered so that he can't stray. As for your pistol, you can have that back now, if you wish," he added, diving his hand into his pocket and pulling out the weapon. "Though what in the world you want with an unloaded duelling pistol——" He stopped suddenly, feeling the balance of the gun, and stepped into the moonlight to examine it more closely. Eustacie saw that he was very tall and fair, dressed in a common frieze coat and breeches, with a colored handkerchief round his neck, and his pale gold hair loosely tied back from his face. He looked up from the pistol in his hand, and said sharply:

"Where did you come by this?"

"Well, it is not precisely my own," said Eustacie. "It——"

"I know that. Who gave it to you?"

(To be Continued)

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Now is the Time to Prepare Your
CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS
*and*
CHRISTMAS CAKES

THEY WILL THEN BE NICELY MATURED FOR CHRISTMAS

*Try these recipes.*

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

| | |
|---|---|
| 6 oz. flour. | 6 oz. brown sugar. |
| 6 oz. breadcrumbs. | ½ lb. mixed peel. |
| 8 oz. suet (beef). | ¼ packet spice. |
| 8 oz. sultanas. | 1 teaspoon salt. |
| 8 oz. currants. | ½ teaspoon cinnamon. |
| 8 oz. raisins. | Grated rind and juice of 1 lemon. |
| 2 oz. almonds. | 1 grated carrot. |
| 6 eggs. | |

Shred suet and rub it into the flour, add breadcrumbs and fruits properly prepared and cleaned. Add spice, sugar, grated lemon rind and grated carrot. Beat eggs and pour into dry ingredients, add lemon juice, and mix well. Cook in floured cloth or greased basin for 4 hours. Lift out, hang in a cool place until required (will keep for 6 weeks). Then boil another 2 hours and serve hot with sauce.

CHRISTMAS CAKE

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 lb. flour. | 1 lb. butter. |
| ½ lb. ground rice. | 1 lb. brown sugar. |
| 1 teaspoon baking powder. | 1 lb. sultanas. |
| 1 teaspoon cinnamon. | 1 lb. currants. |
| 1 packet spice (mixed). | 1 lb. raisins. |
| 2 tablespoons caramel. | ½ lb. candied peel. |
| 8 eggs. | ¼ lb. almonds. |

Sift flour, baking powder, ground rice, cinnamon, spice. Cream butter and sugar; when thoroughly creamed add eggs, one at a time, and beat them in well; add fruit and flour alternately until all is used, and colour with caramel. Put into cake tin lined with paper, and bake 4 or 5 hours in a moderate oven (375 deg.).

CURRANTS, SULTANAS, and RAISINS can be used in many Delicious Christmas Dainties.

*The Dried Fruits in your cookies are full of Health-giving [illegible] properties.*

The above recipes are taken from THE NEW SUNSHINE COOKERY BOOK [illegible] contains over 100 Tested Recipes, and is obtainable FREE

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The postage on this Coupon, if forwarded in an UNSEALED envelope, is ONE PENNY.
Please send me a FREE Cookery Book.
NAME (Mrs. or Miss)........................ (Block Letters)
ADDRESS........................................
W.W.

Of course all the credit should go to Mother. She keeps me comfortable and sees that my nappies don't chafe me. How? Oh simply. She washes my nappies, in fact all my clothes, in LUX. LUX keeps them soft, fluffy and unshrunken and contains no soda to make them hard and irritating.

WON'T IRRITATE A BABY'S TENDER SKIN

LUX

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Use Steelo . . . it scours them bright and smooth with less rubbing than ever. Ideal for aluminium, for all kitchenware and for baths, basins, sinks. A packet lasts five weeks.

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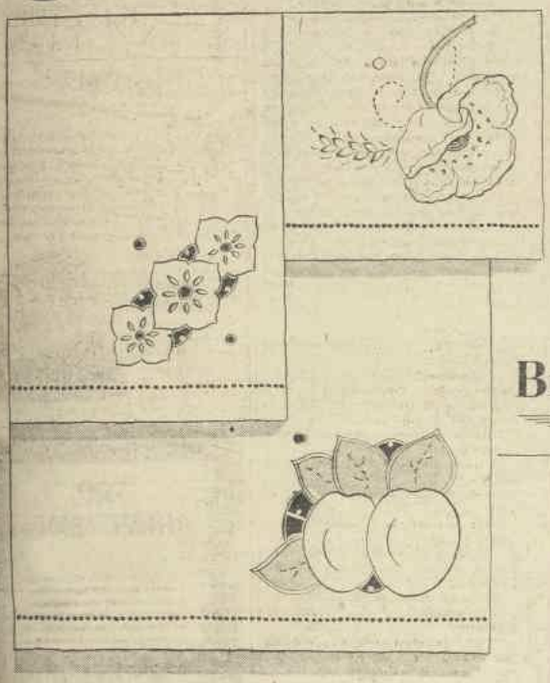
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
# HOME MAKER
December 12, 1936. The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY . . . Homemaker Section


## For that Last-minute Rush . . . .
# SWIFTLY-WORKED GIFTS



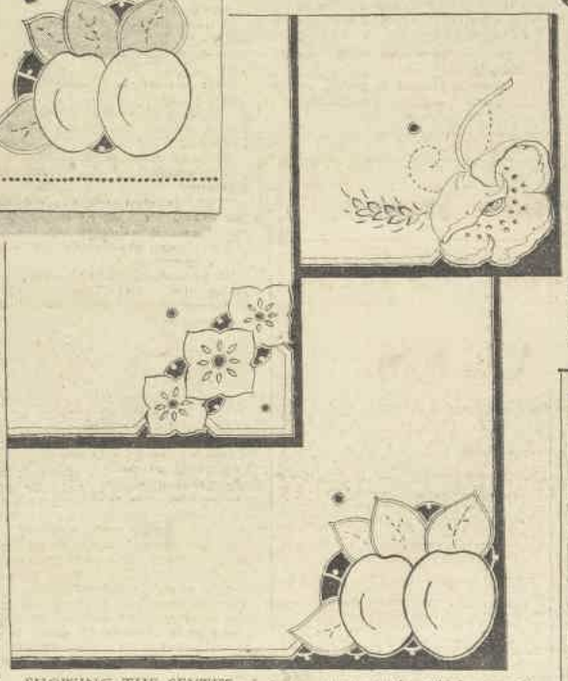
### Six dainty guest towels decorated with exquisite corner motifs. Make your choice now from these fascinating designs

You can obtain the towels, ready traced for working, in colored linen huckaback, Cesarine, or ordinary white huckaback, with hemmed or spoke-stitched edges or cut-out corners.

*Designed by . . .*

**BERTHA MAXWELL**

*YOUR FRIEND would be delighted with one of these dainty guest towels, especially if prettily boxed and tied with ribbon. You can work the fascinating corner motif in no time.*



*SHOWING THE SEXTET of pretty guest towels, which you can obtain in colored linen huckaback, Cesarine, or ordinary white huckaback, ready stamped for working.*

SO many readers have written and asked for "just one more towel set" that our gift series has been extended to the charming little trio or sextet of towels shown here.

There is only a week or two before the final posting day for Christmas, and no doubt your lists of gifts are still incomplete.

To order half a dozen of these sweet little pieces of house linen and have them posted to your home is much easier than that last hectic search through crowded shops.

All the designs are on one corner only of the towels, which means there is very little work to do.

## Quickly Worked

IF you are packing your bag for a holiday or a journey, you cannot do better than include a few of these towels for whiling away the hours on hot afternoons or even when travelling. They are quickly worked, and so simple that there is no thinking to expend on them, while the cottons we use to-day are a joy to handle.

**You will notice that there are three designs in these towels, but they are offered in two quite different forms, so that you have a choice of six towels in all.**

You may have them traced for quick outline or applique on towels which are hemmed and hemstitched, or spoked for crochet; or you may have them traced to form their own edge in cutwork style, with the opposite end hemmed neatly, so that there is only one end to work.

You also have a choice of six colors of linen huckaback, four colors of Cesarine, and snowy-white huckaback; so there should be, in this set, towels to please everyone.

**High-grade linen huckaback towels traced in white, cream, pastel-pink, blue, green, or yellow, size 15 x 24 inches. Spoke-stitched for crochet or with cut-out edge, the price is 2/3.**

**With narrow hemstitched hems the price is 2/6.**

**Cesarine and white huckaback towels, traced with design, size 15 x 24 inches. Spoke-stitched for crochet or with cut-out edge the price is 1/6. With narrow hemstitched hems the price is 1/9.**

The hemmed towels will give the quickest results, for then you have only to outline the designs or patch them with tiny bits of applique hemmed into position.

Next in rapidity come the towels with spoked edges for crochet: a little extra time is needed to make your little hooked edge, or you may whip on a coarse, narrow lace.

The ones with worked edges take a little longer still, as there is a line of buttonholed edging at one end and a small hem at the other end. This type of towel is lovely in the thick cream linen huckaback, worked in realistic shades or ecru thread.

## The Poppy

IF you live in the wheat districts, you will love this poppy corner, with its single red flower and one ear of grain. All red or pink shades may be used for the flower, with a green centre and black stamens; green stem; and golden grain, with the ornamental scroll just touched in with the same gold. Outlining or buttonholing, with plenty of knots and dots, will express this corner nicely.

Conventional these — the kind of form loved by the clever stitcher who rejoices in handling beautiful cottons. Purple, mauve or blue will suit the flowers, with gold centres, and small cut pieces bounded by green buttonholing; the cut shapes may be solidly filled with green dots if an open effect is not wanted on the hemmed or spoked towels.

## The Plums

GOLD, purple, or deep red would be charming on the fruits, with deep green for the leaves and cut pieces. Fruit designs may be worked in deep natural shades, or pale tones which produce a sweet pastel effect resembling the hand-painted damask we have seen of recent years. This fruit corner is also excellent in ecru thread on cream linen.

Pack your gifts in tissue paper of pretty shades, and fasten them with holly-berry gummed paper. These tin, trifles cost only a few pence, and give your presents a very cheering effect of care and thought for your friends.

Even the loveliest gift loses something of its charm if it arrives unattractively boxed or rolled up in any old way. It is the givers who derive the greatest pleasure from Christmas but the receivers notice everything.

"QUICK" Enamel flows on easily, levels itself complete and comdries quickly with a full, rich gloss that wears at economical like porcelain. Also made in Stain, Silver and

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*Sherwin-Williams Company (Aust.)*
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"I . . . tired? Never!"

"Not as long as I have '4711' to keep me in trim. It's the ideal refresher for sports and home — cooling, fragrant, invigorating, too!"

'4711' Bath Soap

First-class cleansing power, rich lather and lingering fragrance.

'4711' Bath Salts

To soften and perfume the water. Stimulating and refreshing.

'4711' Eau de Cologne Cream Soap

A superfatted toilet soap, mild and lasting, delicately scented.

No. 4711. Genuine Eau de Cologne

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To

The

623

XMAS ATTRACTION

STATE

MARKET STREET

Fred Astaire · Ginger Rogers

IN

WING TIME

OWS THE FLEET & TOPS TOP HAT!


# NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS.

Conducted by EVE GYE

THIS DASHING SPORTS JUMPER with its unusual nautical design is simplicity itself to make, as the material is supplied stamped with pattern lines for cutting out.

## SO ATTRACTIVE . . .
## *a New Sports Jumper*

**You can make it in no time without a pattern.**

THIS splendid new idea in blouse-making has just been launched for the special purpose of simplifying the work for the home dressmaker.

Instead of buying the materials and paper patterns for cutting out, you buy the material printed with the pattern instead.

**All you have to do is to cut along the traced lines, fit, and sew up.**

The jumper pictured above is a particularly attractive example of this new idea. It is printed with a most dashing design—little scarlet yachts dotted over a white ground.

Even the scarlet banding round the neck is also printed on the material, while the dainty bias binding tie at the neck gives a youthful finish.

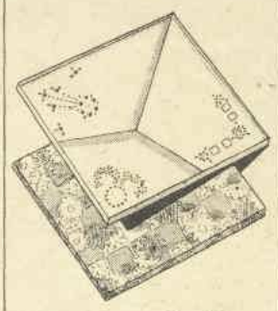
You can also obtain the yacht in navy, saxe, black, brown, or green, printed on heavy-quality white flat crepe.

Although designed for sports wear, these jumpers are smart enough to be worn for all sorts of occasions from a morning in town shopping, having lunch, to an afternoon at bridge, while for general holiday wear at Christmas and in the New Year they would be just the thing.

These "Just-Sew" jumpers are exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly, so you may be sure of having something entirely original.

You can order now from our Needlework Department. The price is 8/6 for sizes 32, 34, and 36-inch bust.

This includes the material completely printed with design and lines for cutting-out, together with full directions for sewing-up. When ordering, state size required.



*THESE dainty handkerchiefs are simple and quick to embroider.*

## *Embroidered Handkerchiefs*

**Gifts that are tiny but most acceptable.**

HANDKERCHIEFS always make the most acceptable gifts, but when personally embroidered they are appreciated all the more.

The handkerchiefs shown here are made of all-linen in white, lemon, green, and blue, and all finished with an attractive design in one corner for working.

They are neatly boxed, too, while the designs are quick and simple to embroider.

The price for three handkerchiefs in a box is 1/6 plus 3d. for postage.

For colored lawn handkerchiefs in pink, blue, lemon, and salmon, also with traced design in one corner, ready for working and packed in a charming box, the price is 1/- for three, plus 3d. postage.

The handkerchiefs are available now from our Needlework Department.

**APPLICATION DATE FOR MAMMOTH WONDER BOOK**

Arrival of the Mammoth Wonder Books has been delayed. Readers are requested to wait until next Monday, December 14, before applying in person. Mail applications should be sent immediately, and the books will be posted out first thing Monday morning.

HERE ARE TOKENS CG28 and WB4.

| CG | WB |
|---|---|
| 28 | 4 |


MISS SUPER SHEEN Jnr.

FAST COLORS WIN!

Have YOU an Eye for Color?

You buy a thread because it 'blends in' exactly with your material. Buy it then, because it is COLOR FAST, because stitches must wash and clean without fading. Buy Coats' Super Sheen—strong and dependable and every shade fast. Full quantity on the convenient, more practical spool, and moderately priced.

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ISSUED BY J. & P. COATS LTD.

MY LUCKY ACCIDENT

*"Quite by accident I recently made a wonderful discovery. It happened like this. For years I have suffered from sleeplessness. Hour after hour I used to lie awake, tossing from side to side. Sleep just wouldn't come. Then one day after a tooth extraction, my dentist gave me two Esterin Tablets. I went home, and to my amazement, enjoyed a perfect night's rest. Even after an unnerving tooth extraction, my nerves were steadied. I was soon sound asleep.*

This is typical of the letters we are constantly receiving from users of Nyal Esterin. Sleeplessness is usually the outcome of nervous unrest, pain, or mental disturbance—troubles which can be traced back to a disturbed condition of the nerve centres. Esterin brings restful sleep quickly, because it acts directly on these nerve centres. It contains a newly developed ingredient, Esterin Compound, which calms the nerves and soothes away pain. Your chemist sells and recommends Nyal Esterin. 1/3d. tin.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

*Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Esterin to the Nyal Company, 411DD, Glebe Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.*

NAME

ADDRESS W.W.12.12.36


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# THREE CHARMING *Treatments for Window* SEATS

## NO Spot in a Room can be so Intimately Inviting in Summer Time as the Artistically Furnished Alcove or "Bay" Window . . .

BAY windows, an architectural feature of the majority of older homes, should not be looked upon simply as old-fashioned appendages. They can—and should be—lifted out of the shadows of neglect and made the highlights of your summertime rooms.

*By Our . . .*
**HOME DECORATOR**

Many of our modernly-constructed homes feature rooms with spacious landscape-windowed alcoves, designed primarily to entrap light and sunshine. And how decorative are their treatments!

STRANGE as it may seem, I have seen window-seats used for many purposes other than that for which they were originally intended. I have seen them decorated with a potted palm or aspidistra, a bowl of flowers, player-piano rolls, ornaments and souvenirs, a lonesome cushion, hidden by easy chairs—and just plainly deserted.

Contrast such treatment with any one of three delightful alcoves illustrated on this page.

*A SUBTLE invitation to rest . . . the pale apple green of the plump cushions and flowing curtains combines charmingly with oatmeal walls and beige carpet.*

*A picturesque arrangement for an alcove. Brilliant floral linen makes the curtains and upholstery and the daintiest white marquisette the curtains.*

*SYMPHONY OF SPRING. An attractive scheme for window seat decoration, with a fleeting glimpse of old-world charm. Vivid chintz is ideal for the seat and side draperies, and misty marquisette curtains add the final touch of chic. You will note that, unlike the other two illustrated, the seat features a "straight" front.*

How do they compare?

Take first of all the charming arrangement showing in the illustration at the top right of this page. Luxuriously comfortable, and particularly inviting, isn't it?

You would, on entering this room, feel drawn to this spot. The sunshine filtering through the Venetians, the plump, wide cushions covering the seat, the bolster-like cushions offering untold comfort for shoulders and back, spell a happy invitation to rest and relaxation.

In this room, the color scheme for window drapes and upholstery is a soft apple-green, soothing to the eye, restful, which harmonises beautifully with the oatmeal-colored walls and the all-over pile carpet which is carried out in a deep beige. Pale green pots which you see on the long, squat table hold red flowering begonias and are decorated in Chinese lacquer-red.

Note the box-pleated flounce which effectively harmonises with the pleated drapes at the windows.

Another cool color for warmer climes is blue. I saw a most attractively furnished lounge the other day featuring gradations of this color, running from the palest pastel blue to indigo. This treatment gave an illusion of space, which would have to be seen to be fully appreciated.

### Linen and Flowers

IN the central illustration you see a direct contrast in window and window-seat treatment. Here, hand-blocked linen is used in conjunction with white, filmy, befrilled marquisette curtains. Exotic flowers in rainbow hues and trailing leaves ramble entrancingly over the chosen fabric, their colors repeated again in the huge bowl of gladioli you see at the right. The sun diffused through the white Venetians makes pools of light and shadow on the highly-polished floor. The walls, too, are ivory-white.

You will note that this window-seat is semi-circular and the flounce at the foot, unlike those of the other two illustrated, is sectionalised. To those whose fancy runs to pattern and riotous colors this treatment will make instant appeal.

A similar treatment in pattern and color is shown in the bottom picture. But, instead of the seat running in line with the architectural planning of the alcove, as in the case of the two above, it features a straight front. This half-moon effect can be easily attained by the home carpenter, and is particularly attractive to the eye.

Observe in this arrangement the pagoda-like pelmet fashioned in the predominating color of the chintz used for window-seat upholstery and drapes. Lavish, too, the filmy curtains at the windows, which almost touch the be-cushioned seat. Notice, too, the Venetians which curb sun and glare so easily and so smartly when called upon.

Your attention is also drawn to the fact that floors, chair covering and walls are devoid of pattern. It would ruin the whole effect if any one of these three ran riot in this manner.—E.E.G.


The Protection you want

at Lowest Price...

MODESS

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Price throughout Western Australia, 1 3.

You should use Modess. Thousands of women are using it regularly — will have no other, because they know that Modess is the finest Sanitary Napkin made. It is softer — more comfortable. It is safer — more absorbent, surgically clean. It is completely disposable, and inconspicuous always.

Yet, with all its advantages, Modess is economical. The lowest priced quality Sanitary Napkin made.

Buy Modess, for complete and comfortable protection at economical price.

● Product of Johnson & Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, etc.


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# CLEVER IDEAS

**FRESH CHEESE:** To prevent cheese from becoming dry and hard, soak a piece of butter muslin in vinegar, then squeeze out and wrap it round the cheese, and it will keep deliciously fresh.

**TO CLEAN STOVES:** When next cleaning your stove add a pinch of soda mixed with methylated spirit to the blacklead, and use when the stove is cold. You will be amazed with the result, and the stove will only need doing once a fortnight.

**FISH BONES:** At some time or other you have all had a fish bone stuck in your throat, and wondered frantically what you could do about it. Here are two sure cures—a raw egg, swallowed without beating, will remove the bone immediately, or suck a lemon, the juice of which will dissolve the bone.

**TAR STAINS:** Those horrid tar stains are so annoying, but they are easily removed if you dab the spots as soon as possible with a pad soaked in ether, and place a piece of blotting-paper under the material. If the garment happens to be made of artificial silk, never use ether, but rub the stain with lard, leaving on for half an hour before you wash the material.

*"Listen—you're my twin and best pal—but it'll be a cold day when I go travelling with you again! Cry — boo-hoo . . . all the way home! I know what you need, though—watch me unpack our suitcase and get it!"*

*"Now stop your whimpering! I know you're chafed and cranky — I don't feel any too comfortable myself. I AM hurrying, aren't I? I'll find it if I have to dig a hole to China!"*

*"There you are! Now will you take back what you said about me? Sprinkle yourself with that soft, downy Johnson's Baby Powder and smile for a change. And then give some to Sister!"*

Johnson's Baby Powder keeps baby's skin soft and satin-smooth. It prevents chafes and rashes.

Johnson's BABY powder

"Best for Baby - Best for you"

A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek Toothbrush, Modess, Etc.


# FOR *Young* WIVES and MOTHERS

## *Preventing Prickly Heat*

By MARY TRUBY KING

**"It cannot be too strongly impressed on the mother that whatever touches an infant's skin should be fine, soft, and non-irritating," writes Sir Truby King.**

***Especially in the summer months, mothers should take care to provide clothing and bed-coverings which will minimise the risk of their babies developing the very irritating rash known as prickly heat.***

A BABY suffering from this rash is restless, cross, and frequently "off its food." The irritation interferes with sleep, and baby may lose weight.

The main cause of prickly heat is over-dressing baby in hot weather. The condition is aggravated if woollen garments are placed next the skin.

**No baby should wear pure wool or flannel next the skin.**

The best material for baby's singlet is an open, porous, soft cotton material.

Two and three-quarter yards of cellular cotton material 27 inches wide make four singlets or "shirts." Cellular cotton does not shrink when boiled. It is cheap, lasting, and very soft to the touch.

### Common Complaint

FOR cooler days a silk-and-wool or "baby wool" hand-knitted vest may be worn OVER the cellular cotton singlet, but on hot summer days there is no need for this.

As prickly heat is the commonest skin trouble from which babies suffer, most mothers will recognise it quickly.

The rash consists of "multitudes of tiny red specks about the size of pin-heads."

**It appears as a rule on the face and forehead, the neck and back, and front of the chest.** Baby is continually scratching his skin, as it becomes intensely irritable.

It is as well to encase the blankets of baby's cradle in soft muslin covers —in the same way as one encases pillows in pillow-slips—so that their roughness will not come in contact with baby's chin, face, and neck.

The covers may be taken off and boiled up frequently. Make the sheets for baby's bed from cellular cotton.

**Be careful that baby is not overfed, as this will add to the trouble.** Frequent drinks of warm boiled water should be offered between meals when baby happens to be awake.

While making sure that the number of baby's garments and bed-coverings is reduced on hot days, be on the watch for sudden changes in the weather and cold winds, as baby must be guarded from chills.

The best treatment for a sufferer from prickly heat is cool sponging with a solution made by adding one level tablespoon of baking soda (soda bicarb.) to a gallon of water. This is most soothing to the hot, irritated skin.

After the sponging, dust baby's body over with a good boracic dusting powder, procured from your chemist. **Be careful to dust off the surplus powder from the folds of baby's body so that there may be no caking of powder on the skin.**

After baby has his daily bath, dry his skin by gentle, dabbing movements with a soft towel, and sprinkle the soothing powder on lightly.

If you cannot go to a chemist's, use finely-powdered starch in place of the boracic dusting powder.

Select the coolest room in the house for baby's cradle, and make sure he has plenty of fresh air.

### Daily Outing

IF it is hotter outdoors than indoors, keep baby inside until the cool of the evening. After baby is six months of age he should have a little outing every day, either in his pram or being carried.

In summer, after 6 p.m. is the best time for this, and baby will thoroughly enjoy his hour or so in the cool night air.

Sea-bathing is very soothing to sufferers from prickly heat. Buy or make the bathing-suit from cotton material—not woollen—for the sun beating down on a woollen bathing-suit will cause the rash to become inflamed.

Baby should be prevented from scratching the rash. Make little hand-bags, tying at the wrists, out of butter-muslin.

This is preferable to pinning his arms down so that he cannot move them. Keep his nails short.

If this is not done, and baby continues to scratch himself, he may cause a septic condition which will be difficult to clear up.

With older children, eating too much or taking iced drinks may bring about an attack of prickly heat. The toddler may have his body rubbed over with soft paraffin, as a preventive, after the morning bath.

The outer garments, as well as those next the skin, should be of some non-irritating material, such as silk or cotton.

### "Good" Babies Should Be Noticed

***CHILDREN will do anything to gain attention. They would rather be hurt than ignored. Since attention is the greatest prize parents can bestow on baby, they should give him this when he has behaved well.***

***Most parents do exactly the reverse. When he is "good" very little notice is taken, but when he is "naughty" a tremendous fuss is made.***


"I LIKE MY IVORY CASTLES *and they're ever so strong*"

No wonder she is proud of her Ivory Castles—they're strong and white . . . and it's no trouble keeping them like that. Night and morning the Gibbs Fairies make war on Giant Decay—they drive him off, then they polish the castles till they're glistening white. It's grand fun looking after Ivory Castles—make an exciting game of it!

GLEAMING WHITE TEETH WITH GIBBS

Bring up the natural polish of your teeth —use Gibbs Dentifrice twice daily. Its refreshing antiseptic foam sweeps away every particle of food from tiny crevices —removes every sign of film . . . and protects the delicate enamel of the teeth.

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES Defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

in the handy wasteless tin

For dental plates use GIBBS DENTURE TABLETS 1/6 at all Chemists.

At all Chemists and Stores, small tins 1/-, large tins 1/6, large refills 1/3.

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# THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

BY EVELYN

# When You Go DOWN to the SEA

**Don't overcook yourself, fair maid, in a hurried, futile effort to acquire bronze loveliness.**

*SUN-WORSHIPPERS! Old King Sol is quite willing to give you, too, both health and beauty, providing you accept his gifts with a little caution. Much help in this direction is given in the article on this page.*

SUN and salt water are rated as the finest beauty tonics—if taken in common-sense doses. But over-exposure to the sun's rays on a hot, blazing day can only result in agonising blisters, red and inflamed eyes, and, definitely, spoilt looks . . . So be warned, you sun-lovers, who are looking forward so eagerly to days on the beach during this the festive season.

NOW, listen to me, girls: You have, during the past few weeks, been slightly envious of the smooth, honey-brown skins of others; you make a mental resolve to come back to the office, shop, or your home, after the holidays, looking as devastatingly lovely.

But, remember, these girls have spent hours upon hours—days—of the two or three months just past in acquiring this fashionable honey-brown loveliness. All you will do in two or three days, more especially if the weather is hot and westerlies rage, is to cook yourself to beetroot – like hideousness.

So pause a moment and heed what I have to say:

Your best plan is to make a start on this sunbathing now—before the holidays arrive. And here is the way to tone up nerves and brain, increase the life-giving red corpuscles in your blood, and get that bronzy look going:

The sun rises very early these mornings, doesn't it? Well, what about getting up ten minutes earlier than usual (if you're a business girl), or allowing yourself ten minutes for a sunbath during the morning—if you're of the so-called leisured class!

Select a sunny, sheltered spot, slip into your bathers and expose your legs and arms for ten minutes only—and after smearing olive oil over them—to this vitalising morning sunshine.

In three days' time, oil your back as well as your arms and legs, and bask for ten minutes each day. In six days' time, smear olive oil on face, neck, and chest (as well as back, arms, and legs) and sun yourself for ten minutes. Gradually increase to an hour or so.

Then when you go down to the sea you will not come home flaunting a raw, reddened, and so soon a blistering skin and peeling nose.

I have mentioned here the use of olive oil in preference to coconut oil, which is so generally used. The use of the latter turns the skin a deeper brown than the olive oil. Not as becoming.

You perhaps are wondering why oil is at all used. I'll tell you . . .

The natural oils of the body must be reinforced by oils put on from the outside if you wish to sunbake, otherwise the skin dries up, becomes leathery, and wrinkles.

Oil not only eliminates the possibility of a violent sun scorching of the skin, but keeps it supple the while it acquires its even coat of fascinating bronze.

## Hard on the Eyes

DON'T dream of going down to the sea without a pair of dark glasses in your kit. Apart from blazing sun, the glare of water and sand plays havoc with them. Not only will you return after the day (or days) with red and inflamed eyes, but you will more than likely acquire a small crop of fine wrinkles, a puckered forehead, and definite frown lines.

If you do forget glasses, do not, on any account, fail to place pads of cotton-wool, soaked in witch hazel (or in some such soothing lotion), over them, on your return.

In order to do this properly, lie down in a darkened room for at least ten minutes with the pads over your eyes.

If, on the other hand, you do not wish to acquire this coveted tan or lobster-red when you go to the beach, you need more than sunshade or shady hat and sun-glasses for facial protection.

## Outwitting Sun

YOUR best plan is to take a bottle of calomine lotion and dab it on generously, especially on the nose, since this feature usually manages to catch more of the sun—and with disastrous consequences.

Calamine lotion looks like a heavy powder on the skin, and many object to its use on this account. However, if you want sun, salt air, surfing, and a fair complexion, you must put up with something for the time being.

Before you go into the surf, however, you can save your skin much by rubbing into your face a protecting cream—any cold cream or reliable emollient will serve.

A simple and very good home-made recipe which will keep your skin soft and pliant can be made as follows:

Slice half a cucumber (don't peel it) into a small saucepan and add a small cup of milk, and simmer for an hour. When cool, press out the juice, strain, and to this add an equal quantity of almond oil and glycerine and rose-water. You can buy glycerine and rose-water ready mixed. Bottle, and shake well before using.

And here is a tip in the interests of hair beauty. If you should get it wet, wash at the first opportunity, for salt water bleaches, makes it sticky, harsh and brittle, and very difficult to deal with.

## BEAUTY COMPACTS

EYE exercises are simple and more beneficial than all the compacts and lotions in the world. By stimulating the blood supply and toning up the muscles, they give lustre and brilliancy to the eyes. At odd moments, focus the eyes on a large object, then keeping the head perfectly still, run over the outline with your eyes. Reading, done properly, is one of the finest exercises. Blink every few seconds and save undue strain.

o o o

DO not forget to include almond oil in your cabinet of beauty aids. It is one of the finest skin foods and tonics in the world, and a little rubbed well into the face every night, patting it gently round the eyes, will hold wrinkles at bay.

THERE are many times when stained hands perplex and no patent toilet cleansers are at hand. It is then you must turn to the sugar pot; in fact, you could do so with advantage before considering any other cleanser. Sugar can be blended with three things to form the perfect cleanser. You can make a good lather with any sort of soap, then put about two teaspoons of sugar in your palm, and continue washing your hands well with the lather, afterwards rinsing in warm water. You can also use dripping, to which sugar has been added, in the same way, washing afterwards in fairly hot water. Perhaps best of all is lemon, adding sugar in the same way. This is an ideal medium for whitening and softening the hands.


**NOW – your hands don't need to look old!**

*Restoring Natural Moisture renews their Beauty*

NEW

Everything you do — housework, office work, surfing, sunbaking — ages your hands by drying out the natural moisture of the skin. Restore this moisture and watch them grow soft, white, young, alluring again.

Pond's, makers of Pond's famous Cold and Vanishing Creams, have now produced a new special Lotion which restores this youth-giving moisture to the skin. Just rub in this fragrant, creamy liquid and you can almost *see* the lines, cracks and roughnesses disappear!

Use it regularly and you'll be justly proud of your beautiful hands.

Pond's new Lotion is more than just a softener. Based on a scientific formula created expressly to renew skin moisture, it penetrates deep into the tissues and beautifies your hands *from within*. Your skin, your cuticle and even your nails will grow more lovely after using Pond's new Lotion!

Keep a bottle of Pond's Lotion on your dressing table, and one in the bathroom and kitchen. Use it often—after surfing, after washing the hands, before going out. Use it on all skin surfaces—it's cooling and healing after sunburn.

● *Now selling at all stores and chemists — 1/-*


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## Health & Beauty Diets—No. 3

### Hay Diet — Health Menus

THIRD [illegible] health and slimming menus from famous diets. Menus for rapid slimming will appear next week.

FRIDAY

**Breakfast** (alkaline)—One or two glasses of milk and fresh oranges, or an apple, or other acid fruits in season — unsweetened.

**Luncheon** (starch) — Macaroni served with butter. Large salad of green lettuce, radishes, spring onions, and beetroot. Dressing of pure olive oil, sweet or sour cream. Dates or figs with [illegible]. Coffee or tea with cream and sugar.

**Dinner** (protein)—Fish, grilled [illegible] or any kind **fancied**. Cooked vegetables — cabbage, [illegible], parsnips. **Raw fruit or** fruit salad of berries, peaches, pears and apples, with cream. Black coffee without cream or sugar, or tea with lemon.

SATURDAY

**Breakfast** (alkaline) — One or two glasses of milk and fresh oranges, or an apple or a grapefruit, or any other acid fruits in season—unsweetened.

**Luncheon** (protein) — Roast beef served with cabbage, cauliflower, or onions. Lettuce salad with tomatoes. Fruit jelly. Black coffee without cream or sugar, or tea with lemon.

**Dinner** (starch)—Potato soup. Large salad of beans, lettuce, and carrot, radishes or parsnips. Ice-cream, pie, or pudding. Coffee or tea with cream and sugar.

# FOR *The* FESTIVE SEASON!

## Delicious Dishes Which Have Been Awarded Prizes in This Week's Recipe Competition

**Busy preparing for the grand Christmas feast? . . .**

**Well, here are some really luscious dainties in this list of prize-winning recipes which should tempt the appetite of every member of the family.**

YOU, too, can earn extra money for the festive season. Send us your favorite recipe and you may win a prize.

Prizes each week are £1 first prize, and six prizes of 2/6 each.

### MERINGUE CAKE

Cream well 8oz. butter, add 8oz. sifted plain flour, and beat till white.

Separate the whites from the yolks of 4 eggs, and beat the former till stiff, adding then 8oz. castor sugar and beat till frothy.

Add these egg-whites to butter and flour gradually, then stir in 1 tablespoon of flour sifted with 1 teaspoon baking powder. Pour into 2 9-inch well-greased sandwich tins, and bake from 25 to 30 minutes. When cold, join together with cream filling (or any filling preferred).

Make a meringue by beating 3 egg-whites and 6oz. castor sugar (adding only a teaspoon at a time). When stiff pour over the top, and sides of the cake, and bake in a very slow oven till meringue is set and a pale fawn color.

**First Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Hegarty, Canning St., Warwick, Qld.**

### GINGER FRUIT CAKE

**Three cups flour, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup treacle, ½lb. butter, 1 tablespoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, ½ nutmeg (grated), ½lb. raisins, 4oz. blanched and shredded almonds, lemon peel to taste (or candied peel), 3 eggs, 2 small teaspoons of carbonate soda, dissolved in hot water, 1 cup milk.**

Sift all dry ingredients into a basin, melt butter and treacle together. Add to contents of basin and mix well. Add the eggs, well beaten, then cup of milk. Mix thoroughly, dissolve carb. soda in hot water, and add this last. Line a baking dish with 3 layers of paper. Save a few almonds and candied peel to lay on top of cake. Bake in a moderately cool oven 1½ hours.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss B. Campbell, 17 Williams Avenue, Newstead, Adelaide.**

### CHOCOLATE GATEAU

Blend ½lb. grated chocolate or cocoa into a smooth paste with half a cup of boiling water, add ½lb. butter and mix thoroughly over a slow flame, then add ½lb. castor sugar and a teaspoon of vanilla essence. Into two beaten eggs mix carefully a tablespoon of flour and add to the chocolate mixture. Blend well and pour all into a buttered mould. Place in vessel of boiling water and bake slowly for 40 minutes. Serve cold with coffee cream, made as follows:

Bring a pint of milk to boiling point and add 3 egg-yolks beaten to a froth with ½ cup of castor sugar. Flavor with 1 tablespoon of coffee essence and cook quickly, stirring constantly, until the mixture is thick and creamy. Put aside to cool, stirring occasionally until quite cold.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to J. Paynton, Garden St., Hawthorn, E.1, Vic.**

### VIENNESE PASTRY

**Half pound butter, 2 tablespoons icing sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2 level cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, mock cream, icing or jam, crystallised cherries.**

Cream butter, add icing sugar gradually, and beat till dissolved. Stir in sifted flour, cornflour, salt and baking powder. Blend smoothly and put into a forcing bag or biscuit forcer fitted with a rose pipe. Force onto buttered baking trays. Bake slowly till pale brown. Leave on trays till cold. Join together in pairs with mock cream, icing or jam. Decorate each top with a piece of crystallised cherry.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to D. Walsh, Box 66B, P.O., Broken Hill, N.S.W.**

### LOQUAT CHUTNEY

**Six pounds ripe loquats, topped and stoned, 3 pints vinegar, 4lb. white sugar, 1lb seeded raisins, 1 cup sultanas, 3 dessertspoons salt, 2 dessertspoons ground ginger, 1 tablespoon each of spice and cayenne, a few peppercorns and cloves, 2oz. garlic put through mincer with raisins.**

Put loquats in preserving pan; add vinegar, and bring to boil; add sugar and other fruits. Boil 15 minutes; add spice, etc., and boil all together until thick mixture is a rich brown color. About 1½ hours. Bottle and seal.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Douglas, 5 Delmar Parade, Gladesville, N.S.W.**

### SUFFOLK MARYS

**Take 2oz. grated cheese, 2oz. mashed floury potatoes, 2oz. flour, 1 heaped-up teaspoon of baking-powder, season liberally with salt and pepper and ½ teaspoon mustard.**

Bind together with 1 beaten egg; roll out ¼in. thick, using more flour if the mixture breaks; cut into rounds or squares; brush with egg and bake in a quick oven. Split open, insert a large dab of butter and serve hot. This mixture can also be baked round roast mutton or beef and served instead of potatoes.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Bridgeman, 143 Clyde St., Fremantle, W.A.**

### BAKED APPLE RINGS

**Half cup water, small piece cinnamon stick, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ cup castor sugar, 4 tart apples.**

Wipe and core apples. Cut into rings slices. Place in a buttered baking dish. Boil sugar, water, and spices for 5 minutes; add lemon juice and strain over apples. Bake till tender, basting occasionally. If liked, the syrup can be colored with a little carmine or cochineal before strained over the apples. These apple rings are delicious, served with cold pork or ham. Enough for 4 persons.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Coulter, 103 South Street, Fremantle, W.A.**


Solved!

THE WRINKLED ELASTIC PROBLEM

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*Cannot bunch or curl*

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*Evalastic*
PERMANENT
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# Let's Make the CHRISTMAS CAKE

## New recipes with cooking times and directions for icing and decorating

***If you haven't a favorite recipe for the traditional Christmas cake that has been in your family since your grandmother's day—or if you are tired of your old recipes and would like to try something new—then here are some splendid new ones for you.***

**Of course, half the fun and excitement of Christmas is in the good things to eat—cakes, pies, puddings, sweetmeats and so on.**

By RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

IT is fun, too, to try your hand at making all kinds of festive fare and then feeling that righteous and satisfactory pride when your efforts are pronounced excellent and your family asks for more.

All rich cakes improve with keeping, like plum puddings, so the wise housewife will make them in good time, and not wait until the rush of the holiday season has set in.

Recipes for Christmas cakes are legion, and although every household has its own favorite one passed down, probably from one generation to another, it is always interesting to try something different.

### MAKING AND ICING CHRISTMAS CAKE

Christmas cakes should be made at least two weeks before using. If a larger cake is required, use double the quantities given here.

**Preparation of Tins:** Line with two thicknesses of brown paper and one thickness of white. It is not necessary to grease the paper as there is sufficient grease in the cake-mixture to prevent it from sticking.

**Oven for Christmas Cake:** Remove the browning shelf or thick slide; place rack shelf about the centre of the oven.

Light the gas. Heat the oven (tap turned on full), from 12 to 15 minutes, according to the size of oven. Place cake on rack shelf. Turn the gas very low. There is sufficient heat in the oven for rising and browning the cake, and the gas there will keep the oven at the right temperature, allowing it to cook slowly the required time.

### CORRECT TINS TO USE AND TIME FOR COOKING

Quarter pound mixture, in 6-inch round tin, takes 1¼ hours; ½lb. mixture, in 6-inch square tin, takes 1½ hours; ¾lb. mixture, in 8-inch round tin, takes 2¼ hours; ¾lb. mixture, in 7-inch square tin, takes 2½ hours; 1lb. mixture, in 11-inch round tin, takes 4¼ hours; 1lb. mixture, in 10-inch square tin, takes 3¾ hours.

### CHRISTMAS CAKE

**Half-pound butter, ½lb sugar, 4 eggs, 3 tablespoons sherry, ½lb. seeded raisins, ½lb. currants, ½lb. sultanas, 2oz. peel, 2oz. blanched almonds, 10oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 dessertspoon caramel or Parisian essence, 1 teaspoon spice.**

Cream the butter and sugar. Add the well-beaten eggs gradually, then the sherry. Then add the well-sifted flour, carbonate of soda, and spice, with the well-prepared fruit. Add the caramel. Turn into prepared tin and place in a hot oven; turn the gas down very low and allow to cook slowly from 2½ to 3 hours.

To test the cake, place a skewer through the thickest part, and if it comes out quite free from cake-mixture the cake is cooked. Remove from the oven and allow to remain in the tin until cold or ready for icing.

If to be iced, remove the paper and stand upside down on a round of cardboard, cutting a slice off the top of the cake to make it stand evenly. Cover with almond paste and leave till next day. Pour warm icing (or thin royal icing) evenly over and stand till well set and firm. Then decorate with royal icing, using a forcing pipe and bag.

*CHRISTMAS TEA is a thrilling time for the children when the Christmas cake, the sweetmeats, crackers, and other good things make it the most exciting party of the year.*

*RIGHT: For a successful cake, measure all ingredients exactly and have them ready before starting to mix.*

*REMOVE PAPER FROM baked cake and allow to cool before icing.*

### ALMOND PASTE

**Half-pound ground almonds, yolks 2 eggs, ½lb. icing sugar, 2 tablespoons sherry, few drops lemon juice.**

Sift the icing sugar, add the ground almonds, mix well. Beat the yolks, add lemon and sherry. Then add to the dry ingredients, making into a dry dough. Turn on to a pastry-board well sprinkled with icing sugar. Reserve one-third of this paste for the top of the cake, the rest will be used for the sides. If for a round cake, cut the paste to be used on the sides into three strips the height of the cake; if for a square cake, cut into four strips. Brush the strips with unbeaten white of egg, as this helps the paste to adhere to the cake. Smooth over with icing sugar to remove marks of the joins. Then cover the top of the cake with almond paste. Two or three days should elapse before proceeding with the icing.

If the cake is to be used within two weeks, the next coat of icing may be warm icing, but if it is required to stand for a longer time it is advisable to substitute a thin royal icing, using 6oz. instead of 8oz. icing sugar in the recipe given.

### WARM ICING

**Half pound icing sugar, 2 tablespoons liquid, essence.**

Sift the sugar, add the liquid gradually, and, when thick and well mixed, stir over the gas till lukewarm. Pour over the cake immediately. The liquid may be milk water, fruit juice, sherry. If required pink, a few drops of carmine may be added.

As soon as the warm icing is set the cake may be decorated with royal icing.

### ROYAL ICING (for Piping)

**Eight ounces icing sugar, few drops lemon juice, 1 egg-white.**

Sift the icing sugar well, add gradually to the white of egg, beating well. Add the lemon juice, beat until free from lumps and smooth. To whiten the icing, a drop of blue water may be added. Use this icing for decorating, using a forcing bag and pipe.

### QUICKLY MADE MINCE MEAT (To be used at once)

**Two ounces currants, sultanas and raisins, 2 apples, 4oz. brown sugar, rind and juice 1 lemon, 1oz. peel, 1 tablespoon sherry.**

Peel and core apples, cut into dice, clean fruit with flour and cut up. Mix fruit, sugar, rind and juice of lemon, and sherry well together. Mix with apple very well. Allow to stand at least 1 hour before using.

### MINCE MEAT (To Keep)

**Half pound suet, ½lb. seeded raisins, ½lb. apples, ½lb. currants, ½lb. peel, ½lb. sugar, grated rind and juice 1 lemon, 3 tablespoons brandy, 3 tablespoons sherry.**

Skin and flake the suet without flour. Peel, core and chop the apples. Clean the fruit and chop up. Mix all the ingredients well together, add the brandy and sherry. Mix well. Pack into jars and cover tightly. Leave for 2 or 3 weeks.

### FRUIT CAKE

**Three-quarter pound butter, ½lb. sugar, 7 eggs, 4 tablespoons milk, 1½lb. mixed fruit, 13oz. plain flour, 3oz. self-raising flour, almonds.**

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs, then milk, lastly sifted flours and prepared fruit. Pour into well-greased round cake tin. Cover top with blanched almonds. Bake in moderate oven 2 hours. Turn carefully onto cake cooler. Ice when cold if liked. The fruits used can be raisins, currants and sultanas either mixed or used separately, with ginger, peel and nuts.

### LUNCHEON CAKE

**One pound plain flour, ½lb. sugar, ½lb. butter, ½lb. currants, ½lb. sultanas, ½lb. peel, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 teasoon spice, 1 cup milk, 4 eggs.**

Sift the flour, spice and carb. soda well. Rub in the butter till it resembles breadcrumbs, then add the fruits and peel. Beat the eggs well, add the milk, then add to dry ingredients—mix well. Place in a prepared round cake tin and bake in a moderate oven from 1½ to 2 hours. When cooked remove from the tin and place on a cake cooler.

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# Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

## Smart New Styles to Wear for the Festive Season

*Patterns Now Available!*

**PLEASE NOTE:**

**TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern enclose 3d. in stamps.**

**SMART FROCK**

WW1392.—One of the really lovely afternoon modes. Has double contrast belt. Bust sizes 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4¼ yards, and 3-8-yard two contrasting colors, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**DRESSY**

WW1393.—A most distinctive and becoming frock for afternoon occasions. Full sleeves in conjunction with skirt are particularly interesting. Bust sizes 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust, 4¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**VERY CHIC**

WW1394.—A gay little style, very smart, and at the same time girlish and becoming. Pleated frilling is very sweet. Bust sizes 32 to 36 inches. Material required, 36 inches wide: 4½ yards, and 1¼ yards pleating. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**CHILD'S FROCK**

WW1395.—Tasteful design for little girls aged 3 to 8 years. The square collar and puff sleeves are very dainty. Material required, 36 inches wide: 1¾ yards to 2¼ yards. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

**SUMMER SUIT**

WW1396.—Ideal summer costume, smart and tailored with big, cool, organdie sleeves. Note wide lapels. Bust sizes 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide and 1 yard for sleeves. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**TUNIC AND BLOUSE**

WW1397.—A complete change from the plain frock or suit, and youthfully becoming. Blouse especially is sweet, and you can have many changes. Bust sizes 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 1-8 yards and 2 yards for blouse, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**SHORTS AND BLOUSE**

WW1396.—Attractive little beach or sports outfit. Blouse is sleeveless with unique shoulder treatment. Bust sizes 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust, shorts, 1¼ yards, blouse 1 yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

### OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

**PYJAMA SUITS, Price 3d.**

**Cut in sizes, 32, 34, 36 inches.**

These three pyjama suits may be cut from this week's three-in-one concession pattern.

To obtain, fill in coupon at left, send as directed to our offices, enclosing 3d. in stamps for each separate pattern in each separate size.

FOR our special three-in-one concession pattern, material required, 36 inches wide.

For No. 1, 4 yards.

For No. 2, 3¼ yards and ½-yard contrast.

For No. 3, 3¾ yards.

**Send now for your pattern. See coupon.**

### *Concession Pattern Coupon*

**This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it with a 3d. stamp enclosed, clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A further charge of threepence will be made for Concession Patterns over one month old. Note: The following Australian Women's Weekly box numbers should be used when sending for all patterns.**

**ADELAIDE.—Box 558A, G.P.O.**
**BRISBANE.—Box 409F, G.P.O.**
**MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.**
**NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.**
**PERTH.—Box 4916, G.P.O.**
**SYDNEY.—Box 1299YY, G.P.O.**
**TASMANIA.—C/o Andrew Mather & Co. Pty., Ltd., 109-113 Liverpool Street, Hobart.**

**Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.**

**PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.**

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

Size .....

Pattern Coupon, 12/12/'36

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*Give them more room —they're worth it!*

*PAUPERS of the garden they are oft-times called, the brave, colorful nasturtiums that bloom in the poorest soil, that never fail to break into prolific bloom despite neglect and dry weather conditions. But they deserve far more popularity than they enjoy at the hands of most gardeners.*

*Here, on your right, you glimpse a charming picture—a fair young Australian gathering the lovely Golden Gleam variety from a corner of her garden. These, set amidst their own cool, green leaves, bring to colorful life the dullest rooms.*

★

# SPILLING *Glowing Color* *Over* YOUR GARDEN!

***NASTURTIUMS are charming and vivid, they bloom for a long time, and are ever so easy to grow . . . . plant some now!***

***—Says the Old Gardener***

**In every garden, small or large, some corner can be found for the riotous nasturtium to bloom.**

***These attractive and sturdy old favorites can be guaranteed to bring charm and color to the garden and can be featured almost anywhere so long as they receive plenty of sun, for they will not flower to perfection when grown in the shade.***

**Plant them where they can ramble and frolic with utter abandon—covering ugly banks, old stumps, fences or rocks.**

THERE are many different varieties, so be sure to select the type most suited to the position you have chosen. The climbing varieties can be trained to cover any object, while the more compact dwarf nasturtiums are ideal for window-boxes, pots or tubs.

Those of you who love plenty of warm, glowing color in your gardens should certainly favor some species of the charming nasturtium. In fact they deserve far more popularity than they enjoy at present.

## For Indoor Charm

THEY are invaluable, too, for interior decoration; the dwarf varieties, especially, when planted in attractive pots make delightful centre pieces.

And for window-boxes this flower is unsurpassed—choose plants which will tumble over the sides of the box and hang in trails of massed flowers. And remember the more flowers you pick the greater the profusion of blooms, and the longer the flowering period.

The colors are glorious, ranging from deep cream to rich maroon, and by a careful selection of seeds they can be grown in separate colors to tone with the decoration of almost any room.

Nasturtiums will grow in almost any soil, from the light sandy to the heavy clay type, but, of course, the rich and well-worked soil will give the best results, so if the soil is light and poor, use plenty of humus—old manure, grass, bush scrapings, straw, vegetable and flower tops, seaweed, in fact anything that will help to build up the fertility of the soil, making it rich in organic matter and better able to carry on through drought conditions.

When growing the plants in pots, tubs or boxes, use good, loamy soil and fill the pots or whatever you may be using, but first see that they have plenty of holes in the bottom, to ensure good drainage. No plant can be healthy if the soil is insufficiently drained. Then plant your seeds, but do not try to pack them too close together, and if they are of the runner type, allow plenty of room for them to spread.

Plants are obtainable in single, double and semi-double types, and also dwarfs, climbers and semi-dwarf.

## Try These Varieties

THE single climbing varieties are the most popular and they include the Sunlight, a clear golden yellow; Butterfly, sunflower yellow, delicately spotted with salmon pink; Queen Hybrids in a bewildering variety of mixed colors, and quaint variegated foliage; Regalianum, an unusual purple violet; Moonlight is a really lovely variety, slightly crinkled and of a pale straw shade. Lobbs climbing varieties, in many glorious colors are splendid for hanging baskets.

> ***Grow This Aster!***
>
> **"HEART OF FRANCE" is the attractive name given to a beautiful rich, red aster. It grows to a height of two feet or so, and flowers profusely. The blooms are medium in size, and are splendid for cutting purposes. If you can't get seeds locally, send to The Australian Women's Weekly Seed Department. Cost per packet, 1/-, 1/6, and 2/6, plus 2d. postage. Sow seeds now!**

For that verandah sun-room, there is nothing so charming as nasturtiums growing to add a touch of color.

The ivy-leafed variety has unique foliage and splendid flowers. The dwarf doubles and semi-doubles are in striking and unusual colors, and of these the Golden Gleam, with its golden-yellow blooms, is the most popular.

Another new variety which is finding favor this season is the Golden Globe, which is a deep, golden yellow.

Dwarf Golden Gem is another splendid type, and is obtainable in shades of cream, yellow, crimson, cerise, orange and salmon.

Gleam Hybrid features many interesting colors, which when massed together blend beautifully.

## Novel Dwarf Singles

THE dwarf single varieties can also be had in splendid colors, either separate or mixed. Tom Thumb is a popular mixed variety; Vesuvius, a salmon rose; King of Tom Thumb, scarlet; King Theodore, a particularly dark bloom; Pearl, pure white; Prince Henry, yellow spotted, and so we could go on naming many more fascinating types, all obtainable at the Australian Women's Weekly Seed Department.

Sow the seeds where you want them to grow, and so do away with transplanting, and the dwarf varieties make splendid borders for the garden, flowering for a long time, and by constant cutting can be kept compact and neat.

If you are in doubt as to what variety would be most suited to your district, just send in your order, and let us select them.

# ...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

**.. BY A DOCTOR ..**

# *To Avoid Stomach Ulcers, Heed Warning Symptoms*

**PATIENT: What are the symptoms of stomach ulcers? Are they apparent during the early stages of the complaint?**

MANY persons believe they have stomach ulcers when they have not, while others may have an ulcer or be in serious danger of developing one, yet not suspect what is really going on.

Too much acid—the so-called "hyperchlorhydria"—is a common beginning stage of stomach ulcer. Tense, high-strung, hard-working people are subject to an excess of acid.

Although stomach ulcer seems to be more common in women, ulcer of the duodenum—the beginning of the large intestine which joins with the stomach—is more frequent in men.

**An ulcer is an abrasion, a rubbing off, as it were, of a small part of the lining of the stomach or intestine. It is usually quite small, and usually only one ulcer exists.**

Ulcers may go on for years and years without their presence being discovered. This neglect is usually the patient's fault. In other words, the patient pays no attention to the symptoms which should warn him that he needs treatment.

## Constant Pain

INDIGESTION symptoms that persist call for further scientific inquiry.

**Many individuals who are finally diagnosed as having ulcer give a history of taking soda bicarbonate for months and years before.**

This does not mean, of course, that if you suffer digestive distress before or after eating you have an ulcer or are going to develop one.

Repeated nausea and vomiting may be the signs of ulcer. Haemorrhage is always a danger sign.

People who are bleeding from the stomach often become anaemic and pale. Pain is an almost constant symptom.

It may be a burning pain or a gnawing sensation, present when the stomach is empty and relieved by taking food.

**Often the pain comes in spasms, and only when food is eaten. Sometimes this pain occurs a half hour or longer after meals.**

Loss of weight which cannot be overcome is also a suspicious sign, when in conjunction with one or more of the other symptoms.

Medical treatment can cure some ulcers. In other cases operation is necessary. If you have any of the indications of possible ulcer which I have outlined, you had better consult your doctor.

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## Conquer Loneliness with Self-esteem

***PATIENT: I am very unhappy and lonely because people do not understand me. What can I do to master my fits of despondency?***

BEING alone and feeling lonely are two different things. Indeed, loneliness is suffering, while being alone may be quite refreshing.

With many persons loneliness is a real problem, in fact, a vital problem. It is also a problem that cannot be so easily solved as one might imagine.

To feel out of it, to feel misunderstood to feel you are disliked, to feel you are not wanted—these and similar states can undermine many an otherwise virile personality.

**Nervous breakdowns may result from loneliness. Depression and all sorts of morbid mental states may follow in its wake.**

It is a pity that modern life, with all its sagacity, has never invented an ever-ready and never-failing remedy for loneliness.

We all want to be alone—secluded by ourselves—sometimes! It is good to be alone. It gives you time to think. It is refreshing to mind and body alike. But how vastly different that is from loneliness that makes you feel as if your heart would break!

Nevertheless, if you suffer from loneliness you have the power within you to master it! The weapons with which to conquer loneliness consist in drawing upon your ego, your self-esteem and your self-respect.

**Therefore, fight loneliness with self! Consider yourself as good as the other fellow!**

## Difficult Task

THIS will restore your self-confidence, and whenever that's re-established your loneliness will disappear! Your mind will immediately seek to divert itself, to busy itself.

The task of conquering the feeling of loneliness, however, is not an easy one. One must stick to it. One must not become dismayed.

Especially difficult to conquer is the lonely feeling that may grip one in a large city, or even when at home in the bosom of the family, or when among friends.

Often people feel lonely when others are around. What they experience, really, is the sensation of not belonging, somehow; of being out of it—all, of course, feelings of self-deprecation and self-pity, as mentioned above.

If you are in the habit of feeling lonely, fight it to a finish; for loneliness can destroy happiness and efficiency as effectively as an organic disease, and it may even, eventually, lead to some form of functional nervous disorder.

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8 DEC 1936

# A MASTER of Deception

By . . .

RICHARD MARSH

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# A MASTER OF DECEPTION

## *By* RICHARD MARSH

WHEN Rodney Elmore was eleven years old, placards appeared on the walls announcing that a circus was coming to Uffham. Rodney asked his mother if he might go to it. Mrs. Elmore, for what appeared to her to be sufficient reasons, said "No." Three days before the circus was to come he went with his mother to Mrs. Bray's house, a little way out of Uffham, to tea. The two ladies having feminine mysteries to discuss, he was told to go into the garden to play. As he went he passed a little room, the door of which was open. Peeping in, as curious children will, something on a corner of the mantelpiece caught his eye. Going closer to see what it was, he discovered that there were two half-crowns, one on top of the other. The desire to go to the circus, which had never left him, gathered sudden force. Here were the means of going. Whipping the two coins into the pocket of his knickerbockers, he ran from the room and into the garden.

During the remainder of the afternoon the half-crowns were a burden to him. Not because he was weighed down by a sense of guilt; but because he feared that their absence would be discovered; that they would be taken from him; that he would be left poor indeed. He kept down at the far end of the garden, considering if it would not be wiser to conceal them in some spot from which he would be able to retrieve them at the proper time. But Mrs. Bray's was at what to him was a great distance from his own home; he might not be able to get there again before the eventful day. When the maid came to fetch him in, the coins were still in his pocket; they were still there when he left the house with his mother.

On the eventful day his mother had to go to London. Before she went she told Rodney that she had given the servant money to take him to the circus. This was rather a blow to the boy, since he found himself possessed of money which, for its intended purpose, was useless.

Later he went to a public school. During the third term he went with the school bicycle club for a spin. The master in charge had a spill. As he fell, some coins dropped out of his pocket. Rodney, who was the only one behind him, saw a yellow coin roll into a rut at the side of the road. Alighting, he pressed his foot on it, so that it was covered with earth. Then, calling to the others, who, unconscious of what had happened, were pedalling away in front, he gave first aid to the injured. The master had fallen heavily on his side. He had sprained something which made it difficult for him to move. A vehicle was fetched, which bore him back to school, recovery having first been made of the coins which had been dropped. It was only later he discovered that a sovereign was missing. The following day a search-party went out to look for it, of which Rodney Elmore was a member. They found nothing. As they were starting back Rodney perceived that his saddle had worked loose. He stayed behind to tighten it. When he spurted after the others the sovereign was in his pocket. Mr. Griffiths was reputed to be poor. It was Elmore who suggested that a subscription should be started to reimburse him for his loss. When Mr. Griffiths heard of the suggestion —while he laughingly declined to avail himself of the boy's generosity—he took Elmore's hand in a friendly grip. Then he asked the lad if he would oblige him by going on an errand to the village. While he was on the errand Rodney changed the sovereign, which he would have found it difficult to do in the school.

At the end of the summer term in his last year Elmore was invited by a schoolboy friend named Austin to spend a part of the holidays with him in a wherry on the Broads. Mrs. Elmore told him that she would pay his fare and give him besides a small specified sum which she said would be sufficient for necessary expenses. Her idea on that latter point were not those of her son. Rodney's notions on such subjects were always liberal. Good at books and games, he was one of the most popular boys in the school. Among other things, he was captain of cricket. At the last match of the season he played even unusually well, carrying his bat through the innings with nearly two hundred runs to his credit, having given one of the finest displays of hard hitting and good placing the school had ever seen. He was the hero of the day; owing to his efforts his side had won. Flushed with victory, with the plaudits of his admirers still ringing in his ears, he strolled along a corridor, cricket-bag in hand. He passed a room, the door of which was open. A room with an open door was apt to have a fatal fascination for Rodney Elmore; if opportunity offered, he could seldom refrain from peeping in. He peeped in then. On a table was a canvas bag, tied with a string. He recognised it as the bag which contained the tuck-shop takings. Since the tuck-shop had had a busy day, the probability was that the bag held quite a considerable sum. He had been wondering where the money was coming from to enable him to cut a becoming figure during his visit to Austin. Stepping quickly into the room, he emptied the canvas bag into his cricket-bag; then, going out again as quickly as he had entered, he continued his progress.

HE was on his way to one of the masters named Rumsey, who edited the school magazine, his object being to hand him a corrected proof of certain matter which was to appear in the forthcoming issue. He took the proof out of his cricket-bag, which he opened in the master's presence. Having stayed to have a chat, he returned with Mr. Rumsey along the corridor. As they went they saw one of the school pages come hurriedly out of the room in which, as Rodney was aware, there was an empty canvas bag. Mr. Rumsey commented on the speed at which the youth was travelling.

"Isn't that young Wheeler? He seems in a hurry. I wish he would always move as fast."

"Perhaps he's tearing off on an errand for Mr. Taylor."

As he said this Rodney carelessly swung his cricket-bag, being well aware that the coins within were so mixed up with his sweater, pads, gloves, and other accessories that they were not likely to make their presence audible. At the end of the corridor they encountered Mr. Taylor himself. Mark Taylor was fourth form master and manager of the tuck-shop. Nodding, he went quickly on. Mr. Rumsey was going one way, Rodney the other. They lingered at the corner to exchange a few parting words. Suddenly Mr. Taylor's voice came towards them down the corridor.

"Rumsey! Elmore! Who's been in my room?"

"Been in your room?" echoed Mr. Rumsey. "How should I know?" Then added, as if it were the result of a second thought: "We just saw Wheeler come out."

"WHEELER?" In his turn Mr. Taylor played the part of echo. "He just came rushing past me; I wondered what his haste meant. You saw him come out of my room? Then—— But he can't have done a thing like that!"

"Like what? Anything wrong?"

"There seems to be something very much wrong. Do you mind coming here?"

Retracing their steps, Mr. Rumsey and Elmore joined the agitated Mr. Taylor in his room. He made clear to them the cause of his agitation.

"You see this bag? It contained to-day's tuck-shop takings—more than ten pounds. I left it, with the money tied up in it, on the table here while I went to Perrin to fetch a memorandum I'd forgotten. Now that I've returned, I find the bag lying on my table empty and the money apparently gone. That's what's wrong, and the question is, who has been in my room since I left it?"

"As I told you, Elmore and I just saw Wheeler making his exit rather as if he were pressed for time."

"And I myself just met him scurrying along, and wondered what the haste was about; he's not, as a general rule, the fastest of the pages. The boy has a bad record; there was that story about Burge minor and his journey money, and there have been other tales. If he was in my room——"

"Perhaps he was sent on an errand to you."

"I doubt it, from the way he was running when I met him. And, so far from stopping when he saw me, if anything, he went faster than ever. It looks very much as if——"

He stopped, leaving the sentence ominously unfinished.

"Master Wheeler may be a young rip, but surely he wouldn't do a thing like that."

This was Rodney, who notoriously never

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spoke ill of anyone. Mr. Taylor touched on his well-known propensity.

"That's all very well, Elmore; but you'd try to find an excuse for a man who snatched the coat off your back. This is a very serious matter; ten pounds are ten pounds. The best thing is for you to bring Wheeler here, and we'll have it out with him at once."

Rodney started off to fetch the page. It was some little time before he returned. When he did he was without his cricket-bag, and gripped the obviously unwilling page tightly by the shoulder. That the lad's mind was very far from being at ease Mr. Taylor's questions quickly made plain.

"Wheeler, Mr. Rumsey and Mr. Elmore just saw you coming out of my room. What were you doing here?"

Wheeler, looking everywhere but at his questioner, hesitated; then stammered out a lame reply.

"I—I was looking for you, sir."

"For me? What did you want with me? Why did you not say you wanted me when you met me just now?"

"Wheeler could not explain; he was tongue-tied. Mr. Taylor went on:

"When I went I left this bag on the table full of money. As you were the only person who entered the room during my absence, I want you to tell me how the bag came to be empty when I returned?"

"The bag was empty when I came in here," blurted out Wheeler. "I particularly noticed."

To that tale he stuck—that the bag was empty when he entered the room. His was a lame story. It seemed clear that he had gone into the room with intentions which were not all that they might have been—possibly meaning to pilfer from the bag, which he knew was there. The discovery that the bag was empty had come upon him with a shock; he had fled. As was not altogether unnatural, his story was not believed.

Rodney Elmore had an excellent time upon the Broads, towards which the tuck-shop takings, in a measure, contributed.

When he was twenty, Rodney Elmore entered an uncle's office in St. Paul's Churchyard. Soon after he was twenty-one his mother died. On her death-bed she showed an anxiety for his future which, under other circumstances, he would have found almost amusing.

"Rodney," she implored him, "my son, my dear, dear boy, promise me that you will keep honest; that, under no pressure of circumstances, you will stray one hair's breadth from the path of honesty."

"Mother darling," he told her, "I promise that I'll keep as straight as a man can keep. I'll never do anything for which you could be ashamed of me. Have you ever been ashamed of me?"

"No, dear, never. You've always been the best, cleverest, truest, most affectionate son a woman could have. Never once have you given me a moment's anxiety."

It was with some such words on her lips that she died, yet, even as she uttered them, he had a feeling that there was a look in her eyes which suggested both fear and doubt. In the midst of his heart-broken grief the fact that there should have been such a look struck him as good.

MRS. Elmore's income died with her. She had sunk her money in an annuity because, as she had explained to Rodney, that enabled her to give him a much better education than she could have done had they been constrained to live on the interest produced by her slender capital. But her son was not left penniless. She had bought him an annuity, to commence when he was twenty-one, of thirty shillings a week, to be paid weekly, and had tied it up in such a way that he could neither forestall it nor use it as a security on which to borrow money. As clerk to his uncle he received two hundred and fifty pounds a year. Feeling that he could no longer reside in Uffham, he sold the house, which was his mother's freehold, and its contents, the sale producing quite a comfortable sum. So, on the whole, he was not so badly off as some young men.

On the contra side he had expensive tastes, practically in every direction. Among other things, he had a partiality for feminine society, mostly of the reputable sort; but a young man is apt to find the society of even a nice girl an expensive luxury. For instance, Mary Carmichael had a voice. Her fond parents, who lived in the country, suffered her to live in town while she was taking singing lessons. Tom Austin, although still an undergraduate at Oxford, made no secret of his feelings for the maiden, a fact which did not prevent Mary going out now and then with Rodney Elmore to dinner at a restaurant, and, afterwards, to a theatre.

Then, although Miss Carmichael might not have been aware of it, there were others. Among them Stella Austin, who had reasons of her own for believing that Mr. Elmore would give the world to make her his wife, being only kept from avowing his feelings by the fact that he was, to all intents and purposes, a pauper. Since she was the possessor of three or four hundred a year of her own, with the prospect of much more, she tried more than once to hint that, since she would not mind setting up housekeeping on quite a small income, there was no reason why they should wait an indefinite period, till Rodney was a millionaire.

THE young gentleman was living at the rate of at least five or six hundred a year on an income of three hundred and thirty odd. Of course, he owed money; but he did not like owing money. It was against his principles. He never borrowed if he could help it, and he objected to being at the mercy of a tradesman. He preferred to get the money somehow, and pay; and, somehow, he got it. Very curious methods that "somehow" sometimes covered. He was fond of cards; liked to play for all sorts of stakes; and, on the whole, he won.

In very many ways Rodney Elmore obtained sufficient money to enable him to keep his credit at a surprisingly high standard. Everyone spoke well of him; he was a general favorite. Nor was it strange; he looked a likeable fellow—indeed, ninety-nine people out of a hundred liked him at first sight.

To this, so far as he knew, there was only one exception, and as time went on this exception surprised him more and more. There was only one person who he felt sure, disliked him, and why he disliked him was beyond his comprehension. This person was the uncle in whose office he was a clerk—Graham Patterson. Mr. Patterson was Mrs. Elmore's brother. Rodney quite understood that his uncle had not offered him the position he held, but had only received him at his mother's particular request.

He had already been more than two years in his uncle's employment, and was meditating leaving it at a very early date, when one afternoon, Mr. Patterson being out, he heard an unknown feminine voice speaking in the outer office, and unexpectedly, the door of his own den was opened, and someone entered—a girl. Slipping the papers he was assiduously studying into his desk with lightning-like rapidity, he rose to greet her.

"Are you Rodney Elmore?" He smilingly owned that he was. "Then you're my cousin. How are you?"

His cousin? He did not know that he had such a relative in the world. She held out her hand. Almost before he knew it he had it in his; whether willingly or not, she left it in his quite an appreciable space of time. He admitted his ignorance.

"I didn't know I had such a delightful thing as a cousin."

"Isn't that queer? I didn't till the other day. I'm Gladys Patterson; your uncle's my father."

FOR once in his life Rodney was taken by surprise. His researches into his uncle's affairs had been confined to their commercial side. He knew practically nothing of his private life. He had never heard it spoken of, and had asked no questions. He had a vague idea that his uncle was a bachelor.

"If you're my cousin, oughtn't I to kiss you?"

Her eyes lit up. Her lips parted, showing her beautiful teeth; if they were a little large, they were very white and even.

"As I've had no experience of cousins, how can I say?"

"I shouldn't like you to feel that I'm beginning by evading what, for aught either of us can tell, might be my duty."

Stooping, he kissed her on the mouth. Though it was little more than a butterfly's kiss, her lips seemed to meet his with a gentle pressure which he found agreeable.

"You are a cousin!" she exclaimed.

"I'm glad you are," he replied.

"Didn't you really know you had a cousin?" He shook his head. "Nor I; isn't it queer? I only found it out the other day by the merest accident; in some respects dad is the most secretive person. I've been abroad for the last five years. How old do you think I am?"

There was a frankness, a friendliness about this cousin which amused him. In that sense she could not have been more unlike her sire.

"Twenty-two."

"I'm twenty-five—isn't it awful? How old are you?"

"I regret to say that I am only twenty-three. I'm afraid you'll regard me as only a kid."

"Shall I? I don't think I shall. You don't look as if you were 'only a kid.' I've been what papa calls 'finishing my education.' Fancy! At my time of life! If my mother had been living I shouldn't have stood it; but, as you know, she died when I was only a tiny tot; and I knew dad—so I lay, comparatively, low. I've been living here, there, and everywhere with the queerest duennas, though they really have been dears; and now and then I have had a good time, though I've had some frightfully dull ones. But at last I have struck. You know we've got a house in Russell Square?" Again he shook his head. "What do you know?"

"So far as you are concerned—nothing. I know that I'm clerk to my uncle, and that's all."

"Well, we have got a house in Russell Square. It's been shut up all these years—papa's been living in rooms. But I've made him refurbish it, and he's made it really

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nice—when he does undertake to do a thing he does it well—and I'm installed in it as mistress. Of course, I know Russell Square's out of the way, but they are good houses, and, if I can only manage dad, I'm going to have a real good time."

"Did he tell you about me?"

"Not he. Don't I tell you that I only discovered your existence by the merest accident? Do you remember a boy named Henderson who was at school with you?"

"Alfred Henderson—very well; we moved together from form to form."

"I know his sister Cissie; we were at school together, years ago, and she knows you. She told me the other day that you were in your uncle's office in St. Paul's Churchyard, and that his name was Graham Patterson, and was he any relation of mine. I nearly had a fit. When dad came home I bombarded him with questions —— What have you done to offend him?"

"Nothing of which I'm conscious. Ever since I've been in the office I've been aware that he dislikes me, though I assure you that I've done my best to please him and give him no cause of complaint."

"Well, he does not like you, and that's a fact. He as good as forbade me to make your acquaintance; but, as he wouldn't give any reasons, I decided to find out for myself what sort of person you were, and—then be guided by circumstances. There is dad. Now you see how I manage him."

A heavy step and a loud voice were heard without; then the door was thrown back upon its hinges.

"Gladys! What does this mean?"

"I've come to see my cousin, dad, as I told you I should do."

"Come into my room."

"Directly, dad. I want Rodney to come and dine with us to-night."

Her father perceptibly winced at his daughter's use of the Christian name.

"To-night? Impossible! I'm engaged."

"Are you? Then in that case he can come and keep me company while you are out. We ought to have heaps of things to say to each other. Do you mind?"

The question was put to Elmore. Mr. Patterson glared.

"GLADYS, I want you to come with me to the theatre to-night."

"My dear dad, this is the first time I've heard of it—and, if you don't mind, I'd much rather not. One can go to the theatre any night, but one can't discover that one has a cousin, and meet him for the first time, every day. I'd much rather Rodney would come to dine. Won't you?"

Again the question was put to Elmore.

"I'd be very glad to come—with Mr. Patterson's permission."

"You hear, dad? He'll come, with your permission. Nothing would please you more than that he should come, would it?"

The father looked into the daughter's eyes, seeming to see something in them which kept him from uttering words which were at the tip of his tongue. He spoke gruffly.

"Perhaps he has an engagement."

"Have you?"

"Not any."

"And if you had, you'd throw it over to dine with us, wouldn't you?"

"I certainly would."

"You see, papa, what a compliment he pays you. Come, since it seems that he doesn't regard my invitation as sufficient, will you please ask him to dine with us to-night?"

Again the father eyed his daughter. The observant youth, as he glanced from one to the other, was struck by the unmistakeable evidence that this young woman was her father's child. He did not doubt that she had more than a touch of the paternal temper. He saw that Mr. Patterson, fearful of an exhibition of it then and there, as the lesser of two evils, yielded, not gracefully.

"He can come if he likes."

"Thank you, papa. You haven't a very pretty way—has he?—but as my invitation couldn't possibly be warmer, I'm sure you'll regard dad's endorsement as more than sufficient. So you will come?"

"I shall be only too delighted."

"Now, then, Gladys, come to my room. I want to speak to you."

"Coming, dad. Remember, Rodney, our address is 90 Russell Square, and we dine at eight; but if you come any time after half-past seven you'll find me ready. You can't think how dad and I will look forward to your coming."

THAT was a curious dinner party. Elmore quite expected that when he had rid himself of his daughter his uncle would come and tell him that he was not to regard the invitation as having been seriously intended, and that he was not to present himself in Russell Square.

Conversation was almost entirely confined to the two younger members of the party, the initiative being taken by Gladys, Elmore acting as a sort of chorus. The meal was of the solid, plentiful, well-cooked order, which one felt would appeal to the host. Beyond replying shortly to an occasional inquiry addressed to him by his daughter, Mr. Patterson's whole attention was given to his food and wine.

Rodney Elmore never went again to the house in Russell Square as his uncle's guest, but he went there more than once as his daughter's, and that sometimes at hours and under circumstances which were, to say the least, unconventional. More frequently their meetings were not in the neighborhood of Bloomsbury. Mr. Patterson had a fondness for week-ending, without informing his daughter with whom he spent his time or where. It was not strange if, during such absences, his daughter did her best to avoid being too much alone. More than one such Sunday she and Rodney spent together from quite an early hour to quite a late one. Before long they were on terms which certainly could not have been more intimate had they been an engaged couple. But they were not; on that point they supposed that they understood each other thoroughly.

Elmore's position in the office was not improved by the incident of his having been a guest in Russell Square. Though his uncle never spoke to him upon the subject—nor, indeed, if he could help it, on any other—his nephew's acute perception realised that he had not grown to like him any more. As time went on a doubt began to grow up within him as to whether his uncle had not some inkling of the relations which existed between him and his daughter. That his doubt was well founded he was ultimately to learn. One morning, soon after his uncle's arrival, a request came to him to go to him at once in his room. When he went in he was struck, not by any means for the first time, by certain points about his uncle's appearance. He felt convinced that his relative's was not, from the insurance point of view, a good life.

"I trust, sir, that nothing disagreeable has happened."

Yet some seconds passed before his uncle spoke.

When he did it was with a hard sort of ferocity which his listener felt accorded well with the singularity of his appearance.

"You took my daughter to the Palace Theatre last night."

Rodney wondered from whom he had learned the fact, being convinced that it was not from his daughter. However, since he could scarcely ask, he tried another line, one which he was conscious went close to the verge of insolence.

"I hope, sir, that the Palace is not a theatre to which you object. Just now it has one of the best entertainments in London."

Only in a very narrow sense could his uncle's response be regarded as a reply to his words.

"You're an infernal young scoundrel!"

Rodney did not attempt to feign resentment he did not feel.

"I don't think, sir, you are entitled to use such language to me on such slight grounds."

"Don't you? You—you—beauty!"

Obviously Mr. Patterson had substituted a different word for the one he had intended to use. Taking a slip of paper out of the drawer of the writing-table at which he was seated, he held it out towards Rodney.

"You see that?"

"I do, sir."

"You know what it is?"

"It appears to be a cheque."

"You know what cheque it is."

"If you will allow me to examine it more closely I shall perhaps be able to say."

"You can examine it as closely as you please so long as it is in my hands. I wouldn't trust it in your hands for a good deal."

"Why do you say that?"

"You impudent young blackguard!"

"And why that, sir?"

"I say it, you brazen young hypocrite because that cheque happens to be a forgery, and you are the man who forged it."

"SIR! I know that you are used to allow yourself a large licence in the way of language, but this time although you are my uncle, you go too far."

"I intend to go much farther before I've done—and don't you throw the fact that I'm your uncle in my face, the most decent men have blackguards for relatives. This cheque was originally made out for eight pounds. I told you to ask young Metcalf to get cash for it. Between this room and Metcalf's desk you altered it to eighty pounds. It was easily done—especially by an expert like you. He brought you eighty pounds; you gave me eight, and kept seventy-two. You were aware that Metcalf was leaving the office that day to join his brother in Canada; you calculated that probably before the thing was discovered he would be on the high seas, and that therefore, since everyone knew how much he was in want of cash, I should lay the guilt at his door—you dirty cur! But I didn't, never for one instant; the instant I saw the cheque I recognised your hand."

"You recognised my hand? What do you mean by that, sir?"

Mr. Patterson took something else out of his writing-table drawer, which, this time he handed to his nephew.

"Look at that."

It was an early portrait—the photograph of a man in the early prime of life.

"Don't you think it might be yours?"

Rodney felt that, allowing for the

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changes made by a few superimposed years, the resemblance to himself was striking, so striking that it was startling. The eyes looked at him out of the portrait with an expression which he recognised as so like his own that it bewildered him.

"That's the portrait of your father. You don't remember him?"

"Not at all."

"I knew him all his life. You are so like what he was at your age that more than once when I have looked at you I have an uncomfortable feeling that he had come back again to haunt me. Never was son more like his father, in all things."

RODNEY winced, scarcely knowing why. His uncle went on.

"Your mother never spoke to you of him?"

"Never."

"She had what she supposed to be sufficient reasons for her reticence; she wished to hide from you, if possible, the knowledge of what manner of man your father was, thinking that the knowledge of the heritage of shame which he had left behind might drive you to walk in his footsteps. I was of a different opinion.

Mr. Patterson paused, keeping his eyes fixed on the young man in front of him. There was a quality in his gaze which made Rodney conscious of a sense of discomfort to which he had been hitherto a stranger.

"You are so like your father that you even have his Christian name. Rodney Elmore the first was one of those creatures who sometimes come into the world, who could not run straight if they tried—and they never try. He was one of Nature's thieves; a born scamp; a lifelong blackguard. Your mother was my only sister; the only relative I had. I did not understand him so well before she married him as I did afterwards, but I understood him well enough to have kept her from marrying him if I could.

Again Mr. Patterson paused, and his nephew, on his side, kept still. It seemed to him that his uncle's voice was the voice of doom; he was aware of a sensation of actual physical pain as he listened, as if sentence had not only been pronounced, but punishment also begun.

"When your mother came and begged me to take you into my office I asked her point-blank if you were not your father's son. She denied it. I believed then that she lied; now I know it. I have no doubt that she had detected you over and over again in acts which recalled your father."

Rodney wondered if that really was the case. She had never hinted anything of the sort to him. He understood now why, with her dying breath, she had entreated him to be honest.

"So soon as you came into this office I knew that I had been right, and that you were every inch your father's son. You had not been in the place a month before you began to play your little tricks. I do not flatter myself that I found you out in all of them, but I did in a good many. I said nothing, but I made a note of each, and have the complete record in a certain volume which will possibly be produced one day in a court of assize. Then there came the incident of the cheque—the eight pounds which you turned into eighty."

Again Mr. Patterson paused. Leaning back in his chair, he smiled. Rodney told himself that he resembled an ogre who was enjoying, in anticipation, the meal he proposed to make of him.

"Then my daughter came on the scene. There, again, you were at fault, because it so happens that I understand my daughter almost as well as you do. She may think herself romantic, but she isn't—there's no more romance about her than there is about me. She's seen little of men, especially young men, and I quite appreciate the fact that you're just the sort of young man at whose head she would fling herself—with a little delicate encouragement from you. But she won't, don't you make any mistake, my lad. You can make any excuse to her you like—I'm sure you're a whale at excuses; if you ever speak to her again, even to tell her that you're not to speak; if you ever write to her; if you ever hold any communication with her whatever, you'll pass into the hands of the police, and I'll tell her your story and your father's. Now we understand each other. I have my morning letters to attend to, but I thought I'd better have this little explanation with you first. Now you can go; take my advice—if you can—steal no more. If you keep along the same path you'll find at the end what your father found, he was no more anxious to find it than you are—suicide."

His uncle's words were in Rodney's ears for days afterwards.

He was most awkwardly placed as regards his cousin; he had engagements with her which he was aware she would resent his breaking; and her father had even forbidden him to explain. He contrived that a communication should reach his cousin to the effect that her father had forbidden him to meet her, on pain of instant dismissal, and that, to save her from the paternal anger, he had promised that he would not even write to her.

Then he went to his uncle in his room at the office, and telling him, what was quite true, that Gladys had written asking for an explanation of his sudden cessation of their intimacy, requested him, for everybody's sake, since he had ordered him not to write to her, to inform her himself of the prohibition he had laid upon his nephew. This, grimly enough, Mr. Patterson undertook to do, and doubtless did. And for more than a fortnight Rodney Elmore had quite a dull time. Then a sequence of events came crowding on him so rapidly that within a period of some eight-and-forty hours the whole course of his life was changed.

THE sequence began on a certain Saturday morning. Before he was yet out of his bedroom he was informed that Mr. Austin had called; and, indeed, the words were hardly spoken before Tom showed himself in. Rodney was unfeignedly glad to see him. He had "cut" college for a few days, but had to hurry back by an early train; which explained the matutinal hour he had chosen for a call. He brought news that Stella was in town, staying with some people over Kensington way; and suggested, as he rather thought that Stella found it dullish, that he should look her up, if possible that very afternoon, and take her somewhere. Rodney declared that he would be only too glad to have the chance; he would get away early from the office, and go straight to her, and would let her have a wire at once to let her know that he was coming.

Then, when they adjourned to breakfast, a meal at which the visitor expressed his readiness to assist, Tom volunteered the information that he had been down to see Mary Carmichael, who was staying with an aunt at Hove. She was quite well, was Mary, and, if anything, prettier than ever; and he rather thought that, at last, he had fixed things up with her. As he said this he flushed a red which was not at all the same shade as his hair.

"You know," he observed, "how she's always refused to take me seriously, and what a job I've had to get her to do it, and how she's always ragged me, pretending that I was too young to know my own mind, and all that sort of rot. Well, this time I rather fancy that I've convinced her that I do know *my* own mind; and, what's more, I fancy that I've found out what's in hers, too. Mary as good as told me last night that if I once got the thing the banns could go up inside three months—honestly, she did. Of course, she was only laughing; you know how she does laugh at a fellow; but I believe she meant it, all the same. I say, this ham of yours is top hole; I'll have another whack."

WHILE Tom helped himself to the other "whack," his friend said with a sigh:

"You're a lucky beggar to be able to think of marriage at your time of life."

"Don't I know it? For that I've got the pater to thank; he's been making more piles. All he really wants is that I should settle down; nothing would please him better than to see me married; he'd be almost as glad as I should to have Mary a member of the family. Isn't it queer that while I've liked Mary all her life I've liked her more and more as time went on, until—well, if I do get her I shall have got all I want."

"Then, with all my heart, I hope you get her."

"I've decided hopes, old man—decided. I say, you know, Stella's not a bad sort, although I am her brother."

"Do you think that I don't know it?"

"You're the best pal I have in the world, and—I don't think she objects to you."

"Tom, I know you're the best chum a man ever had, and one day I'm going to prove it. I haven't your happy knack of baring my heart, even to myself; I'm a more secretive kind of brute; but, like you, I have my dreams, and before very long I hope to have good news for you. But now, please, don't say anything more about it."

And Tom said nothing; he changed the subject to Oxford gossip, chattering away light-heartedly while Rodney glanced at the letters which the morning post had brought. Among them was one in a bold, slashing hand, which he knew well.

"90 Russell Square.

"Friday.

"Dear old Boy,—The dad's gone off week-ending without notice, and I never found out what he was going to do till it was too late to get at you, or I would have got; so here am I in this great mausoleum of a house all on my lonesome. To-morrow, early, I've an engagement with Cissie Henderson, but in the evening—and no nonsense, sir!—you'll have to dine me in some quiet place, where there are no prying eyes; and afterwards you can amuse me as you like. No excuse will be accepted; I want to spend to-morrow evening in your society, and I'm going to—and the dad can go hang! So mind you send me a wire directly you get this to let me know where I'm to meet you—at seven, sir!—and don't let there be any mistake about it. Until we do meet.

"Yours, G."

As he read this characteristic note of an up-to-date young woman a chord was touched somewhere in Rodney's being which

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made him conscious of a pleasant little thrill.

When the visitor departed it was understood that Rodney would send a wire on his way to the office to let Stella know at what time she might expect him. Scarcely had Austin left the house than there came a telegram for Elmore. He opened it, supposing it to be from the impatient lady in Russell Square; but he was wrong. The message ran:

"Do come down to-morrow and cheer me up. Aunt is going out. I shall be alone. I have had Tom as companion for three whole days, so am in need of a tonic. Wire train. Be sure and come.

"Mary."

Mary? For a moment he wondered who Mary was? Then he saw that the message had been handed in at a Brighton post-office, and he understood. Mary? Mary was Mary Carmichael. At the thought of her his eyes sparkled and his spirits rose. After a fashion Mary Carmichael was the feminine creature in all the world that he liked best. Not only was she pretty, and dainty, and bright, and smart and clever, but just as Gladys Patterson appealed to him in one direction so Mary Carmichael did in another. Poor old Tom! what a fool he was—and what a little minx was pretty Miss Mary!

On his way to the office Rodney sent three telegrams. One to Stella Austin, at Kensington, to say that he would be with her as near to two o'clock as possible, and that he hoped she would come out with him; one to Gladys Patterson, in Russell Square, asking her to meet him at a restaurant in Jermyn Street at seven sharp; one to Mary Carmichael, at Hove, informing her that he would arrive in Brighton to-morrow morning by the train due at noon.

On the whole, Rodney Elmore spent a pleasant afternoon with Stella Austin. He took her to the Zoological Gardens, which was a place she liked. Beyond doubt she enjoyed herself immensely.

THE way in which she took it for granted that he was as glad to see her as she was to see him appealed to his sympathy so strongly that he was nearly moved to take her in his arms and kiss her there and then. But he refrained. He never had kissed Stella, even in the old days.

He was really glad to see her. It was some time since they had met; he was nearly surprised to find what a jolly girl she was; her smile was unusually tender. As they quitted the monkey-house she spoke of Tom and Mary.

"Did Tom tell you that he has nearly brought that hard-hearted Mary of his to the promising point?"

"He did seem to be sanguine."

"Poor old Tom! I believe if she'd promise quite he'd pass straight off; it's anxiety which causes him to be ploughed. I've written to Mary telling her just what I think, and informing her that she's to keep him no longer suspended between Heaven and earth, but that she's to marry him at once. She's the dearest girl in the world; but she's a goose."

"Because she hesitates?"

"Why should she? Tom will make her the best husband in the world—you know he will."

"Perhaps every girl doesn't want 'the best husband in the world.'"

Suddenly a glimpse he caught of the smile which lighted up her face started him off at a tangent—without waiting for her answer.

"It seems ages since I saw you last; it's awfully nice to see you again—especially as you're looking prettier than ever."

"Do you like this frock that I've got on? You ought to, I had it made specially for you—you are so critical about my clothes."

"Oughtn't a man to be critical about the girl he—he cares for?"

"Do you care for me?"

"You know I do."

"How much?"

"More than I—dare tell you."

"Rodney."

"Stella."

"I hope one day, before very long, you'll find courage enough."

The challenge was a direct one. In such matters he was such a creature of impulse that it set his pulses galloping. They had reached a spot where they had for sole society some queer-looking birds that peered at them through the wires which confined them to their runs.

"STELLA, you mustn't tempt me. If you only knew what I'd give to be able to take you in my arms."

"Rodney, it isn't fair of you to talk like that. You say that sort of thing, and make me feel as if the world were whirling round and round, and then you go no farther."

"You know why I go no farther."

"I don't! I don't!"

As she turned and looked at him he saw how her cheeks were flushed; that tears were in her pretty eyes; how her lips were twisted as by physical pain. He really was so fond of her that the sight of her suffering moved him almost beyond endurance. Careless of spectators who might come at any moment to look at the birds, he took both her hands in his.

"Stella, will you be my wife?"

"You know I will! How long have you known it? How long have you been aware that you had only to ask to have? I go all over shame when I think of it. I don't—I really don't—think you've used me quite fairly. Because, you know, you oughtn't to keep on telling a girl that you care for her, and—then say nothing more. I've even sometimes wondered if you were playing with me—I have! Were you?"

"Never. How could you think it?"

"I had to think something, hadn't I? And—what could I think? Then you do really and truly care for me?"

"With the whole force of my being."

She drew a long breath, as if it were a sigh of pleasure.

"And you really and truly want me to be your wife?"

"As Tom said of Mary—if I get you I get all that I want in the world."

"Then why didn't you try to get me before?"

"Stella, every man has his own standard. You have money; perhaps one day you'll have more; I have no money; perhaps I never may have. Under those circumstances, though I worshipped the ground you stood on, I had, and have, no right to ask you to be my wife. I have held out against the temptation to do so over and over again, but—I could hold out no longer. You must forgive me."

"Rodney! — I wonder if anyone is coming? After all your holding out, you have—chosen a funny place."

Heedless of anyone coming, he put his arm about her waist and drew her quickly to the comparative shelter of a fairly-grown tree.

When Rodney Elmore had started out with Stella Austin nothing had been farther from his mind than any intention of asking her to be his wife. He was amazed to find, now that the thing was done, how pleasant it had been. It was with a feeling of distinct disgust that he realised that he would have to tear himself away. Nor was the parting rendered easier by the lady's attitude. She could not be brought to see that any engagement was of such importance that, on that day of all days, he was forced to leave her so summarily. Nor would he have left her could he have helped it. He assured her, with perfect truth, that he would have only been too happy to spend the evening with her at the house of her friends in Kensington, had he dared, but he did not dare. She asked him why, being now entitled to ask such questions. He did not tell her that it was because he was conscious that it might be almost more dangerous to disappoint his cousin than to rob her father. He fabricated instead an ingenious lie, which convinced her against her will.

Then there arose the question of the morrow. Being Sunday, of course he would be able to spend the whole of it with her. There, again, a previous engagement blocked the way. He explained that, never having anticipated the delightful footing on which he stood with her, he had made the engagement long ago. Would she have him break his word? But of this she might be quite certain; he would spend the whole of Monday evening with her if she would let him; he would come straight to her from the office.

So, finally, on that understanding, they parted; that he would come to her on Sunday, if only for a minute or two, and that, anyhow, he would revel in her dear society for so much of Monday as was left after his office work was done. But, for him, between that and Monday, the world was to be turned upside down.

HURRY as he might, it was nearly half-past seven before Rodney Elmore reached that restaurant in Jermyn Street at which he was due at seven. The fault was Stella's. Had she not spun out the parting to such an unconscionable length, he would have been able to be there in time. But he could not explain this to Gladys Patterson, who had never heard of the girl. She rose, as he came in, from a seat in the vestibule with a face which mirrored the anxiety she had felt.

"Whatever is the matter? I thought that something had happened and you weren't coming."

"My dearest child, I've been the victim of a series of accidents; I was beginning to wonder myself if I should ever get here."

Presently they were fronting each other at a little table in a corner of the room, each in the best possible frame of mind.

Before dinner was half-way through she was looking at him with something in her eyes which spoke to a similar something which was in his. He had forgotten the episode of the afternoon as if it had never been. This was the sort of girl he loved to have in front of him on the other side of a table—one who would eat what he ate, drink what he drank, do as he did; to whom he could say whatever he pleased. They joked on the subject of the absent Mr. Patterson.

"I wonder," she said, "what would happen if he walked in here at this very moment."

"I can't tell you why he objects to me, but I can assure you that I don't stand in awe of him."

"Rubbish! If you don't, why have you

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kept away from me in the way you have done?—you exasperating boy! I console myself with the reflection that if I'm losing your society you're losing mine; because I'll bet a trifle that you're just as fond of seeing me every other day or so as I am of seeing you."

"You're right there. If I saw you all day and every day I shouldn't mind."

"I'm not so sure of that; there's a limit. It might be all right for a time; but, my hat! wouldn't you get bored after a month of nothing else but my society!"

"What price you—after a month of nothing else but me?"

She seemed to reflect before she answered.

"You see, it's like this; if you and I were alone together for a month, or longer——"

They smiled at each other across the little table. Then, glancing down, she transferred her attention to what was on her plate.

"True, oh, queen! And suppose we were to marry?"

"I don't think I'd mind."

"I'm pretty nearly sure I shouldn't."

"That's very sweet of you to say so. Only—there's dad!"

"There's very much dad!"

"He can forbid my seeing you, and that kind of thing, if he pleases; and if he finds out that I've been disobedient he'll make himself extremely disagreeable. Still, I fancy I could manage him. But if I were to marry you against his wishes I don't believe I'd ever get another penny from him, living or dead; and as you have no immediate promise of becoming a millionaire, that would be awkward for both of us."

"It would. All the same, don't you think it would be comfy if we were secretly engaged—in the event of anything happening to him?"

"Rodney! I don't like to hear you talk like that. He's fond of asking me questions about you; I hate telling lies; if we were engaged, and he were in one of his cross-examining moods, I might find myself in a fix."

He played with his knife while a waiter was bringing another course.

"I've been considering matters. Say, for example, that your father put his foot down, and that we don't see each other again for an indefinite period. Do you not think that then I should like to feel that we were engaged?"

"You can feel that we're engaged all you want to, without our setting it down in black and white. Aren't you as sure of me as if I were your wife already? Don't you know that if circumstances permitted I would become your wife? Do you wish me to understand that I'm not as sure of you?"

"Gladys, you're a goose. So far as I'm concerned, I'm inclined to the opinion that I'd like you to be my wife to-night."

ON the Sunday Rodney Elmore kept his engagement with the third young woman, with the punctiliousness on which, in such matters, he prided himself. He went down to Brighton on the Pullman, Limited, and was met at the station by Mary Carmichael. He exclaimed, at sight of her:

"You angel!—to come and meet me!"

"I'm not quite sure that I did come to meet you, in the strict sense. I'd nothing to do; I've always a feeling that the queerest lot of people come by this train, the oddest sort of week-enders—didn't you notice how the platform reeked of perfume?—so that its arrival's generally worth seeing. Besides, between ourselves, I'd a kind of notion that Tom might come by it. If he had I should have ignored you utterly, and should have explained that something within told me he was coming, and that was why I was here. Wouldn't he have been enraptured?"

They went down towards the Hove lawns, and were still in Queen's Road when she said:

"So you've done it at last."

He turned towards her as if a trifle startled.

"Done what?"

"Asked Stella to be your wife."

"How on earth do you know that?"

"My simple-minded babe, aren't I the very dearest friend Stella has in the world? And didn't she, directly you left her yesterday afternoon, send me a telegram conveying the news? My congratulations, Rodney, dear."

He was more taken aback than he would have cared to own. What an idiot he had been! Had he had his senses about him he would have given Stella to understand that the new relationship between them must be kept private till it suited him to make it public. That she should have telegraphed to Mary the moment he had left her! Could anything be more awkward? If to Mary, why not to others?

Rodney was sure that her father would want to regularise the position at once; that he himself would be helpless in his hands. Mr. Austin would require a clear statement of his intentions; having got it, he would see that it was adhered to. Being opposed to long engagements, he would want to fix the wedding day—and he would fix it. Rodney was uncomfortably conscious that he had made such a conspicuous ass of himself that, being delivered into her father's strong hands, almost before he knew it he might find himself the husband of Stella Austin.

HE shuddered at the thought—a fact which was observed by the young lady at his side.

"Whatever is the matter? You shook so! You haven't thanked me for my congratulations, nor do you seem so elated as I expected. You know I'm not sure that it was quite nice of you to propose to another girl on the very day before the one on which you knew you were coming down to me. For all you could tell, I was expecting you to propose to me."

"If I'd only thought there was the slightest chance, wouldn't I have loved to."

"I suppose for the sake of practice."

"Well—there are girls with whom one would like to practise love-making."

"That's a nice thing to say, and you an engaged man of less than four-and-twenty hours' standing."

They had lunch at the hotel, and afterwards went out on to the downs, Rodney carrying a rug which he had borrowed from the hotel over his arm. They had not to go far over the slopes before they had left the few people who were up there behind, and were as much alone as if they had the world to themselves. Rodney spread the rug on the grass at the bottom of one of those little hollows shaped like cups which are to be found thereabouts by those who seek. On it they reclined; the gentleman lit a cigar, the lady a cigarette. They were as much at home with each other as either could desire. Their conversation was frankness itself.

"When I feel like liking it," observed the lady, "this is just the sort of thing I do like. You're engaged, and I'm engaged, so we ought to be nice to each other. Do you mind my kissing you?"

"Not a bit."

"Why did you ask Stella after all? Because you knew she'd like you to?"

He considered his reply.

"No; not altogether. Of course, at the beginning I never meant to, then all of a sudden I felt as if I had to. I had a sort of feeling that it would be such fun."

"And was it fun?"

"Distinctly; I wouldn't mind going through it all over again."

"Wouldn't you? Now you'll have to marry her."

"Shall I?"

"Don't you want to marry her?"

"I do not."

"That's unfortunate, because you certainly will have to."

"We'll see."

"STELLA'LL see — or, rather, her family will. If it were any other but the Austin family I should have said that a person of your eel-like slipperiness——"

"Thank you."

"Might have wriggled away; but if you wriggle away it will be out of the frying-pan into the fire. For ever so long the family has been expecting you to ask Stella to marry you, you've fostered the expectation, and now that you have asked her, if you try to sneak out of your engagement, Mr. Austin will make things so uncomfortable that you'll find it easier to make Stella Mrs. E."

"And do you want to marry Tom?"

"I do not. All the same, I expect I shall."

"Why? If you don't want to?"

Miss Carmichael sent a cloud of smoke up into the air.

"A girl's position is so different from a man's. I must marry someone, and, so far as I can see, it may as well be Tom."

"And, pray, what sort of a wife do you think you'll make?"

Again a pause, while more cigarette smoke went into the air.

"Depends on the man."

"I presume to what extent you can fool him."

"I can imagine a man to whom I would be all that a wife could be, the whole happiness of his whole life."

"I can't."

"That's because you don't understand me as well as I do you. I say, wouldn't it be rather a joke if you were to throw over Stella and I were to throw over Tom and we were to marry each other?"

"I'd do it like a shot if it weren't for one drawback—that we both of us are penniless."

"That is a nuisance, since we are both of us so fond of what money stands for. If you had five thousand a year perhaps I might marry you after all. I dare say we shouldn't make a very bad pair. Would you—like to marry me?"

"Given an assured position, I would marry you."

"Well, then, I'll tell you what we might do. You might marry Stella, and—dispose of her with some nice painless thing like chloral; and I might marry Tom, and—delicately dispose of him. Then we should both of us have an assured position, and—we could marry."

"There's more in the idea than meets the eye."

She threw the fag-end of her cigarette away from her and laughed.

"You're simply ripping!" she exclaimed.

Rodney Elmore returned by the 9.10 to town. He had meant to travel by

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the Pullman, but as he entered the station the train was drawing clear of the platform. Being informed that another express was starting in ten minutes, he had to be content with that. Beyond doubt the Pullman had been crowded; as he found himself the sole occupant of a first-class carriage, he was inclined to think that he had not lost by the exchange. He was in a mood for privacy. Events had followed each other so quickly; he had so many things to consider that he was glad of an opportunity for a little solitary self-communion. He was not pleased, therefore, when, just as the signal had been given to start, someone came rushing along the platform, the door was thrown open by an officious guard, and a passenger was hoisted into his compartment while the train was already in motion; nor was his pleasure enhanced by the discovery that the intruder was his uncle, Graham Patterson.

The train had passed Preston Park station before Mr. Patterson had sufficiently recovered himself to become alive to the fact that he was not alone. But that he still did not recognise his companion his words showed.

"I'M not exactly—of the build—to—run after trains."

The moment he spoke Rodney became aware that Mr. Patterson had been drinking. Elmore was still; possibly because he was unwilling to spoil what he felt was the grim humor of the situation. His silence apparently struck the other as odd. Presently Mr. Patterson glanced round as if to learn what manner of person this was who offered no comment on his observation. Then he perceived who his companion was.

The discovery seemed to fill him with amazement which approached stupefaction.

"By gad!—it's you! Well, I'm hanged!"

"I'm sorry, sir, to hear it."

The retort was so obvious that it had slipped from Rodney's lips almost before he was aware. Its effect on Mr. Patterson was so great that for some moments his nephew was convinced that that apoplectic fit which he had so often seen threatening was hideously close.

"My lad, if I could have got at you this morning I should have killed you."

"Should you, indeed, sir. Pray, why?"

With his finger to his neck, as if he would have liked to loosen his collar, Mr. Patterson went on, yet a little huskily:

"Luckily I didn't get at you, because I'll do worse than kill you now."

"I thank you for your kind intentions, sir. You have not yet told me what I have done to deserve them."

"You've been getting at that girl of mine again."

"You use unpleasant phrases, sir. I'm afraid you have been drinking."

"You young cad! In spite of what I told you, last night you took her out with you again to dinner."

"It's for you to prove; not for me to disprove."

"A man came to me on the front this morning and said that he saw my daughter dining last night in Jermyn Street with a young man. He described the fellow; from his description I knew that it was you. If I could have got at you then and there I'd have broken my stick across your back! I'd have—I'd have—— Are you going to tell a lie and say it wasn't you?"

"It was."

"It was?"

"It was. Why not? We had a most agreeable evening, much more agreeable, perhaps, than you have any notion of. Possibly, if you ask Gladys, she herself will tell you so."

"You—you——!"

"Steady—go slow! If you don't take care you'll have a fit—you know you have been drinking."

Possibly because he had given way to such a sudden access of rage, Mr. Patterson again went through all his former disagreeable physical experiences, while his nephew smiled. He sat inarticulate and gasping, incapable alike of speech or movement. When, after a prolonged interval, the faculty of speech returned, his voice had grown huskier than ever; he spoke slowly, with a pause between each word.

"All right, my lad—laugh, but you won't laugh last. You're not going to put me in the cart, as your swindler of a father did; I'm going to put you there. Directly I get home I'm going to tell my girl what kind of man you are, and what kind of man your delectable father was. When she knows, I'll wager you a trifle that she never willingly speaks to you again; she'll despise herself for ever having spoken to you at all; she'll treat you in the future as if you had never been. She has her faults, but she resembles her father on one point—she has no use for a thief, and especially for a thief who is the son of a thief."

Picking up his handkerchief with his finger-tips, Mr. Patterson let it fall again across his knee, smiling broadly as if in the enjoyment of a joke.

"And don't you flatter yourself that you'll come under the First Offenders Act—you won't; I'll take care of that. I've a list locked up in a drawer at the office the details of which, when they are produced in court, will surprise you."

Again he picked up his handkerchief; on this occasion to wipe his lips. But this time he did not return it to his knee; he continued to hold it in his hand—indeed, he waved it affably towards Elmore.

"I owed your father one—such a one! But he never gave me a chance of paying him. Now I owe you one—also such a one—and I'll pay you both together!

Stopping, Mr. Patterson thrust his handkerchief into the outer breast-pocket of his coat in such a fashion that the hem protruded. There was silence, broken only by the rushing noise made by the train. All at once Rodney Elmore, rising, moved along the carriage and placed himself on the seat immediately in front of his uncle.

MR. PATTERSON glared at his nephew as if he had been guilty of a gross liberty in placing himself where he had done—indeed, he said as much.

"Go back to your own end of the carriage at once, you young scoundrel. How dare you come so close to me?"

Rodney was not at all abashed, nor did he show any sign of an intention to return whence he came. On the contrary, leaning a little forward, he smiled at his uncle blandly.

"Softly, sir, softly! If you allow yourself to become excited you may do yourself a mischief—excitement is the worst possible thing for you."

Mr. Patterson made as if to move, then checked himself. Rodney asked:

"What were you going to do?"

"If you don't go back to the other end of the carriage at once I'll pull the communication cord and stop the train."

"And then?"

"I'll give you into custody before the whole trainful of passengers."

"Into whose custody?"

"The guard will take charge of you till we get to a station; he won't let you go till he has seen you safe in the hands of a policeman. You won't have a chance of running; you'll sleep in gaol to-night. Are you going back to your own seat?"

"I propose to remain where I am."

"Then I'll stop the train!"

Mr. Patterson gave what he doubtless meant to be a spring towards the alarm bell opposite; but, for reasons which were beyond his control, his movements were slower than they should have been—the younger man was much too quick for him. Gripping him by both his shoulders, exerting greater strength than on the first occasion, he forced him back upon his seat with a degree of violence which seemed to drive the sense half out of him. He addressed his uncle as an elder person might have spoken to a mutinous child.

"My dearest uncle—you really must permit me to lay stress upon your avuncular relationship on what will probably be my last chance of doing so—you are not going to pull the alarm bell, you are not going to stop the train. You have no more chance of doing either than you have of flying to the moon, so get that into your drink-sodden brain. Nor are you going to libel me to Gladys, nor commit me to the mercy of a ruthless police. Presently you will see that as clearly as I do now."

RODNEY resumed his seat, still keeping his glance fixed on his uncle, in whose demeanor a change seemed to have taken place which was both mental and physical.

"My dear uncle, if you, the only relative I have in the world, had treated me, when first I entered your office, as you might have been expected to do, I might have become an affectionate and worthy nephew."

"Not you. You started robbing me before you'd been in the place a week."

"Is that so? So soon as that? Perhaps you have never known what it is to be in want of ready cash. My dear uncle, if you weren't in a rotten condition you'd have rung that alarm bell before this, wouldn't you? But, although it's only within a foot or two, you'll never ring it—never."

Mr. Patterson glanced towards the black knob. Rodney shook his head.

"It's no good, uncle. You won't be able to get at it—you know that. What an illustration you are of the desirability of keeping oneself fit! It seems that from the first you kept a sharper eye on me than I suspected."

"I'm not the fool you took me for. You young hound! Unfortunately for you I'm not dead, and I'm not likely to die."

"Oh, yes, you are, very likely—unfortunately for you. You told me that my father only found one way to escape trouble—suicide. You hinted in your most affectionate manner that some time, in my turn, I might only find one way. Your kindly hint made such an impression on me that I actually made preparations, so that I might never be at a loss if ever that time should come. Those preparations are contained in this dainty little box."

Rodney took from his waistcoat pocket what might have passed as a silver needle-case or receptacle for pins. He held it out in front of his uncle, who was as much moved by the sight of it as if it had been some object of horror.

"You—you're not going to make away with yourself before my eyes? You—you don't suppose I'll let you do it?"

"How would you propose to stop me?"

Unscrewing the top of his silver box, Rodney removed the cap, and took from it what looked like a small peppermint lozenge, holding it up between his finger and thumb.

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# A MASTER OF DECEPTION



"You see, uncle—this one; as it were, death reduced to its lowest possible denomination."

At that moment Rodney seemed to be exercising over his uncle some of the fabulous qualities attributed to the serpent. In face of the deadly purpose with which he perceived that his nephew was filled, he was as one paralysed. He could only grow purpler and purpler, and splutter.

"Don't—don't you play any of your infernal tricks on me, you—you villain! Curse it, why can't I get at that bell!" He made as if to rise, but, seemingly, was as incapable of movement as if he had been glued to his seat. As if conscious that his peril was imminent, he raised his voice to a raucous scream.

"Don't—don't you dare to lay your hands on me! Don't—don't you dare to touch me! Help!"

As the uncle opened his mouth to cry for aid, the nephew caught him by the throat and slipped between his lips the tiny white lozenge which he had taken from the silver box. Then he struck up his jaw with a click and held it shut, so that he could not put it out again. Forcing back his head, he gripped him tight. His uncle was seized with a convulsion which seemed to Rodney as if it must have shaken the carriage. Almost at the same instant it was as if all vitality had gone clean out of him. The nephew was gripping a limp corpse.

He raised the body a little, so that it was in what seemed to him to be a more natural position, on the edge of the seat; he felt that it would look better. He was surprised to find how heavy his uncle was—it required an effort on his part to lift him.

He turned the contents of the silver box on to his hand. There were seven tiny lozenges. He returned three to the box, and laid it on the seat; the other four he placed beside it. Taking an envelope out of an inner pocket of his jacket, he tore off a corner. In it he placed the four tabloids, carefully folded it, and put it in his waistcoat pocket. Then he balanced the cap of the box on the arm of the seat beside his uncle; the box itself he placed between the fingers of his uncle's left hand, with—in it—the other three tabloids. So tightly were the fingers clenched that Rodney had to use force to open them sufficiently to enable him to insert the box. Then, seating himself opposite, he looked his uncle carefully over with an artist's eye for detail. In his present attitude, with that open box with its tell-tale contents held tightly between his stiffened fingers, it seemed to Rodney that a coroner would be bound to instruct his jury that suicide was the only possible explanation of Graham Patterson's death. Having satisfied himself on which point, he withdrew to the opposite end of the carriage, being, in spite of himself, conscious of a feeling that the dead man's too immediate neighborhood was not a thing to be desired.

Seated in his original place, he took out his white cambric handkerchief, and with it delicately wiped his fingers, having an uncomfortable notion that something disagreeable had adhered to them which it would be better to remove. Then he set himself to consider the position. His uncle would be found alone. Some railwayman's story might suggest that at one period of the journey someone had been in the carriage with him. What had become of that someone? The mere question might start a hue and cry. Rodney recalled, with quite a little sense of shock, that his uncle had been partly pushed into the carriage by an official on the Brighton platform. Graham Patterson was a noticeable-looking person; he must have presented a striking spectacle as he had come hurrying along the platform. When discovery came about, the official would recollect the incident, and recognise him beyond a doubt.

Had he noticed that somebody was already in the carriage when he was thrusting the fat man in? Rodney was compelled to admit that the probabilities were that he had.

The whistle on the engine sounded; the train began to slow. Instantly he was leaning forward, his fingers on the handle, which was inside the door. The train slowed more; it entered a tunnel, slowing all the while; in the heart of the tunnel it stopped—dead. He had already turned the handle; opening the door just wide enough he stepped onto the footboard, closed the door, and dropped on to the permanent way. He had left his uncle to continue his journey alone. Lest his upstanding figure might be visible to someone, he crouched as close as he could to the ground. The train began to move very slowly. The door of the compartment next to that which he had just left was opened, a figure came on to the footboard, closed the door, sprang on to the ballast while the train was already in motion. For a moment Rodney was the victim of a gruesome delusion; to him it was as if the door of his own compartment had been opened; as if Graham Patterson had alighted at his side. He pressed the tips of his fingers into his palms to keep himself from exclaiming.

The train went slowly rumbling by; who looked out of the windows Rodney neither knew nor cared. He was conscious of the guard's van passing, then the train was gone. He could see the tail-lights moving quicker and quicker through the darkness. He himself continued motionless. He had realised by now that it was not his uncle who had alighted—that it was the door of the next compartment which had been opened.

Now that the train had left, it was very still in the tunnel; the air was close, full of smoke, which was bad both for the throat and the eyes. Possibly, less fortunate than himself, the stranger had been hurt in alighting, which explained the stillness. If that were so, his own position might be difficult. If he moved first, the stranger might claim his help, might make a fuss if he refused it—such a fuss that the fact that he had left the train would be discovered.

Momentarily the situation was becoming more delicate. He could not remain crouched down like that for ever, with big drops of water falling on to his shoulder. What should he do? The question was answered for him.

"Caught you!"

The words were whispered close to his ear. He stood straight up suddenly, startled half out of his wits. He stood bolt upright, quite still, with fists clenched, prepared for anything.

Something came; fingers were laid upon his coat-sleeve. He showed no sign of resenting their coming, their touch was so soft that it hardly suggested danger. A voice came to him through the darkness, the one which had so startled him by whispering in his ear.

"That was a capital idea of yours—capital."

To Rodney's acute sense of hearing there seemed to be a curious quality in the voice; he was not sure if it belonged to a man or a woman. It came again.

"Have you ever been in a tunnel before? I haven't."

The last two words were spoken with a snigger which was certainly a man's, though he still felt that the voice itself might be either masculine or feminine. He had a fastidious taste in voices; apart from the circumstances under which he heard it, that one affected him unpleasantly. It continued and his distaste grew.

"Do you know that our getting out here in the tunnel has proved something which I have always held as an article of faith; that I have cat's eyes—positively? Isn't it droll? I can see you—not plainly, but sufficiently well. Now, I dare say you can't see me at all!"

Rodney could not; he did not believe that the stranger could see him. Darkness was about them like a wall.

"Come!"

He felt the fingers which had rested on his sleeve slipped under his arm.

"I will guide you; let me turn you round. We will go this way, towards the signal. You see?—it is set at danger. Some people would say that we are in rather a dangerous position."

Again that unpleasantly sounding snigger.

"I hope you're not feeling nervous; you needn't. That signal is not far off, and when we reach it we are out in the open. I know exactly where we are; this is Redhill tunnel. Not only can I see in the dark, dimly, but still see, but I also have, in a curious degree, the bump of locality. With me it amounts almost to an additional sense. I always know where I am, even when I am in a strange place; in a place in which I have been before I have an incredible perception of my surroundings. For three years I lived quite close to this—in Earlswood Asylum, as a patient."

Earlswood Asylum! Then the creature was a lunatic. That explained the singularity of his voice, of his manner, his proceedings. An idea came into Rodney's head. The creature was small; he felt, as he moved beside him with his hand under his arm, that he probably did not reach to his shoulder. It would be easy to leave him in the tunnel. Who cares what happens to a lunatic?

"I SHOULDN'T, if I were you; it wouldn't pay."

The words were so apposite that, despite himself, Rodney started. He had not spoken. Could the creature read what was passing through his brain?

"There are times when I can read people's thoughts just as plainly as if they had spoken them out loud, even when I can't see their faces—really! Isn't it odd? Oh, I am quite gifted. As I thought, here's a gap; now, over the fence, and the rest is easy sailing."

It seemed to Rodney that since he had quitted the train something must have happened to him mentally; it was as if, all at once, he were playing a part in a dream. In silence, without offering the least remonstrance, he had suffered the stranger to pilot him out of the tunnel, up the steep bank beyond—to dominate him wholly. Now, except that they seemed to be standing in an open space of considerable size, he had not the dimmest notion of their whereabouts; but to the stranger it all seemed plain.

"That big building on our right's an orphanage—St. Anne's; I believe we're on their ground. If we keep straight on to our left we shall come to the high road, from which it is only a few minutes to

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Redhill station, whence we shall continue our journey to town. Quite an interesting episode this has been, has it not? I am indebted to you for much entertainment. I have seldom had so much enjoyment in a train, Mr. Elmore."

The creature knew his name! How? Who was he? What did it mean? Again he was conscious of an impulse to take him by the throat and—resolve the question in his own fashion. How came the creature to know his name? Although he had uttered no articulate sound, he had his answer.

"The explanation is simple, explanations often are. I heard your uncle address you by your name in a most audible tone of voice just towards the close. Most people have no idea how thin the partition really is which divides one compartment from another. Do you know I have heard that in some instances it is made of papier-mache—fancy! You can always hear if a conversation is taking place in an adjoining compartment—it is surprising how much you can hear if you try, especially, if your hearing is as good as mine is—that's another of my gifts. I had my ear glued to the partition most of the time. Of course, I could not hear everything—and I should very much have liked to see, but I gathered enough to enable me to form a general idea, particularly when you began to use violence towards your uncle, and to hurl him back into his seat—it amounted to hurling. You see, I was his side. And, of course, when you both raised your voices I could hear a very great deal. I was not in the least surprised at the silence which followed. I understood—oh, I understood!"

Rodney listened to what the stranger had to say as, side by side, they tramped across the uneven ground with feelings which he would not have found it easy to clothe with words. Beyond all doubt this was a lunatic; but of what an uncomfortable kind! He had been wiser to have acted on his first impulse and to have left him in the tunnel. Now it was too late; it would not be the same thing to—leave him there. Yet, if he continued in his company, how should he muzzle him? With what would he make him dumb? By what means could he keep him from blurting out the whole story to the first person they might meet? Once more, though he had uttered not a syllable, there came an answer.

"You run no risk of my blabbing, I am not that kind of person—at least, while the cloud is yet afar off. Afterwards, believe me, no one pays any heed to what I say. I play the part of audience only. I am not, like you, one of Nature's criminals; but I am indifferent, which is about the same. What A does to B is A's business and B's, not mine; that I always shall maintain. Here we are at the station. It's been altered since my time; they've given it a new front. When is the next train to town?"

HE put the question quite naturally to a porter who was standing about.

"Ten-forty; nearly half an hour to wait—that is if she is punctual, which she's not always of a Sunday night."

The stranger addressed himself to Elmore.

"That, perhaps, is fortunate, since that will enable me to offer you a little refreshment, of which I dare say both of us stand in need."

Rodney, always speechless, walked beside the stranger to the refreshment bar. Now he could see him plainly. A notion which had been fluttering at the back of his head took flight; there was no suggestion of a detective police official about him. He was shorter even than he had imagined, probably scarcely over five feet high; a mean-looking, ill-shapen fellow, with one shoulder higher than the other, which gave him an appearance of being one-sided. Badly-dressed in an ill-fitting suit of rusty dark-grey tweed, clumsily shod, tie disarranged, doubtful collar, old tweed hat shaped like a billycock, about him the air of one who was not over-fond of soap and water. Probably between fifty and sixty, a round, hairless, wizened face, all wrinkles, flat, snub-nose, curiously small mouth—Rodney wondered if the peculiarity of his voice was owing to its coming through so small an aperture; queer, big, oval, ugly eyes—small pupils floating in a sea of yellow. The young gentleman was conscious of what an ill-assorted couple they must appear. He would have liked very much to put a termination to the association then and there, but—he could not, it was too late.

The stranger on his part seemed sublimely unaware of there being anything odd in their companionship. He gave his orders to the young lady on the other side of the counter.

"One brandy, two Scotch whiskies, and a small soda divided."

The young lady passed three glasses to their side of the counter. The stranger, taking two, emptied one into the other. He held it up towards Rodney.

"Your very good health, and the next time we meet may you afford me as much entertainment."

Swallowing the contents of the glass at a single gulp, he replaced it on the counter.

"THE same again, miss; one brandy, one Scotch whisky; lunatics don't take long over a drop like that."

She looked at him doubtfully for a moment; then gave him what he ordered, saying, as she passed him the glasses:

"Two shillings, please."

As again he emptied one into the other he nodded to Rodney.

"Pay her; I've no money—lunatics never have."

Rodney drank what was in his glass, placed a florin on the counter, and left the place without a word. Hardly had he reached the door when he found the little man again at his side. He commenced pacing up and down the dimly-lit platform; the little man paced also, two of his short steps being the equivalent of one of Rodney's strides.

"Not nice, being in the company of one who knows as much as I do? Perhaps not; yet I don't see why. I'm incapable of giving evidence; if I weren't I wouldn't say a word to spoil the fun; I am as good as a dead man. You'll have a dead man for constant companion—why not me?"

When they reached Croydon a person approached the carriage window whom the stranger plainly recognised; a pleasant-faced, brown-skinned and brown-haired young man with a slight moustache, with something in his bearing and expression which suggested reserve. Coming into the carriage, he said to the stranger, as he sat beside him, half-smilingly, half-chidingly:

"So it is you, is it? I hope you've enjoyed your little trip."

The stranger seemed to regard his coming with an air of not altogether pleased surprise.

"You're a most extraordinary man."

The other replied:

"One has to be a little that way if one is responsible for you."

The newcomer's good-humored curtness seemed to disturb the stranger's equilibrium.

"Responsible for me, indeed! Upon my word, you are the most extraordinary man."

In his own fashion the stranger introduced the newcomer to Rodney.

"This is Dr. Emmett, my medical attendant. I left him behind me in Brighton because I am sick and tired of his society; yet here he is at Croydon before I am. How he does these things I do not understand. He's a most extraordinary man."

THEN, also after his own fashion, he made Rodney known to the newcomer.

"Emmett, this is a valued friend of mine, whom I have met for the first time tonight. I know all about him, except his voice; and, do you know, he's never spoken once."

Rodney, observing the newcomer, perceived, from something which was in the glance he gave him in exchange for his, that the position had altered. Rising, he moved out of the carriage, still without a word. The stranger made as if to follow him, but the doctor put out a detaining hand. The train started just as Rodney, having gained the platform, was closing the door.

Rodney Elmore's rooms were within a short distance of Paddington Station. As his cab drew up at the house he saw that another was already at the door. Since it was past midnight, its presence was suggestive; it betokened a visitor. The house being a small one, there was only one other lodger besides himself, and he occupied a modest "bed-sitting-room" on the upper floor. His instinct told him that the visitor was for himself. At that hour of Sunday night the fact was portentous. Opening the door with his latchkey, as he stepped inside a girl came hastening towards him from a room at the back, noiselessly, as if she did not wish to be overheard, rather a pretty girl, with fluffy, fair hair. She spoke in a whisper:

"There's someone to see you—a lady. She would wait, although I told her I didn't know when you would be in."

"What's her name?"

"She said Miss Patterson."

He understood—he had been making certain mental calculations as he came along. No doubt his uncle would have his name and address upon him; his identity would be discovered so soon as they searched the body. There had been time to carry the news to Russell Square; this was the result. Nodding to the fluffy-haired girl, he passed quickly into his sitting-room, which was on the left, in the front of the house. Gladys was standing by the table. As she came towards him he knew by the look which was on her face that his guess had been right—that already she knew at least part of the story.

"Where have you been?" she exclaimed. "I thought you were never coming."

Taking both her hands in his, he drew her to him.

"My dear child! how could I guess that you were here? What does it mean?"

She looked at him with a curious sombre something in her big dark eyes, which reminded him of a child who is about to cry. Her lips trembled.

"Rodney, dad's dead."

His tone was eager, gentle, sympathetic; instinct with surprise.

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"Dead! You—you don't mean it!"

"In the train."

"In the train! What train?"

She told her tale, he listening with interest, anxiety, tenderness, which were sufficiently real.

"I was just going to bed."

"Dear, you're shivering. You'd better sit down."

"I'd rather stand—close to you."

He put his arms about her and held her tight. He kissed her. "Sweetheart," he whispered. He could feel her trembling; tears were beginning to shine in her eyes.

"I was in my bedroom, and—and—I was thinking about you"—about the corners of her lips was the queerest little smile—"when there was a ringing at the front door. I thought it was dad, who had forgotten his key; but they came and told me that there was a gentleman downstairs who wished to see me very particularly about my father, and that it was most important. So I slipped on a dressing-jacket and went down to him. It was someone from the railway company. They had found dad in the carriage of a train which had come from Brighton. He was dead—now he was at Victoria Station—he had committed suicide."

"Suicide!"

RODNEY started; it could not have been better done if his surprise had been genuine.

"You poor little thing!—sweetheart mine!—you only woman in the world!"

"You—you will be good to me, Rodney?"

"Never was man better to a woman than I will try to be to you."

"Suppose—suppose dad did it because he was ruined?"

"My dear girl, as you are aware, I was not in your father's confidence—still, I am pretty nearly certain that, commercially, it will be found that he was all right. Yet, should it turn out that he was even worse than penniless, it will not make a mite of difference in my love for you."

"You are sure?"

"Absolutely. Aren't you?"

"You know, Rodney, you're all I have in the world—now."

The use of the adverb, in that connection, tickled him. The idea that, so far as she was concerned, her father ever had been much of a personal asset was distinctly funny. However, he allowed no hint of how her words struck him to peep out; never a more ardent lover, a more present help in the time of a girl's trouble. He escorted her to what bade henceforward to be her lonely home in the cab which still waited at the door. When he returned to Paddington it was very late. As he moved to his bedroom up the darkened staircase a door opened on the landing. The fluffy-haired girl looked out. She was in a state of considerable agitation.

"You are late," she whispered. "I thought you never were coming back."

"You goose."

He put his arms about her and kissed her with the calmest proprietary air.

"To think that you should be still awake."

"You knew I should sit up; you knew mother wasn't coming back to-night, and you said you'd be in early."

She spoke with an air of grievance. He smiled.

"It's been a case of man proposes. I have had many things to contend with—all sorts of worries. Now, as I want breakfast early, I'm going to bed, and, I hope, to sleep, if you aren't."

"You don't care for me a bit."

He kissed her again.

. . . . .

She waited on him at breakfast, which, as he had forewarned her, he had unusually early. She was his landlady's daughter; her name was Mabel Joyce. Among his letters was one from Stella Austin. He opened it as she placed before him his bacon and eggs; as he glanced at Stella's opening lines Miss Joyce talked.

"So you went to Brighton yesterday—by the Pullman, too."

He looked up at her as if surprised.

"Did I? Who told you that?"

"Didn't you?"

"You say I did. Pray, from what quarter did you get your information?"

"Oh, there are plenty of quarters from which I can get information—when I like. And your uncle was in Brighton. It doesn't look as if he had a very pleasant day there, as he committed suicide in the train on the way back to town. I dare say you had a pleasanter day than he did."

"I presume you got that information either from this morning's paper else from listening last night outside the door."

"As it happens, I haven't seen a paper, and, as for listening, if you don't know I wouldn't do a thing like that it's no use my saying so."

"Then who was your informant?"

"That's my business. There is a little bird which sometimes whispers in my ear. Did you come back in the Pullman?"

He replied to her question with another.

"What's the matter with you, Mabel?"

"What should be? Nothing's the matter; I was only thinking that if you did, your uncle must have been in the train just behind you. If you'd have known what he was doing you'd have felt funny. Still, if you did come by the Pullman, considering that it's due at Victoria at ten, and yesterday was quite punctual, since you had promised to be in early, and knew that I was all alone in the house, I think you might have been back before midnight."

He eyed the girl. She was pretty, in a pink-and-white sort of way; fonder of him than was good for her. He had never seen her in this shrewish mood before.

"My dear Mabel, if I could have got back earlier I would have done so; but I couldn't. I was the sufferer, not you."

"I dare say! I suppose that Miss Patterson was your cousin. Are you going to marry her?"

"Really! You jump about! How do you suppose a fellow in my position can tell whom he's going to marry—on twopence a year?"

"I dare say she's got money, especially now. Since directly she heard of her father's death she came tearing round to you, at that time of night, it looks as if you ought to marry her if you don't!"

Miss Joyce flounced out of the room. For some moments he sat considering her words. Who told her that he went to Brighton, on the Pullman? Was it a lucky guess? Hardly; probably someone had seen him.

A DISAGREEABLE surprise awaited him when he reached his late uncle's office. Taking it for granted that everything would now belong to Gladys, he was prepared to act as her representative and sole relative, and, if needs be, carry things off with a high hand—above and beyond all else, he was desirous of gaining access to certain documents whose existence constituted a peril to him. To that end he arrived before his usual time, being conscious that this was an occasion on which it might be an advantage to be first on the field. To his disgust he found that at least two persons were in front of him, and that they were both in what had been his uncle's private room. One was Mr. Andrews, the managing man, the other was a square-jawed individual, whose blue cheeks pointed to a lifelong struggle with a refractory beard. He was seated, as one in authority, in his uncle's own chair behind his uncle's own table. They were busily conversing as Rodney came unannounced into the room, but paused to stare at him.

"This," explained Mr. Andrews to the man in the chair, "is Mr. Rodney Elmore—the nephew I was telling you about."

There was a lack of deference in the speaker's tone which the young gentleman resented, and had resented in silence more than once in the days which were past; but the time for silence was gone. Ignoring Andrews, he addressed himself to the man in the chair.

"May I ask, sir, who you are?"

The stranger's penetrating eyes were set deep in his head; he fixed them on the young gentleman's face with a steady stare of evident surprise. Rodney returned him stare for stare.

"YOU may ask, young gentleman, and, though I seriously doubt if you are entitled to ask, I don't mind telling you. My name is Wilkes—Stephen Wilkes; I am your late uncle's legal adviser, and am here to safeguard the interests he has left behind."

"Then, Mr. Wilkes, be so good as to get out of that chair."

Mr. Andrews looked at the speaker in shocked amazement.

"Mr. Elmore! You forget yourself! How dare you speak like that to a gentleman in Mr. Wilkes' position."

"Mr. Wilkes, I do not propose to bandy words and when I have once pointed out that you entirely misapprehend the situation on that subject I have done. All that Mr. Patterson had is now his daughter's, including this business and all that it implies. I am here as Miss Patterson's representative."

"Indeed! By whom appointed?"

"By Miss Patterson. I may inform you that Miss Patterson will shortly be my wife."

"Is that so? This is news. Since when has that arrangement been made?"

"Your words imply a sneer and an impertinence. That being so, I decline to enter into any further details with you beyond a bare statement of the fact."

"I observe, Andrews, that you are still there. There are one or two remarks which I wish to make to Mr. Wilkes in private. Once more, are you going to leave this room?"

The managing man looked at the lawyer as if for advice and help in the moment of his hesitation.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Wilkes, replying to his unspoken question, "you had better go. You will commit yourself to nothing by going."

"Whereas," observed Elmore, with his smiling glance fixed on the managing man, "you will commit yourself to a good deal by not going, because I shall not only put you out of this door, but into the street. So far as this office is concerned, that will be the end of you. I will take steps which will ensure your never entering it again."

After another brief moment of hesitation, with a glance of what was very like reproach towards the lawyer, Andrews quitted the room, with the air of one who

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was both bewildered and hurt. So soon as he had gone Mr. Wilkes observed:

"Mr. Elmore, you are taking a very great deal upon yourself; you certainly have the courage of youth, but be warned by me, don't take too much. If it is shown that your uncle's depositions are not what you are taking it for granted they are, your position will be rendered more difficult by the attitude you are now taking up."

"I care nothing for any warning which comes from you, Mr. Wilkes. Why did my uncle commit suicide?"

"What do you mean by asking me such a question? Do you imagine that if I knew I should tell you?"

"Does that mean that you know?"

"It means nothing of the sort; but it does mean that if I had any such secret knowledge, the only person to whom I should breathe a word of it would be his daughter."

"That you certainly would not do. Miss Patterson's heartfelt prayer is that she may never know. That he had some shameful reason is plain; if it can be kept from her it shall be; if it reaches her through you, you will deserve to be whipped."

"Mr. Elmore, I knew your father."

"That's more, Mr. Wilkes, than I ever did.

"His end was like your uncle's."

"So I learned from my uncle before—he ended. And it is because the shame of what he did seems to rest on me, in the mouths of such as you, that I am resolved to shield my cousin—if I can. I imagine that, in a strictly scientific sense, you are, in part, responsible for my uncle's fate."

"How do you arrive at that—somewhat startling conclusion?"

"You aided and abetted him in what he did."

"I don't know from whom you get your information, but if it is from your uncle you must be perfectly well aware that the whole matter is on a proper footing, and that there can be no reasonable doubt as to my fulfilling my engagements both in the letter and the spirit."

"STILL, you have been in the habit of borrowing money from your client, sometimes, I believe, to save yourself from a difficult position. Possibly his will contains a clause relieving you of your indebtedness; possibly, also, a court of law will see its way to relieve Miss Patterson from any obligation to accept your services. I will not detain you any longer, Mr. Wilkes. Good morning. Please don't gossip with the employees as you go out."

Mr. Wilkes looked as if he would have said a good deal; but Mr. Elmore had already begun to write a letter—there was an air of complete indifference about him which brought Mr. Wilkes to the conclusion that it might perhaps be as well to say nothing. He took his hat off the table and went out in silence. Presently Rodney, ringing the bell, said to the lad who answered:

"Take that letter to the address which is on the envelope at once, and bring me an answer; also tell Mr. Andrews that I wish to speak to him."

Shortly the managing man appeared in the doorway. One felt that he had hesitated whether or not to come, and that he was oppressed by something like a sense of shame at the thought of having yielded. The young gentleman, leaning back, regarded him with the pleasant little smile which, so far, had not left him—it was odd of what a number of subtle inflections his manner was capable without once disturbing the smile.

"Sit down, Andrews; take this chair."

The other did as he was told, sitting on the extreme edge, leaning slightly forward, his long legs crooked in front of him, his hands resting on his knees.

"How old are you, Andrews?"

Instead of replying to the question, the managing man started off on a line of his own.

"Mr. Elmore, you must excuse my remarking that, so far as I am concerned, I don't understand the position at all."

"YOU will, Andrews, shortly. I always have felt that your mental processes were perhaps a trifle slow."

"I have been in this office, boy and man, practically my whole life long; I'm older than your uncle was, and I was here before he came. He was with Harding and Fletcher before he took this business over, and, so to speak, he took me with it. It was a solid business then, and it's a solid business still—indeed, it's even better than it was. I'm almost—if not quite—as well-known in the city as he was; he would have been the first to tell you that with the continued success I have had something to do. He was, in some ways, a difficult man to deal with; but no man had a better head for business—if he gave his confidence, you might be sure it was deserved, and he had entire confidence in me."

"Hear, hear! Go on; I like to hear you."

"When he said a thing he meant it. It's always been a joke among those who knew him that Graham Patterson's word was as good as a banknote. He has told me more than once that when he was gone——"

"He anticipated going?"

"Not more than other men; only, he was methodical and liked to have everything in order, and, if he could help it, leave nothing to chance. He has told me, as I have said, more than once, that when he was gone—since he only had a daughter—he had arranged that the whole management of the business should be in my hands, and that he had left me a small share in it. What I don't understand, therefore, is on what grounds you are taking up the position you appear to be doing. I am far from wishing to have any unpleasantness with you, Mr. Elmore, but I do not understand."

"I represent Miss Patterson."

"But I represent the business—which was her father's, not hers."

"But it's hers now, you yourself admit that you only expect to be left a small share."

"But I'm left the management."

"That's—I am far from wishing to have any unpleasantness with you, Mr. Andrews, but—you must know that that's all tuppence."

"Pray, Mr. Elmore, what do you mean by that? A will's a will; its terms are not to be lightly set aside."

"You have not told me how old you are, Mr. Andrews, but you have told me that you are my uncle's senior."

"So far as head for business goes, I am as young as ever I was."

"I will not contradict you. I am inclined to think that you are as you were—thirty, forty years ago—that is, in a commercial sense, a thousand years behind the times."

"You have no right to say that. What do you know about business—a young man like you?"

"I am a man of business, Mr. Andrews."

"I was not aware of it until this moment."

"You will be more clearly aware of it before long. I was prepared to marry my cousin had she been penniless, as only the other day—if she married me—she bade fair to be. In that event I would have made her fortune, and my own, as sure as you are sitting there. As events have turned out, so far from being penniless, she is, shall we say, the three-fourths proprietor of a flourishing business, with, probably, all the capital at her command which is needed for its development. Under such circumstances, why should I not devote my energies to the aggrandisement of her business?

"Still another point. The inquest on my uncle is to be held to-day at Victoria Station. As you will readily understand, Miss Patterson is not in a condition to appear at such an inquiry, if her presence can be dispensed with; we are advised it can. She wishes me to ask you if you will appear at the inquiry, and give such formal evidence as may be required. I don't know what questions will be asked you. Frankly, can you throw any light on any cause which may have induced his rash act? I take it he had no financial reason?"

"Absolutely none, of that I'm convinced. He had all the money he wanted, and there was nothing wrong with the business. It's a mystery to me."

May I take it that, in the matter of the inquest, you will do as Miss Patterson asks?"

"I will—certainly."

"Thank you. You increase the debt which she is conscious she owes you as her father's right-hand man, and which, whatever the terms of his will may be, she will never forget."

The lad entered to whom he had entrusted the letter.

"Mr. Parmiter has come back with me, sir; he's outside."

"Good; show him in. I think, Mr. Andrews, that, as the inquest is timed for noon, you had better be starting."

THE old man went out, and a young one came into the room—a young man, with a student's face and fair hair. Although his cheeks were pale, his appearance was not unprepossessing. Elmore greeted him with outstretched hands.

"Clarence, old man, it's very good of you to come right away like this. I hope it's not seriously inconvenienced you."

"Not a bit. Between ourselves, I was sitting in the office twiddling my thumbs and wondering what I should do now I'd finished reading the paper."

"I'll give you something to do. Sit down. You've heard what's happened to my uncle?"

"I remember your telling me you were with an uncle, but I don't know how many uncles you have nor to which of them you're referring."

"I have, or, rather, had, only one uncle, and last night he committed suicide in the Brighton train."

"Great Scott! Whatever for?"

"That's it. I'll tell you in as few words as possible what the position is. He's left a daughter, an only child, who is now an orphan, to whom I'm engaged to be married."

"Naturally; in a case like that it's those who are left who suffer most."

"Of course. She's anxious, before all else,

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to know where she stands—that is, to know the worst. His affairs were in the hands of a solicitor named Wilkes."

"I know him—Stephen Wilkes; he's an able man."

"Maybe. But she doesn't want him for her solicitor all the same for that, for reasons on which, later, I may enlarge. She's asked me if I knew anyone who would act for her. I suggested you."

"I'll try my best to prove worthy of your commendation."

"I've no fear of that, not the least. You may consider Miss Patterson your client, and me; and we may both of us turn out to be quite good clients before we've done. I've asked you to come here in order to give you your first instructions."

"I'm all ears."

"Mr. Wilkes is in possession of my uncle's will; he himself says so. Miss Patterson wanted him to hand it over to me to pass on to her, but he declined. Can't you persuade him, acting on Miss Patterson's behalf, to produce the will at the earliest possible moment—say this afternoon at four, in her house in Russell Square—and make known its contents then and there? She'll not sleep till she knows the worst."

"I can try what my persuasive powers will do. Presumably he knows its contents?"

"Presumably, since it is even probable that he drew it up."

"By it he may be appointed to some office of trust."

"EXACTLY. That's one of the things she wants to know; because, if he is, she'll leave no stone unturned to get him out of it. His relations with her father were such that she'll not be induced to have relations of any kind with him."

"I'll do my utmost, but you clearly understand that I can't force the man. There's an etiquette in such matters; he'll be perfectly in order if he stands on it."

"Do your best, Clarence—that's all I ask, and, if possible, let me know how it's going to be inside an hour. I want to keep Miss Patterson posted in what is taking place. If you only knew what a state of mind she's in!"

When Mr. Parmiter had gone, Rodney, having given instructions that, if it could be avoided, he was not to be disturbed, subjected the contents of the drawers in his uncle's writing-table to a thorough examination. He came across some interesting items. There was a small leather-bound memorandum-book, which was locked. He opened it with a key which was on his uncle's private bunch. In a flap attached to the cover were some cheques which had been duly presented and paid and some other papers. A glance at the contents of the book showed that they principally related to him, after a fashion which occasioned him surprise, blended with amusement.

A lad came in with an envelope.

"A messenger boy has just brought this, sir."

The note within ran:

"Dear Rodney,—I have carried out your first instructions to the letter, so I have begun well. Mr. Wilkes will be in Russell Square this afternoon at four with the will. Unless I hear from you to the contrary, I shall be there at half-past three—to be introduced to Miss Patterson, to receive any further instructions, and to be at hand in case I am wanted generally. You might let me have a message by bearer.—Yours sincerely,

"Clarence Parmiter."

THAT afternoon there were five persons in the drawing-room of the house in Russell Square—the cousins, Parmiter, Wilkes, and Andrews.

The inquest was already over. Mr. Wilkes had been present, and had taken with him a physican whom he was aware that Graham Patterson had consulted. He testified that Mr. Patterson was suffering from a malady which would certainly have grown more painful as time went on, and was probably incurable. This statement, since it supplied the motive, caused the inquiry to assume briefer limits than it might have done; the obvious inference was that the knowledge of his parlous state had prompted Graham Patterson to take his fate into his own hands. The hackneyed verdict was recorded as a matter of course—suicide while temporarily insane.

The whole affair struck Rodney, when he learnt all the particulars from Andrews, as distinctly droll.

The will was the usual wordy, legal document. Stripped of its verbiage it was plain enough. It began with the legacies. A sufficient sum was to be set apart to buy an annuity of one hundred pounds a year for Agnes Sybil Armstrong, of an address at Hove. She was also to have five hundred pounds in cash and the furniture of the house in which she was residing. Various other legacies were enumerated.

The whole residue of his estate he left to his daughter Gladys unreservedly.

The testator went on to say that Stephen Wilkes had acted as his legal adviser for many years, and to express a strong wish that he would continue in that capacity for his daughter.

The meeting was dissolved. The three gentlemen dismissed, the cousins were left together. Kneeling before the armchair on which Miss Patterson was seated, Rodney drew her towards him and kissed her with a sort of mock solemnity.

"My congratulations, lady! if I may venture to kiss one who is now a person of property and importance. I hope you won't mind, but I almost wish, for my sake, that you hadn't quite so much money."

She put out her hand and softly stroked his hair.

"That's nonsense. How much money have I got?"

"Roughly, I suppose that the business brings in four or five thousand a year, and you've forty or fifty thousand pounds in what represents cash. You're a rich woman."

"Then, if you do marry me, you'll be a rich man."

"There's one thing—put the business at its high-water mark, say that in its best year it brings in five thousand pounds—in ten years it shall bring in fifty thousand."

"Rodney, don't be too speculative. We've enough to get along with; let's be sure of having a good time with what there is."

"MAY I hope that there is some possibility of your being my wife?"

"I have some ideas in that direction now, though on Saturday I thought I never should. How prophetic you were? You almost foretold what has happened—almost as if you saw it coming. Did you know that he was ill?"

"I had a shrewd suspicion; but you don't suppose I foresaw what actually did happen?"

"I dare say that yours was not the prophetic vision quite to that extent. I wonder why he didn't like you?"

"I'm nearly sure that with him it was a case of Dr. Fell—the reason why he couldn't tell. When you came on the scene he hated me because you didn't."

"Didn't you do anything to ruffle him—to rub him the wrong way?"

"Never—consciously. I've a notion—it's only a notion, but my notions are apt to be pretty near the mark—that he had some idea of marrying you to Mr. Stephen Wilkes."

"Rodney! Good gracious! What a notion!"

"As I remarked, it's only a notion; but I can put two and two together, and something in the gentleman's manner this morning put the crown on my suspicions."

"I'd rather have died."

"Or married me? Well—do! How soon could you make it convenient?"

"How soon would you like it to be?"

"This is Monday. Say Thursday—next?"

"Rodney! How can you?"

"Then postpone it to that far-off date, Saturday, or even Monday. I don't know if you want a smart wedding; if you do, what indefinite postponement may the conventions require?"

"I don't want a smart wedding."

"That sounds hopeful. You're all I want; I don't know if I'm all you want."

"Well; you are one thing."

"Am I? Thanks—you have a nice way. I tell you what, I'll get a special licence—hang the expense—and we'll be married on Monday."

WHEN Rodney Elmore got back to his rooms it was somewhat late. Some letters were on the table in his sitting-room, and a telegram from Stella Austin.

It was a love-letter which this young lady had flashed across the wires at a halfpenny a word, evidently caring nothing if strangers learned what was in her heart so long as he did. He was still considering it when Miss Joyce came into the room with a decanter and a glass upon a tray.

"Miss Austin's been to see you," she observed. "I suppose that telegram's from her."

"Thank you; I'm glad she didn't stay."

"I thought you would be. She asked me if I was the servant. I don't think she liked the look of me."

There was something in his attitude which suggested that he was expecting her to leave the room, and would have liked her to. When she showed no sign of going he commented on her last remark.

"That was rather bad taste on her part."

"Wasn't it?"

Having done with the telegram, he began to examine the letters. She watched him with an expression in her pale blue eyes which, if he had been conscious of it, might have startled him. It was plain from his manner that he intended to offer her no encouragement either to continue the conversation or to remain in the room. After a perceptible interval, she said, with an abruptness which was a little significant:

"I was at the inquest."

He glanced up.

"You were where? At the inquest? Oh! What was the attraction? And how did you get in?"

"I believe the public are admitted to inquests. They're supposed to be public inquiries, aren't they? Also, I had a friend at court; and, anyhow, I wasn't the only person there. I suppose Miss Patterson is a rich woman, now."

"She'll have money."

"Are you going to marry her?"

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"Why do you ask?"

"Or are you going to marry Miss Austin?"

"Pray why do you ask that?"

"When Miss Patterson was here last night I thought there was an air about her as if she considered you her property; when Miss Austin was here this evening I thought the same thing of her. Odd, wasn't it?"

"The only thing odd about it, my dear Mabel, is that you should have such a vivid imagination. Both these ladies are old friends of mine."

"Old friends, are they? In what sense? In the sense that I'm an old friend?"

"No one could be nicer than you have been."

"I see. Have they been nice to you like that? I was a kid in short skirts when you first came."

"And a very pretty kid you were. Almost as pretty even then as you are now."

"Rodney, have you ever cared for me a little bit?"

"Have I ever cared? Haven't I shown it?"

"Shown it? You call that showing it?"

"WHAT is the matter with the girl? I've never seen you like this before."

"Don't imagine that I'm under any delusion about you; you'll know better by the time I've done. You're the kind of man who's not to be trusted with a girl. You make love to every woman you meet—what you call love! You're entangled with no end of women. I know! I don't know how many think you're going to marry them, but I shouldn't be surprised if Miss Patterson and Miss Austin both think you are. If I were to go and tell them, do you think they'd marry you? Not they; they're not that sort."

"But you won't tell them. You're not that sort either. I, perhaps, know you better than you know yourself."

"It's this way. Even you mayn't know who you're going to marry, but I do. You're going to marry me."

"I wish I were. I'll admit so much. But —we can't always do what we wish, my dear."

"Don't talk like that to me; don't you do it! You're duller than I thought, or long before this you'd have seen what I was driving at. Now, you listen to me; I'll tell you. To-day I was at the inquest."

"That fact, I assure you, in spite of my dullness, I have appreciated already. What I still fail to understand is what the attraction was."

"Attraction! You call it an attraction! You wait. I've always thought that an inquest was to find out the truth, not to hide it up. The idea of that one seemed to be to conceal, not to reveal. The coroner was an old idiot, as blind as a bat. He'd got a notion into his head, and as there wasn't room for more than one at a time —why, there it was! I went there knowing nothing, guessing nothing, suspecting nothing. The inquest hadn't hardly begun before I saw everything, knew everything, understood everything. But the coroner, the jury, and the witnesses — they knew less at the end than the beginning."

"Your words suggest that nature erred in making you a pretty girl, and therefore incompetent to be a coroner."

"According to the guard of the train, your uncle was found sitting up in a corner of the carriage, with a box in his hand, in which were some of the things with which he is supposed to have poisoned himself. The box was handed round for the coroner and jury to look at. Directly I saw it I knew it."

If Elmore changed countenance it was only very slightly, and the change went as quickly as it came; yet one felt that for an instant it had been there.

"Is that so? What sort of box was it? It must have been something rather out of the common run of boxes for you to have recognised it at what, I take it, was some little distance."

"I was close enough, close enough to take it in my hand if I had wanted; and it was all that I could do to keep my hand from off it. And it was very much what you call out of the common run of boxes. It was a silver box, Chinese, with Chinese engraving on it, about an inch and a half long, round, and a little thicker than a fountain pen."

"You seem to have observed it pretty closely."

"It was not the first time I'd seen it. The first time I saw it was on your dressing-table."

Again, if Elmore's expression altered, it was only as if a flickering something had come and gone in his eyes.

"What a vivid imagination you have, and what powers of observation! Even granting that, by some odd coincidence, that box was my box, what's the inference you draw from it, when the simple explanation is that it was a present to my uncle from his affectionate nephew?"

"I daresay it was a present, but not in the sense you mean. You went to Brighton yesterday by the Pullman, but you didn't come back by it."

"Pray, who is your informant, and what's the relevancy to your previous remarks?"

"George Dale, who has the bed-sitting-room upstairs, and who cares for me in a different way to what you do, because he wants me to be his wife."

"Then why the — something don't you oblige him? Isn't he respectable?"

"Oh, he's respectable."

"Then could there be a sounder proposition? A man who loves you, who would be all that a husband ought to be? I tell you what, on the day you marry him an unknown benefactor will settle on you a thousand pounds — something like a fortune."

"You can talk to me like that, you want to pass me on to someone else. That finishes it! Now you listen. George Dale's a booking clerk at Victoria Station. He recognised you, though you didn't him."

"Quite possibly, if he was on the other side of the peep-hole, and seeing that I've only seen him two or three times in my life."

"HE gave you your ticket for the Pullman. All the seats are numbered; he made a note of your number. Your ticket was among those collected from a later train. The guard of that train took particular notice of you."

"Your friend the guard appears to be as quick to observe as he is to impart the fruits of his observation."

"He wasn't my friend, only Mr. Dale introduced me to him, and he was kind enough to answer a question or two. Mr. Dale also introduced me to the guard of the train in which your uncle was. I asked him if it stopped anywhere. He thought a bit, and then said that it did once, for about a minute, in Redhill tunnel, where the signal was against it. I haven't made inquiries yet, but I shouldn't be surprised if someone saw you get into your uncle's train at Brighton. As that train stopped in Redhill tunnel, it's not hard to understand how, or why, you got into another train a little later at Redhill Station."

"You surprise me, Mabel. I hadn't a ghost of an idea that you had such a genius for ferreting."

"It's easy enough. If that coroner hadn't had a notion in his head when he started, he might have got at the facts as easily as I have."

"And, from what you call the facts, what is the inference you draw? What dreadful charge against me have you been formulating in your mind?"

"Rodney, a wife can't give evidence against her husband in a charge of murder."

"I believe I have heard as much. And then?"

"I'm the only creature in the world who has any suspicion. If you marry me you're safe."

"You, pretending to love me, can marry the sort of man you believe I am?"

"It is because I do love you that I am willing to marry you, knowing you to be the kind of man you are. Rodney, you'll give me at once a written promise of marriage, or I'll communicate with Inspector Harlow, and in the morning you'll be charged with murder."

"DO you wish me to suppose that you are speaking seriously."

"We'll be married at a registrar's — it doesn't matter where, so long as we are married, and at a registrar's it's quickest. You can get a licence for £2 3s 6d; I'll get it, I've enough money for that, and then the day after you can be married. If I get the licence to-morrow we can be married on Thursday—and we will."

"We can be married on Thursday, can we, you and I? This sounds like comic opera, and, as the song says, 'When we are married, what shall we do?'"

"You can do as you please. Now get a pen, and write."

He took the fountain-pen and a blotting-pad from a table at the side, and spread out on the latter a crumpled bill stamp.

"Here we are. Now for the writing. 'Three months after date I promise to pay.' Is that the sort of thing I'm to write?"

"You write what I tell you."

"Tell on; I'm waiting."

"Write: 'I, Rodney Elmore, promise to marry on Thursday next Mabel Joyce.' Have you got that? Why aren't you writing?"

"Before I start I want to see the finish; that is, I want to know all that I am to write."

"Except your signature and the date, that is all."

"Rather a considerable all, eh? What use do you suppose this will be to you when you've got it?"

"That's my business."

"What do you propose to do with it?"

"Nothing. If you marry me I'll give it you before we leave the registrar's."

"And if I don't?"

"You'll be in gaol."

He had been sitting back in his chair; now, leaning forward, he rested his arms on the table.

"Suppose I had another of those things which were in the silver box. If I gave it to you would you take it?"

"No."

She had raised her voice nearly to a scream. All at once she was still, leaving her sentence unfinished. There were sounds without of a key being put in a lock, of a

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door being opened, of steps in the passage. She spoke in a whisper, hurriedly, eagerly, and the fashion of her countenance was changed:

"That's Mr. Dale come back from the station. If you don't write what I told you now, I'll call him in—I will!"

He also spoke in a whisper, and in some subtle fashion his countenance was also changed:

"Mabel, don't—don't be hard on me."

"Then write, write what I told you; write it now. If I do call him in it'll be too late. Write!"

He drew the bill stamp towards him, picked up the fountain pen, and wrote. His air was more than a trifle sullen.

Drawing the pad to her she blotted what Elmore had written; then, after a glance at what was on it, began to put it in her blouse, while the young gentleman sat and watched.

"I'm going to put this into an envelope with a note I'm going to write, and give it to Mr. Dale, and tell him to keep it for me till I ask for it; and if I don't ask for it he'll know why."

She went, the bill form inside her blouse. Mr. Elmore was left to his own reflections. He remained just as she had left him, leaning forward, his arms upon the table, looking with unblinking eyes straight in front of him, as if he hoped to find in space an answer to a problem which was difficult to solve.

MISS JOYCE came into Mr. Elmore's bedroom the next morning before he was out of it. As a matter of fact, he was arranging his tie before the looking-glass with that nice care which is becoming to a young gentleman of looks.

"There's a gentleman come to see you—a Mr. Austin. I should say from the look of him that he's the father of the Miss Austin who was here last evening."

"The thing is possible."

"I don't know what he's come about."

"It's conceivable that you soon will know if you keep your ear close enough to my sitting-room door. Mr. Austin has rather a hearty way of speaking."

She moved aside to let him pass. He went down the stairs to his sitting-room below, quickly, lightly, humming a tune as he went, as if he had not a care in the world; and with a face which was all sunshine he entered his visitor's presence.

"My dear Rodney, this is an unconventional hour at which to pay a call; but I didn't think that in my case you'd mind about conventions, and I thought that, as I didn't get a chance of speaking to you last night, I'd have a few words with you before you started for the City. I suspect that I needn't tell you that I was glad to hear the news from Stella."

The speaker was a short, sturdily-built, fresh-colored man, probably somewhere in the fifties, whose neatly-trimmed beard was a shade whiter than his hair.

"It's very good of you, sir, to look me up in this unceremonious way. You must join me at breakfast."

"On this occasion I've been an earlier bird than you—I've breakfasted—but I will join you in a cup of coffee."

Rodney rang the bell. Miss Joyce entered with the breakfast on a tray. When she had gone he said:

"This is very bad news about your uncle. I see the inquest is in the morning's paper."

"Is it, sir? As yet I haven't seen a paper."

"From what I can gather he was suffering from some form of malignant disease, and, it seems, in a fit of despair, took his own life. Poor fellow! I hope I'm saying nothing that I ought not to say. Mrs. Austin will have it that I oughtn't to talk like that, but that's how I do feel. Will his death make any difference to you?"

"Do you mean has he left me anything? No, sir; not a penny."

"What becomes of the business?"

"According to the will it's to be carried on by the managing man for the benefit of those mentioned in the will."

"Of whom you're not one?"

"No, sir, I am not."

Mr. Austin's eyes twinkled behind his glasses as he settled his spectacles on his nose.

"I'm going to write to Mrs. Austin and wire to Tom; I want to arrange a little dinner for to-morrow in honour of a certain auspicious event. Stella tells me she wants you all to herself to-night, and I'm not to interfere. I don't know what she wants you for, I'm sure, but I've promised not to interfere. She'll pull a face when she sees you've not returned with me, so you come early; after disappointing her twice—on Sunday and last night—she'll think that you can't come too early."

"I'll leave the office as early as I can—trust me for that!—rush back here, dress, and come right on."

"Dress! You needn't dress! They're homely folk at Kensington, and Stella will excuse you; she won't want you to waste, in dressing, valuable time which might be spent with her. You come straight on from the office in your toil-stained garments. She'll want to know what time. Shall I say five? I dare say, at a pinch, you can manage to be in Kensington by five."

Rodney considered. If he did go straight on from the office he would at least escape the risk of another heated discussion with Miss Joyce—that would be something.

"Very well, sir; if Stella will forgive me coming as I am, as you say, all toil-stained, I'll try my best to be with her as near as possible to five."

MR. AUSTIN and Rodney left the house together, and so disappointed Miss Joyce, who was waiting to have one or two last words with Mr. Elmore. Having parted from Mr. Austin, Rodney paid a few calls on his way to St. Paul's Churchyard.

To begin with, he went into a jeweller's shop, and bought a ring set with pearls and diamonds—a simple, inexpensive trifle, which cost six pounds. It was designed for Stella's finger, and was to be her engagement ring.

Then he looked in at the offices of the White Star Steamship Company, and paid a deposit on a berth which he booked on a steamer which was to sail from Liverpool to New York on the following Thursday, booking it in the name of John Griffiths; then into the offices of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, where he booked a berth for the following Friday, from Southampton to Buenos Ayres, in the name of Charles Dickinson; then to the Cunard offices, where he booked for Saturday to New York, in the name of Adolphus Ridgway. Afterwards he visited the Bishop's Registry, in Doctors' Commons, and there, having made certain affidavits, received, in exchange for two sovereigns, a strip of paper which authorised him to marry Gladys Patterson, spinster, at any church in the London diocese. Thus prepared, as one might suppose, for more than one emergency, he paid still another call before proceeding to St. Paul's Churchyard—on Clarence Parmiter, solicitor. From him he wanted to know what forms it would be necessary to go through to enable Miss Patterson to draw on her late father's banking account.

Mr. Elmore left his friend's chambers with a feeling strong upon him that the business of getting his uncle's money out of the bank was not going to be as simple as he had hoped it would be. Clarence Parmiter even told him that the bank would not now honour any cheque which Graham Patterson might have drawn while still alive.

As, strolling leisurely along, he considered the matter in all its bearings calmly, it appeared to him that nothing worth calling money could be got at least until the morrow. He had no doubt that everything would be all right until to-morrow—he would so manage that it should be. He smiled as he arrived at this conclusion; he was still smiling when he reached the office. He marched, as a matter of course, to the room which had been his uncle's own particular sanctum, and this time no one even as much as hinted nay. Indeed, he was presently followed by Andrews, who informed him, with a countenance of decent solemnity, that he had made arrangements, which he hoped would meet with his and Miss Patterson's approval, for the interment of Mr. Patterson's remains in the family vault at Kensal Green, the interment to take place upon the morrow—Wednesday.

He wanted to know if Mr. Elmore did not think it would be well to close the office for the whole of to-morrow, so as to give the staff an opportunity of at least attending at the graveside. Andrews then wanted to know if Miss Patterson would be present, or if he—Rodney Elmore—would represent her as chief mourner. The suggestion moved Rodney in a way he would not have cared to admit. He was conscious of a feeling which surprised himself; he had not supposed he was so sensitive.

"I think," he told Andrews, "we must leave these points till later. I will consult with Miss Patterson and—observe her wishes. There is another matter," he went on. "Access to Mr. Patterson's banking account is not so easy as I imagined. My acquaintance with the procedure in these cases is nil; I don't know what yours amounts to."

"I know no more than you; this is the first time I find myself in such a position. Two payments of some importance are to be made this week; I was wondering how they would be met. Of course, if representations are made, time will be given."

"BUT, all the same, you would rather the payments were made? By the way, I believe that the trading account pass-book is in your charge; you might let me look at it."

Rodney examined the book with great attention when it was brought to him. He was already posted in certain figures which had to deal with his uncle's private account.

He afterwards wrote to Miss Patterson, enclosing for her inspection the marriage licence he had bought, asked in what church she would like the ceremony to take place on Monday, and added that he hoped to be able to make all final detailed arrangements with her to-morrow after the funeral.

He addressed the envelope, rang the bell, bade the lad who answered take it at once to Russell Square, took his hat off its peg,

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and, after a few hurried words to Andrews as he went out, started off for Kensington.

Stella, opening the door for him herself, was at him like a small wild thing.

"I thought you were never coming!"

"Why, it's not yet half-past five."

"Half-past five! When I expected papa to bring you with him, and he said you'd be here by five! Come in here; I'll talk to you!"

She took from him his hat and stick and gloves, and placed them on a table in the hall; then she led him by the sleeve of his coat into a room on the left, and shut the door, and drew a long breath.

"Oh—h—h! So you've come at last! Let me look at you, to make sure that it is you. Oh, Rodney, why have you been so long in coming?"

She put her arms about his neck and drew him down to her and kissed him. He said, softly:

"I do believe you have grown shorter."

"You wretch! To let a thing like that be your first word to me!"

"It's such a long way down, though it's well worth stooping for."

He kissed her again, tenderly, on her pretty lips—he was an expert in the art of kissing. Because he did it so well, she, not knowing that such skill came of practice, had him kiss her again and again and again, till the breath had half gone out of her body and she was all rapturous palpitation.

"If you only knew what ages it seems since I saw you!"

"Stella, what do you think it has seemed to me? If you only knew what I have gone through!"

"Poor boy! I suppose you have had to bear a good deal."

"You have no notion what I've had to bear."

That was true enough, or she would not have been as close to him as she was.

"It was bad enough when you didn't come on Sunday. I suppose you didn't get back from that Mrs. What's-her-name, your mother's friend, in time?"

"My dear, I had a chapter of accidents, and nearly missed the last train; I'll tell you all about it some day, and you'll laugh. I didn't feel like laughing then, I can tell you that."

"And I didn't feel like laughing, and I can tell you that. In fact, I—I cried."

"Stella!"

"I DID; it seemed so awful. That was the longest Sunday I ever knew; and then when the evening came I kept expecting you every moment; I kept rushing out of the front door to look for you."

"I did come to see you—after I came back."

"Rodney!"

"At least, I came as far as the outside of the house. I dismissed the cab at the corner; then I walked—or rather sneaked—along the pavement; if a bobby had seen me he'd have been all suspicion—till I reached the house. It was all in darkness; there wasn't a glimmer of light anywhere."

"What time was it?"

"About one, perhaps later."

"Rodney, I am very anxious to believe that there are sufficient reasons which compel you to spend all the time you seem to spend in the City; but you don't manage to make it very clear what they are."

"Stella! Stella! How can you talk like that? What shall I say? What can I do?"

"You can promise to dine with us tomorrow night."

"I gladly promise it—gladly."

"There's no 'if' about the promise?"

"No 'if'! If you only knew how I shall look forward to coming, what pleasure I shall give myself in coming! My dear, if you only knew how I am looking forward to dining with you all the days of all the year!"

"And, Rodney, papa understands that you are coming into his business; is that what you understand?"

"Rather! You bet it is, if he'll have me. Do you think I'd throw away a chance like that?"

He took a small, round, leather-covered box out of his waistcoat pocket.

As she looked at the outside of the box her eyes began to sparkle—as if she did not know!

"There! Why, it's a ring!"

She held out to him a finger which, if it was small, was slim and daintily fashioned. He bent and kissed it.

"Oh, Rodney, what—what a darling!"

She pressed it to her lips.

He took her in his arms and kissed her again, as it were, solemnly. He was practised in all varieties of the art. And they were silent.

There were five of them at dinner—the two lovers, the lady's father, her two hostesses—the Misses Claughton. These were cousins of her mother. Miss Claughton was tall and straight and prim; Miss Nancy Claughton, the younger sister, was stout and tender. Both ladies were disposed to make a fuss of Rodney, to invest him with a sort of halo, as if, in asking Stella to be his wife, he had done something which marked him out as an unusual young man.

RODNEY ELMORE had the unusual attribute of seeming at his best in the morning, as if calm, unruffled sleep, having removed the cobwebs from his brain, returned him rested and buoyant to a world in which there were no shadows. On the Wednesday morning, he came downstairs with light steps and dancing eyes and found a number of letters on the breakfast table.

Opening one of them, he saw on a sheet of paper a couple of typewritten lines:

"If you take a friend's advice you will get clean away while you have still a chance."

He regarded the words as if in doubt as to whether they were intended to convey to him an esoteric meaning.

"No signature, no address, no date; the first anonymous communication I ever have been favored with. Postmark on the envelope, Kew, despatched from there last night at eight o'clock, which doesn't convey much intelligence to me."

Then he took an oblong piece of paper out of a letter-case and studied it.

"'Steamship Cedric—John Griffiths, passenger to New York, cabin forty-five, berth A.' I wonder if it will be occupied, or if the money's wasted. That's for to-morrow, or is it to be Buenos Ayres on Friday, or New York on Saturday?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Who knows if it is to be either?"

He had left the house and was descending the steps when a telegraph boy approached, with a yellow envelope in his hand.

"Who's it for?" he asked.

"Rodney Elmore, sir."

"I am Rodney Elmore. Wait and see if there's an answer."

The telegram which the envelope contained was a lengthy one; it covered the whole of the pink slip of paper. He read it through once, then again. As he read it the second time, he whistled, very softly, as if unconsciously, the opening bars of "Sally in Our Alley."

"There is an answer. Give me a form."

He spread the form the boy gave him out upon his letter-case, then he seemed to consider what to say; then read the telegram he had received a third time, as if in search of light and leading. Arriving at a sudden decision, he wrote on the form the name and address of the person to whom the message was to be sent, and then one word, "Right." He added nothing which would show who the sender was; evidently he took it for granted that it would be recognised that the message came from him. As he watched the lad mount his bicycle and pedal away, he said to himself, always with that characteristic air of his, as of one who appreciates a capital jest:

"That settles it! Now the plot does begin to thicken."

THE final understanding had been that those who were to go to the bank, in order that arrangements might be made which would give them immediate access to the funds of the late Graham Patterson, were to meet at the office in St. Paul's. On the way to the City, Rodney paid two or three calls. When he entered the office the outer rooms were empty; there was a notice on the outer door to the effect that business was suspended on account of Mr. Patterson's funeral. Mr. Andrews came out of what had been the late proprietor's own sanctum to greet him.

"Mr. Wilkes is here, Mr. Elmore, and particularly wishes to see you."

Rodney said nothing, but his look suggested that he resented something which he noticed in the other's manner, as well as the fact that he had come out of that particular room.

"To what am I indebted, Mr. Wilkes, for your presence here to-day? Did you not notice the intimation on the door, informing all and sundry that these offices are closed? If it is a business matter on which you have called, I must ask you to postpone it, at any rate until to-morrow."

Instead of showing any disposition to take himself off, as the other so plainly suggested, the dark-visaged lawyer, leaning back in his chair, looked up at the young man with something in his glance which was not exactly complimentary.

"I have come, Mr. Elmore, a good deal against my own wish, in consequence, of a communication which I have received from Mr. Patterson?"

"From—what do you mean, from Mr. Patterson?"

"A letter came to my office yesterday evening, after I had left, which was placed in my hands this morning. Before proceeding to take other steps, I thought it might perhaps save unpleasantness, and be fairer to you, if in the first instance I acquainted you with its substance."

"From whom is the letter?"

"From your late uncle, Graham Patterson.

"You say it reached you last night? I don't understand."

"Nor I, as yet, quite; I can only form a hypothesis. It seems that the letter was written at Brighton some time on Sunday. Clearly, from the postmark, it was posted at Brighton on Sunday. It ought to have reached me, of course, on Monday, but the presumption is that, owing to some vagary of the post office, it went astray, so that it has been more than two days on

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the road, instead of only a few hours. Under the circumstances that seems rather a curious accident. Here is the letter, I warn you that you will not find it a pleasant one."

"Is it absolutely necessary, then, that I should know its contents? My relations with Mr. Patterson were not of a kind to lead me to expect any pleasantness from him, either on paper or off it."

"The position is this: It is my duty to place this letter before—someone else, when very serious consequences may ensue; but, by taking a certain course, you may relieve me of the duty."

"In that case, let me know what is in the letter."

"I HAD better read it to you, so that you may understand that the language is the writer's, not mine."

Mr. Wilkes withdrew a letter from an envelope which he took from his pocket; the envelope he held out to Rodney.

"You see? The address is in your uncle's hand; it was post-marked at Brighton on Sunday evening, so there can be no doubt about the date on which it was despatched."

The lawyer proceeded to read the letter out loud with a dryness which seemed to give it peculiar point.

"'Dear Stephen' [my Christian name, I may remind you, is Stephen].—'I want you to draw up a codicil to my will, and to have it ready for my signature to-morrow—Monday afternoon.

"'It is to be to the effect that if my daughter marries my nephew, Rodney Elmore, then all that portion of my will which refers to her to be null and void—she is not to have a penny. All that would have been hers is to be divided equally among the following charities.' [Then follows a list of them; there are eight. Then the letter goes on]: 'I hope that's clear enough, between ourselves, Master Elmore is an all-round scoundrel; I swear to you that I'm convinced that no rascality would be too steep for him. He is a liar of the very first water, a thief, and a forger; so much I can prove. I would sooner have my girl dead than his wife; the cursed young blackguard is after her for all he knows. But I am going to clear him out in charge of a constable when I get back to the office; I doubt if he has got tight enough hold of my girl to induce her to marry a convict—it will be a clear case of penal servitude for him.

"'I know you will think I am writing strongly, but that is because I feel strongly. When I tell you the whole story you will admit that I am justified.

"'Mind you have that codicil ready, on the lines I have given; I will call in on my way back from the office and sign. I know you do not touch criminal business as a rule, but you will have to make an exception in my case. I want you to instruct counsel in the matter of Master Elmore, for reasons which I will make clear to you when we meet. Sincerely yours,

"'GRAHAM PATTERSON.'"

When the lawyer had done reading he lowered the letter and glanced up at the young man, who still stood towering above him.

"Have you read that letter to Mr. Andrews?"

"I have not."

"Are you suggesting that that letter in any way affects my uncle's will?"

"I am not prepared to give a definite opinion; but this I will say, that if its existence were to come to the knowledge of the societies herein mentioned, they would be justified in taking counsel's opinion, and quite possibly he would advise their taking further action."

"You are, of course, at liberty to take any steps with regard to that tissue of libels you please, especially as I have made it, I think, perfectly clear to you that you will do so at your own proper peril."

Andrews appeared in the doorway to announce that Mr. Parmiter was in the outer office.

"Show Mr. Parmiter in at once for a few minutes, Andrews, if you please."

As the young solicitor came in Rodney advanced to greet him.

"Hallo, Parmiter! you come in the very nick of time—you see Mr. Wilkes has favored me with his company again. Mr. Wilkes, read to Mr. Parmiter the letter you just now read to me."

"I shall certainly do nothing of the kind. With all possible respect to Mr. Parmiter, this is a matter in which he has no locus standi, and in which I cannot recognise him at all."

"Why not? He is my solicitor; he advises me. When you have made known to him the contents of that letter, don't you think it possible that he may give me the advice which, apparently, you would like him to give?"

While he was speaking the door opened to admit Miss Patterson. He moved to her with both hands held out.

"Now, here is someone whom, I presume, you will recognise—the very person. Gladys, here is Mr. Wilkes. He has something which he very much wishes to say to you."

RETURNING the letter to its envelope, Mr. Wilkes rose from his chair.

"My hands are not going to be forced by you, Mr. Elmore, don't you suppose it. In making any communication to Miss Patterson which I may have to make, I shall prefer to choose my own time and place."

"That's it, is it? I quite appreciate the reasons which actuate you, Mr. Wilkes, in wishing to make what you call your communication to Miss Patterson behind my back; and I think that Miss Patterson will appreciate them equally well. Mr. Wilkes has in his hand what he claims to be a letter from your father. If you take my advice you will insist on his showing it to you at once."

Miss Patterson was quick to act on the hint which her lover gave her. She moved close up to the lawyer.

"Mr. Wilkes, be so good as to let me see the letter to which my cousin refers."

"I will write to you on the subject, Miss Patterson."

The lawyer, with his dark eyes fixed on the lady's face, raised the hand in which was the envelope which contained the letter, with the intention of slipping it into an inner pocket of his coat. Her quick glance recognised the handwriting of the address.

"It's from dad! she cried. "It's a letter from dad!"

She had snatched the letter from between the lawyer's fingers before he had the faintest inkling of what she was about to do.

"Miss Patterson," he exclaimed, "give me back that letter."

She retreated, as he showed a disposition to advance. Mr. Elmore interposed himself between the lawyer and the lady.

"Steady, Mr. Wilkes, steady. You told me that it would be your duty to place the letter in Miss Patterson's hands. It is in her hands. What objection have you to offer?

Whatever protest the lawyer might have been inclined to make he apparently came to the conclusion that, at the moment, it would be futile to make any. He withdrew himself from Elmore's immediate neighborhood, and observed the lady, as she read the letter. She read it without comment to the end. Then she asked:

"When did you get this letter?"

"It reached my office last night, and me this morning; but, as you see, it was written on Sunday, and would appear to have been delayed in the post."

She turned to Rodney.

"Have you read this letter?"

"It has been read aloud to me, which comes to the same thing."

"You know—what he says at the end?"

"I do; Mr. Wilkes took special care of that."

"Is it true?"

"It is absolutely false. There is not one word of truth it is. It comes to me as a complete surprise."

Miss Patterson tore the letter in half from top to bottom. The lawyer broke into exclamation.

"Miss Patterson! What are you doing? You must not do that! Not only is it not your letter, but it is a document of the gravest legal importance."

She held out the fragments of the letter. Mr. Wilkes made a final attempt at salvage.

"Miss Patterson, I implore you to give me those scraps of paper. It may still not be too late to piece them together, and so save you from consequences of whose gravity you have no notion."

Once more the young gentleman interposed.

"Steady, Mr. Wilkes, steady!"

"Remove your hand from my shoulder, sir! You are only making your position every moment more and more serious!"

Again the lady spoke.

"To use a phrase of which you seem to be rather fond, Mr. Wilkes, in a legal sense, I believe this is my room. I must ask you to leave it at once."

"Not before you have given me those scraps of paper, Miss Patterson!"

"Rodney, will you please put Mr. Wilkes out? But please don't hurt him!"

The young man put the lawyer out, doing him no actual bodily hurt. He conducted him through the outer office to the landing, then addressed the astonished Andrews.

Shutting the door in the lawyer's face, he audibly turned the key on the inner side.

"Now Andrews, would you mind coming into the other room?"

MISS PATTERSON greeted her cousin with a request. She still had the fragments of the letter between her fingers.

"How about a match, Rodney? Please burn these."

He made a little bonfire of them on the hearth, while she went on:

"I don't suppose you will be very eager now to attend my father's funeral in the capacity of mourner."

"I am not. I would much rather not go at all, if you will pardon the abstention."

"I would much rather you did not go either—so, Andrews, that is settled. Also, be so good as to understand that I prefer that the funeral should not start from Russell Square."

Mr. Patterson's body had been removed from the station to the undertaker's, where it at present reposed in a handsome example of the undertaker's art. The idea

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had been to bring it in a hearse to Russell Square whence the funeral cortege was to start. It was this arrangement which Miss Patterson wished to have altered. The managing man silently acquiesced; there was still time to give instructions that all that was left of his late employer was to be taken straight from the undertaker's to the cemetery.

THE four of them went together to the bank, which was within a minute's walk. There, the necessary forms being quickly gone through, a sum of two thousand pounds was credited to Miss Patterson, power being given to Rodney Elmore to draw on her account for such sums as were needed for the proper conduct of the business, it being tacitly understood that he would draw only such sums as were needed for the business. That matter being settled, they separated; Mr. Andrews and Mr. Parmiter going their own ways, Miss Patterson and Mr. Elmore departing together in a cab to lunch. The cab had not gone very far before the yonug gentleman made a discovery.

"I've left my letter-case on the table in the bank."

"Your letter-case? Did you? What a nuisance; I never noticed it. Are you sure it was on the table?"

"Quite; I remember distinctly; it was under a blotting-pad. What an idiot I am! I'm frightfully sorry, but I'm afraid I shall have to go back and get it."

"Of course, we will go back."

The cab returned to the bank. The lady remained inside; the gentleman passed through the great swing doors—through first one pair, then a second—it was impossible to see from the street what was taking place beyond. Once in the bank, the young gentleman said nothing about his letter-case—it had apparently passed from his memory altogether; but he presented at the counter a cheque for a thousand pounds, with his own signature attached. He took it in tens and fives, and a hundred pounds in gold. If the paying clerk thought it was rather an odd way of taking so large a sum, he made no comment. Rodney came back through the swing doors with a letter-case held in his hand.

"I've got it," he explained.

He emphatically had, though she understood one thing and he meant another. When they had gone some little distance in the direction of lunch she observed:

"I wish I were not in mourning. I've half a mind to go back and change."

On their arrival at No. 90, they were greeted in the hall by a tall, upstanding, broad-shouldered, soldierly-looking man in whom Gladys recognised the officer of police who had brought her the news of her father's tragic fate.

"Inspector Harlow," she exclaimed. "What—what are you doing here?"

"Can I say half a dozen words with you, Miss Patterson, in private?"

She led the way to the first room to which they came, which chanced to be the dining-room, she entering first, then Rodney, the inspector last. When he was in he shut the door and stood up against it.

"I said, Miss Patterson, in private."

The inspector had an eye on Rodney.

"We are in private; you can say anything you wish to say before this gentleman. This is Mr. Elmore, to whom I am shortly to be married."

"Mr. Elmore?"

As the officer echoed the name the two men's glances met. The young man, on his side, was regarding teh inspector as if he found him amusing.

"Well, inspector, when you have quite finished staring at Mr. Elmore, perhaps you will tell me what it is you have to say."

"Was I staring? I beg Mr. Elmore's pardon—and yours, Miss Patterson. I was only thinking that, under the circumstances, it is a fortunate accident that Mr. Elmore should be present."

"You have omitted to state what are the circumstances to which you allude."

"I will proceed to supply that omission at once, Miss Patterson. You will probably think that they are strange ones; and, indeed, they are; but you will, of course, understand that I am only here in pursuance of my duty. I have come in consequence of a letter which I received this morning. I will read it to you."

He took an envelope from a fat pocket-book.

"It bears no address, and is not dated; but the envelope shows that it was posted last night at Beckenham.

"'To Inspector Harlow.

"'Sir,—Mr. Graham Patterson did not commit suicide; he was murdered.

"'If you can make it convenient to be at Mr. Graham Patterson's late residence, No. 90 Russell Square, to-morrow, Wednesday, afternoon at 3.30, I will be there also, and will point out to you the murderer.

"'Your obedient servant,

"'Philip Walter Augustus Parker.'"

Silence followed when the inspector ceased to read. The inspector was the first to speak.

"You will, of course, perceive, Miss Patterson, that the probabilities are that this letter is a hoax; the signature, Philip Walter Augustus Parker, in itself suggests a hoax. Then there is the absence of an address."

Hardly had the inspector done speaking than there was the sound of an electric bell and a rat-tat-tat at the front door. The trio in the dining-room could scarcely have seemed more startled had they been suddenly confronted by a ghost. The inspector's voice sank to a whisper.

"If the name's Parker, would you mind asking the servant—in here?"

A gesture supplied the words he had omitted in his sentence. He held the door open so that Gladys could speak to the maid who was coming along the hall. She did so, also in lowered tones.

"If that's a person of the name of Parker show him at once in here."

She withdrew; the inspector shut the door; there was a pause; no one spoke; each of the three stood and listened. They could hear the front door opened and steps coming along the hall. Then the dining-room door was opened by a maid, who announced:

"Mr. Parker."

There entered the little man who had followed the example set by Rodney of getting out of the train in Redhill tunnel.

THE moment he appeared Rodney knew that he had been expecting him; that somewhere at the back of his mind there had been a feeling that it was he who was coming. He had his hat in one hand, and with the other he rubbed his scrubby chin. No one could have seemed more at his ease. Without offering any sort of greeting he immediately proceeded to address the inspector, while the maid was still closing the door, in that thin, unmusical, penetrating voice which Rodney so much disliked.

"So you are there, Harlow, are you? I wondered if you'd have sense enough to come."

He rounded off his sentence with the snigger which had so jarred on the young man's sensitive nerves, and which affected Gladys so unpleasantly that, with what seemed to be a start of repulsion, she moved closer to her lover's side. The stranger noted the movement, and commented on it—again with the uncomfortable snigger.

"That's right; get as close as you can; he'll keep you safe; anyone will be safe who gets close enough to him. You're Miss Patterson; I could tell you anywhere by your likeness to your father. You're not the kind of girl I care about, any more than he was the kind of man. Who's the youngster? Now, there is someone worth looking at; why, he's as handsome as paint, and of quite unusual force of character for so young a man."

With a view perhaps of checking the stranger's volubility, the inspector administered what was possibly meant for a rebuke.

"If you would confine yourself to the business which has brought you here, sir, it would be as well. Are you Mr. Parker?"

"I am. Philip Walter Augustus Parker—a lot of name for a man of my size."

"You sent me a letter last night from Beckenham?"

"I did."

"Stating that Mr. Graham Patterson did not commit suicide."

"Exactly."

"But was murdered?"

"He was."

"YOU went on to say that if I were here this afternoon you would point out to me the murderer."

"I will."

"Point him out."

"I am."

"I thought so."

"I knew you did. I saw on your intelligent visage that you knew what was coming. You have some experience of cranks who accuse themselves of crimes of which they are innocent. You take it for granted that I am one of them, which shows what a dunce you are. I am a lunatic. That's right, Harlow, smile again. I knew that would tickle you. A policeman's sense of humor is his own."

"It is necessary, Mr. Parker, that I should warn you that anything you say will be taken down and used against you."

"Quite right, Harlow. Take it down; but as for using it against me, that's absurd. The law does not punish lunatics. Whatever they may do it holds them guiltless. I'm an example of the inadequacy of the law to protect the public from what I may describe as the lunatic at large. It is not sufficiently recognised that there is an order of dementia which may at any time develop into homicidal mania, and that, therefore, a lunatic, unless he is kept in safe keeping, may kill, with impunity, whom he pleases—as I have done. I have killed Graham Patterson. Yet no one may venture to kill me. My life is more sacred than that of a sane man in the eyes of the law."

The inspector looked at the girl significantly.

"I think, Miss Patterson, that I had better deal with Mr. Parker alone."

"And, Miss Patterson, I think not. What I am about to say will be found of interest not only by you, but also by—that extraordinary young man. Harlow, your duty is to take down what I am about to say in

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writing. Don't exceed it. Shut the door. Miss Patterson will stay where she is."

The inspector looked at the lady, as if for instructions. As she gave no sign, beyond drawing a little closer to her lover, he shut the door, which he had opened a few inches. Mr. Parker beamed at him with a grotesque little air of triumph.

"There, Harlow—you see! Now attend to me. Suppose, before I go any further, we all sit down. My tale may take some minutes. I don't want anyone to get tired of standing. You won't? Very good—then stand. There are plenty of chairs, and very comfortable some of them seem; but, of course, I don't propose to force you to occupy them if you would rather not. Now—attention. To begin at the beginning."

AGAIN he indulged in the uncomfortable sort of laughter which, more than anything else, revealed the disorder of the creature's mind.

"On Sunday evening I bolted from my keeper, one Metcalf, in whose charge I have been for six or seven months, and of whom I was tired to extinction—an unclubable fellow who never talks unless he has something to say. I left Brighton on the 9.10 train. Until the train started I was the sole occupant of a first-class carriage, at which I was not displeased. I had some idea of committing suicide myself. Life, I assure you, has little to offer me. I am just sane enough to know that I never shall be saner. There's a wall—a wall which I shall never climb, and which shuts me out—from I don't know what. If I were left alone—I so seldom am; they won't leave me alone; here would be an excellent opportunity to consider the best way out of it. You may fancy then what my feelings were when, just as the train was starting another passenger entered—bundled in by an extremely officious porter. He would never have caught the train if it hadn't been for the porter—in which case he would have been still alive—so that one may say, logically, the porter killed him. The fellow certainly ought to be punished."

He waved his hat with a gesture which was possibly intended to represent the execution of the porter in question.

"The man who had entered my compartment, Miss Patterson, was your father—in every respect a most objectionable person, combining in himself nearly everything that I most object to—bloated, overfed, nearly drunk, horrible to contemplate. He sat there perspiring, puffing, panting, gasping for breath. I half expected he would have a fit. But, instead of having a fit, before the train had gone very far he was asleep, fast asleep. Could any conduct have been more disgusting?—drunken sleep. With a man of my stamp at the other end of the carriage, could anything have been more insulting? And he snored—such snores. I declare to you he made more noise than the train did. If that extraordinary young man had been in the next compartment he'd have heard him. And his jaw dropped open—it was that gave me the idea. Who is it says that trifles light as air lead to I don't know what? It was that trifle which led to my killing your father, Miss Patterson."

Again the cackling giggle, which made the girl try to draw still nearer to her lover, as if the thing were possible.

"Some time before I had come into possession of quite a quantity of potassium cyanide. I won't say how—I had. The artfulness of lunatics is proverbial, and I'm as artful as any of them. On that point I refer you to Metcalf, as well as to others who have had me in their charge, both in asylums and out of them—they'll tell you! It was in the form of tabloids, looking just like sweeties, in a nice little silver box. Enough to kill a street, I had meant to use it to kill myself, but at the sight of that dreadful man, with his bulging mouth, I thought—why not use it to kill him? Pop one into his mouth, and the trick was done! I moved inch by inch, and foot by foot along the seat towards his end of the carriage. He still snored on, paying no attention of any sort to me. He was a horrid, vulgar man. At last I was right in front of him. I might have been ten miles away for all he knew. How he snored, and how his jaws did gape! I had the silver box in one hand and a tabloid between the finger and thumb of the other, and I leaned forward and popped it into his open mouth."

Continuing, Mr. Parker seemed to address his remarks, particularly to Rodney.

"You never would have thought that it could be so easy to kill a man, and have it brought in as suicide, would you? When I read the report of the inquest in the papers I was amazed to find how easy it really was. Then it occurred to me that as, of course, he had been murdered—I knew that—why shouldn't I communicate with the police, after all? No harm would come to me; lunatics are protected by the law. It would be different if he had been murdered by—you; you would certainly be hanged. I shall go to Broadmoor. I have rather a fancy for Broadmoor. If the part I've played in this little affair of Graham Patterson doesn't qualify me for Broadmoor, then I should very much like to know what would. Eh, young man, eh?"

INSPECTOR HARLOW having gone, with Mr. Parker as close companion, the lovers being again alone together, it was pretty plain that they were conscious that, since entering the house, the situation had materially changed.

Gladys, on her side, when at last she broke the curious silence, which prevailed longer than either of them supposed after they had been left together, quickly showed that she was obsessed by a mood in which he did not know her, in which, as it were, she had slipped out of his reach.

"Rodney, do you think that what that man said is true?"

"He seemed to give chapter and verse for most of it."

"But if it's true—dad didn't take his own life!"

"If it's true."

"But don't you see what a difference that makes?"

"Of course, it makes a difference; but in what sense do you mean?"

"In every sense—every sense! Do you think—that while he's being buried—I should be here—if I had known that he was murdered? He was my father."

"In any case he was that."

"Not in any case, not in any case! I may have got him all wrong! I may have misjudged! I may—I don't know what I mayn't have done. There's the letter!"

"What letter?"

"To Mr. Wilkes. You said, when he wrote it, he was mad, and that taking his own life proved it. I thought so. But, if he didn't take his own life, what then?"

Rodney made an effort to regain his self-possession, and partially succeeded.

"My dear Gladys, the whole business is a bad one, whichever way you look at it. We are to be married on Monday."

"Monday? Married—to you?"

"My dear Gladys, you are perfectly well aware that the arrangement, as it stands at present, is that we are to be married on Monday. I was merely about to suggest that, as it would seem that this whole unfortunate affair is likely to prove too much, we should be married to-morrow instead, and then we shall be able to get out of this unpleasant atmosphere at the earliest possible moment."

"Stop! Stop!"

She shouted at rather than spoke to him.

"Perhaps I shall not be married to you at all."

He stared at her in genuine amazement.

"Gladys! What are you talking about? What do you mean?"

"I don't know what I mean; I almost hope I never may know."

"My dear child; that wretched man."

"Have you ever seen him before?"

"Seen whom?"

"You know quite well. That wretched man."

"So far as I am aware, never in my life. What makes you ask such a question?"

"Are you sure? Do you swear it."

"How can a man swear to a thing like that? But I do swear that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, I have never seen him before."

"Then how came it that he knew you so well?"

"Knew me so well? Gladys! What are you dreaming about? Why he never even addressed me by name."

"No; I noticed that; but he addressed you all the same. Most of what he said was especially addressed to you, as if he knew that you would understand."

"What are you driving at?"

"What's more, he saw that I was afraid of you."

"Afraid? You? Why, you could hardly have snuggled closer."

"That was because I was afraid to let you know how afraid of you I was."

"Gladys! Has that creature turned your brain?"

"I—I don't know. Oh, if I could only say a few words to dad—if I only could!"

"What would they be?"

"I would—ask him—how—he died."

"You have two stories offered for your choice. Are you content with neither?"

"RODNEY, if my father were standing here now, and his spirit may be, would you tell me, in his presence, that you don't know why he disliked you?"

"Are you going into that all over again? To what end?"

"What does that man know of you? What does he know?"

"How can I tell what a half-witted man knows of me, or thinks he knows? Certainly he knows nothing to my discredit."

"Rodney—don't."

"Don't what?"

"You know! You do know! I can see in your eyes you know! Please go!"

"Sweetheart!"

"Don't—speak to me—like that—now. Go!"

"You surely are not in earnest. You cannot wish me to leave you before this extraordinary misunderstanding which has so inexplicably sprung up is cleared away. Tell me what is in your mind—frankly, all! I quite understand how this wretched man, Parker, may have turned your thoughts

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into unexpected currents and filled you with miserable doubts. I assure you he has upset me more than I care to tell you."

"I know that he upset you! I felt you were upset when I was so close to you. I can see it now."

If for the moment he was disconcerted—and the lady's manner was disconcerting—he slurred it over with creditable skill.

"Come, Gladys; let's try to get back to where we were—to perfect understanding. Tell me your doubts, no matter how insoluble they may seem to you. I promise you I'll solve them."

"I'm sure you will; I feel you could solve anything, but I am afraid of your solution."

Before he had an inkling of her intention she had passed rapidly across the floor and from the room.

"Gladys!" he exclaimed.

But it was too late; she had gone. He stood staring at the door through which she had vanished, irresolute. Should he follow her, possibly to her bedroom, and entreat her for a hearing?

THAT evening Rodney Elmore was at a dinner given at a famous restaurant in honor of his engagement to Stella Austin, quite a different sort of meal from that at which he had assisted at the Misses Claughton's house in Kensington. If in his manner there was an unusual touch of nervousness, it was not unbecoming; the bride that was to be was not entirely herself. He met her as, with her father and mother, she entered the hall. She said to him, as he fell in by her side:

"I did hope, Rodney, that you would have come to fetch me."

"My dear, it's only by the skin of my teeth that I've got here myself! Do you think that I wouldn't have come if I could?"

She said nothing in reply, but as she passed towards the ladies' cloak-room there was a look on her face which almost suggested tears. Her mother's manner, as she greeted him, was not too genial:

"So you are here? Well, I suppose that's something!"

Mr. Austin, as he deposited his hat and coat with the attendant, seemed very much in the same key.

"We should have been here some minutes ago, only Stella would have it you were coming to fetch her; we should have been waiting for you still if she had had her way. How was it you didn't come? She's quite disappointed; rather a pity that the evening should have begun with a misunderstanding of that sort."

Rodney drew the gentleman aside.

"I take it, Mr. Austin, that you haven't heard the news?"

"To what news do you refer?"

"It is now stated that my uncle did not commit suicide, but was murdered."

"But I thought the coroner's jury had returned a verdict of suicide."

"That is so; but this afternoon a man named Parker gave himself up to the police, on his own confession, as having murdered my uncle. You will understand that I—I have had rather a trying day."

"On his confession? Is the man a lunatic?"

"That's just it; he is, yet it seems only too likely that—he did what he says he did."

"But how came he to make his confession in your presence? Do you know the man?"

"Not I; he's an entire stranger to me; but I'll tell you all about it later. I don't want you to say anything to the ladies or anyone; I only mention it to you because I want you to understand how it is that I am not in such—such good fettle as I might be for an occasion of this kind; and also because I want you, if needs be, to help me with Stella."

"My dear boy, of course I will. It is only natural that, at a time like this, a girl should think that there's nothing of much consequence except her own affairs; but I'll stand by you, never fear. I rather wish that the whole thing had been postponed, but Stella wouldn't hear of it. There's Tom not at all himself; he wanted Mary Carmichael to come, and Stella wanted her to come; in fact, we all wanted her to come, but she hasn't. I've been told nothing, but I can see there's some trouble there. Altogether the evening doesn't look as if it were going to be quite such a merry one as I had hoped it would have been; however, we must make the best of it. Cheer up, lad; put your troubles behind you for this night only."

That was a prescription which at any rate the prescriber's son did not seem at all disposed to follow, as Rodney quickly learnt when Tom appeared a little tardily. Tom's naturally good-humored face wore an expression of unwonted gloom, and there was that in his air and general bearing which accorded ill with a time of feasting and making merry.

"You know, old chap, I oughtn't to be here. I really didn't. I shall queer the whole show."

Rodney laughed as he put his hand on the speaker's shoulder.

"Why, Tom, what's wrong?"

"I don't know what's wrong, but something's wrong. I do know that. When the governor told me about this kick-up tonight, I wrote to Mary and told her all about it, and asked her to come up, and so on, and said I'd run down to Brighton this morning to bring her up, and told her the train I'd come by, and asked her to meet me at the station. She didn't meet me at the station—that was shock number one; and when I got to the house, if you please, the servant didn't want to let me in—she wanted to make me believe that Mary was out. I wasn't taking that; I would go in, and I saw her old aunt—she's an old dear, she is. After a while, and she'd told no end of them, she owned up that Mary was in all the time she'd been telling them. She was up in her bedroom, and had given word that if I called she wouldn't see me. You might have bowled me over with an old cork."

"MY dear old chap, you've done something to upset the lady's applecart; you'll have a letter telling you all about it in the morning."

"I hope so, but I doubt it; I might have known I was feeling too much bucked up. You know she never said exactly yes; she sort of let me take it for granted, and perhaps I took it a little too much for granted; I feel that perhaps that's how it is. But if she's off with me, I'm done—clean. She could make a man of me, even the kind of article the governor thinks a man; but no one else could. If she won't have me I shall emigrate, that's what I shall do; I shall go to one of those cheery spots where you get knocked out by blackwater fever, or sleeping sickness, or something nice of that sort, three months after you've landed."

Notice being given that dinner was ready, Rodney led Stella into the private room in which it was to be served cheerfully enough, bestowing on her admiring glances and whispering what he meant to be sweet things into her pretty ear as they went.

"My hat! that's a duck of a frock you're arrayed in; you do look scrumptious."

"I'm glad you think so."

The maid's manner was a trifle prim; she plainly wished him to understand that she was still a little out with him. He smiled at her.

"I don't know what you're laughing at."

"Would you rather I cried?"

"I'm afraid poor Tom feels like crying. Isn't it strange Mary not coming, and sending no message, or anything—nothing to explain? Have you heard how she treated Tom?"

They had reached the dinner-table, and were settling themselves in their places.

"Stella, be so good as to understand, once for all, that there's only one subject to-night, and that's you. All other subjects are tabbooed."

"RODNEY, I'm glad you are going to talk to me at last, though I don't suppose you have thought of me once all day."

The feast passed off better than, at one time, it had promised to do. There were about twenty people present. Mr. Austin had whipped up, at a moment's notice, various relations, and also certain persons who were intimately connected with the firm of which he was head; he desired to introduce to them not only his future son-in-law, but also the probable partner in his business. Most of these people were very willing to be entertained, simple souls, easily pleased, and the dinner was a good one. Even Tom, who found himself next to a girl with mischievious eyes and a saucy tongue, was inclined to shed some of his melancholy before the menu was half-way through.

Stella could not by any possibility have looked happier or Rodney prouder. Tom, it is believed, saw the young lady with the mischievous eyes home in one cab, and it is certain that Rodney was with Stella in another. In the house there was the final parting, which occupied a considerable time, for they had to say to each other the things which they had already said more than once, and which Rodney at least could say so well and to which the girl so loved to listen.

"I think that, after all, to-night has made up for to-day. Do you know, Rodney," and she looked up into his face with something shining in her pretty eyes, "that to-day I have had the most curious fancies? I was actually frightened; I don't know at what, but I do know that somehow it was because of you. Wasn't it silly?"

"I am not sure that it's ever silly for you to be frightened because of me; I'm in the most delicious terror all day, and sometimes all night, because of you; but you are a goose."

Then he held her perhaps a little closer, and whispered:

"It has been something of a night, hasn't it? For the first time in my life I feel as if I were a person of some importance. You couldn't have your betrothal feast again to-morrow, could you?"

She smiled.

"I doubt it; but we might have a silver betrothal feast as well as a silver wedding. Hasn't that sort of thing ever been done?"

He laughed at the conceit, and when the parting really did come she was looking forward as through a dim mist, towards that silver time at which he had hinted; and when she went upstairs she prayed that after five-and-twenty years of married life she might be as hapy as she was then. And all night she slept sweetly,

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dreaming the happiest dreams of all that took place during the passage of the years, through which she walked with the husband whom she loved so dearly, ever heart in heart and hand in hand. That night was to her a halcyon time.

WHEN Rodney Elmore went home, as his cab drew up in front of his lodgings a man came quickly across the road and stood so that he was between him and the entrance to the house.

"Mr. Rodney Elmore?"

Rodney looked him up and down. It was not a very good light just there, but it was clear enough for him to recognise the man who had greeted him. For the first time in his life a feeling that was something like dizziness went all over him, so that he all but reeled; but that self-control which so seldom quitted him except for the briefest instant was back before it had actually gone. He did not reel, but stood quite still, and, with a smile upon his face, looked the man fairly and squarely in the eyes.

"That is my name—I am Rodney Elmore; but you, sir—pray, who are you?"

"My name is Edward Giles. But I don't think that that can mean much to you, Mr. Elmore."

"I am very pleased to meet you, Mr. Giles, but, as you say, your name does convey absolutely nothing to me. What is it that I can have the pleasure of doing for you at this latish hour?"

The man was silent for a moment. Then a curious smile flitted across his face as he came a half-step nearer:

"Think, Mr. Elmore. I shouldn't be surprised if you had rather a good memory. Don't you remember me?"

"Not the least in the world, Mr. Giles."

"It isn't so very long ago since you saw me."

"Indeed! I presume it was on rather a special occasion, Mr. Giles, since you appear to be rather anxious to recall it to my recollection."

"It was rather a special occasion for you, Mr. Elmore; and a still more special occasion—for Mr. Patterson."

"My uncle?"

"Yes, Mr. Elmore, your uncle. Don't you remember last Sunday evening at Brighton station?"

Rodney hesitated.

"Why do you ask?"

"You do remember, Mr. Elmore, and so do I. I can see you still, coming sauntering down the platform smoking a cigarette and looking into the first-class carriages to see which of them would suit you best. You chose one, and then stood for a moment or two at the door, looking up and down the platform, to see, as it were, if there was anything which caught your eye. Then you got into the carriage, and took the seat at the farther end, facing the engine. You thought you were going to journey up all alone, but just as the train was starting a stout, elderly gentleman came bustling along. Yours was the only carriage door that was open, and I helped him in. I shut the door, and you went out of the station together. Don't you remember that? Look at me carefully. Don't you remember that I was the party who helped your uncle into your carriage? Just look at me and think."

Again Rodney hesitated, and seemed to think. Then he said, in a tone the indifference of which was perhaps a trifle studied:

"Really, Mr. Giles, I don't quite know what it is you expect me to say."

The man gave a little laugh.

"Anyhow, Mr. Elmore, you've said it."

Without any attempt at a farewell greeting, he walked quickly back across the street to where, as Rodney had been aware, another person had been waiting.

The pair walked briskly off together side by side, and Rodney went up the steps into the house. He knew that, as he had expected, the presence of that platform inspector was going to prove awkward for him; more awkward than he cared to think. But he did think, as he turned into his sitting-room; and still stood thinking as the door was gently opened and Mabel Joyce came in. Her agitation was almost unpleasantly evident. One could see that her hands were trembling, that her lips were twitching, and that, indeed, it was all she could do to keep her whole body from shaking. She came quickly towards the table and leaned upon the edge; plainly it was a very real assistance in aiding her to stand. And her voice was as tremulous as her person.

"Did—did you see him?"

"My dear Mabel, did I see whom?"

She seemed to clutch the table still more tightly.

"Rodney, don't! It's no good. Do you think I don't know? What's the good of pretending with me, when you know—I know? What cock-and-bull story is this about some man, some fool, some lunatic, who says—he did it? Do you think that I don't know, that Mr. Dale doesn't know, that they all don't know? Rodney," and her voice trembled so that it was with pain she spoke at all, "there'll—there'll—be a warrant—out—in the morning."

AND the girl threw herself forward on the table, crying and trembling as if on the verge of a convulsion.

"What on earth, Mabel, is the use of spoiling your pretty face like this? I am a little worried to-night, and that's the truth. If there's anything you want to say to me, old girl, say it, and have done with it."

He sighed. She raised herself from the table, and looked across at him.

"Rodney, it won't be any use our marrying." There was a big sob. "That won't save you—now."

"It's really very good of you to worry about the sort of man that I have been to you; take my tip, my dear, don't worry. I'll win through."

"But how? How? You don't understand! This—this fool, whoever he is, who pretends he did it, has only made them all the keener. They—they mean to have you now."

"They? And who are they?"

"There's Dale, and Giles, and Harlow, and—and don't ask me who besides. They're all wild because—because you tricked them because they made such idiots of themselves at the inquest."

Rodney raised his arms above his head, and stretched himself, and yawned, as if he were a little weary.

"They were a trifle premature; coroner, and jury, an eminent specialist, and Harlow, and all—the whole jolly lot of them. I don't wonder they feel a trifle wild. But why with me?"

"You know, Rodney—you know! You know! Oh, don't—don't pretend!"

"On my word of honor—if it's any use employing that pretty figure of speech with you—I am not pretending. I've still another trick in the bag; that's all. And that's what you don't give me credit for, my dear."

"What—what trick's that? You've too many tricks—you're all tricks! It's—Rodney, it's—it's too late for tricks!"

"But not for this pretty trick of mine. Mabel, it's such a pretty one! But now you listen to me for a moment. Pull yourself together. Stand up; let me see your face."

She did as he bade her, and stood, leaning on the table with both her hands, looking at him with eyes from which the tears were streaming.

"Mabel, you asked me to marry you. I said I would, and I will."

"But—what's the use of it now? You don't understand."

"Oh, yes, I do; I don't know if I can get you to believe me, but I do understand much better than you suppose; and, indeed, I rather fancy even better than you do. Anyhow, the supposition is that we're to be bride and bridegroom, dear, to-morrow; let's for goodness' sake be friends to-night. Let's try to say, at any rate, one or two pleasant things, as, not so very long ago, we used to do. What's going to come of it all you seem doubtful, and I can hardly pretend that I'm quite sure. I don't suppose, Mabel, that you ever read Dante, or, perhaps, even heard of him. But, in a tolerably well-known poem by Dante, there is this story. He goes down, with a party named Virgil, into one of the lowest depths of Hell, and there he meets a poor devil who seems to be having an uncommonly bad time. They ask him what he has done that he should suffer so, and he answers something to this effect. He has it that his creed was a very simple one. He believed, and he acted on his belief, that one moment of perfect bliss was worth an eternity of hell. He had that perfect moment, the lucky barget! And now for ever he's in hell. Yet, do you know, he isn't sorry; he thinks that moment was worth the price he paid. That's a moral story, and I don't pretend that I've got it quite right; but that's what it comes to; and, upon my word, I'm sometimes half-disposed to think that that man's creed is mine. I guess it would be rather too much to ask you to make it yours; but—this you'll grant—we have had our moments of bliss, which was nearly perfect. Now, haven't we?"

He held out his hands to her with a little gesture of appeal. "Lady, talking will do no good, so let's say pretty things. Sweetheart, I'll be shot if I won't call you sweetheart, look you never so sourly at me!"

"Oh, Rodney, I—I don't want to look sourly at you! Sourly! Oh, my dear, if you only knew!"

"I do know, and that's just it. I want you to know. Sweetheart, good-night!"

He still held out his hands to her. As she looked at him, with straining eyes, she seemed to waver.

"Rodney!"

"Good-night. Come here and say it—or shall we meet halfway?"

He moved towards her round the table, and she, as if she could not help it, moved towards him. And they said good-night.

IN the morning early Mabel Joyce knocked at the door of Mr. Elmore's bedroom with a jug of shaving water in her hand; knocked softly, as if she did not wish to rouse the sleeper too abruptly from his rest. When no answer came she clung to the handle of the door, as a tremor seemed to pass all over her; then, presently, knocked again. Still no reply. She bent her head towards the panel, listening intently. Then, suddenly,

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decisively, rapped three times and waited. Still no reply. With a quick movement she turned the handle and passed into the room; and, when in, closed the door rapidly behind her, standing with her back against it, in an attitude of one who was afraid. She looked towards the bed. It was empty; the sleeper had awakened himself from slumber, had risen, and had gone. Putting the jug beside her on the floor, she passed quickly towards the bed; leaning over it, she stared at something which caught her eye upon the pillow. On the white slip was a dark red stain. She put out her hand, clutched it with her finger, withdrew her finger, and looked at it. Part of the redness had passed from the pillow to the tip of her finger. All at once she dropped on to her knees beside the empty bed, and, bowing her head upon the coverlet, stayed motionless. Then rose again to her feet, looking round her. Her glance caught something on the dressing-table — an envelope. Moving towards it, she snatched it up. It was addressed, simply, "Mrs. Joyce." Although it seemed scarcely likely that such an address was intended for her, she ripped open the flap, and took out the sheet of paper it contained.

"Dear Mrs. Joyce,—I'm off, to another world—the world beyond the grave. I'm more of a coward than I thought; and yet I don't know that it's quite that. I have tried to cut my throat in bed—your bed; but my hand bungled. I have made rather a mess—and then I stopped. It seemed rather a pity to spoil your bedclothes, and I did not like to feel the razor. I am going to do it another way—outside your house, in a place I know of, where I hope no one will ever find me. I want no coroner to sit upon my body, and I want no jury to make me the subject of their silly verdicts.

"I have heaps of reasons—I dare say you'll hear enough about them before long. I'd rather you heard of them than other people heard of them, when I am not here. It is because I am so anxious that the hearing should take place behind my back that I am going. I don't quite know what I owe you, but I believe I'm a little in arrears. You'll find ten pounds on the table; it should more than pay you, and even make up for the week's notice which I have not given. All my possessions that I leave behind—and there are quite a number of decent suits of clothes—are yours. Do as you like with them. If you sell them, and get the price you ought to get, you should not do badly.

"TELL everybody what I have told you, and, if you like, show them this letter. You have not been a bad landlady; I don't suppose I shall be better suited where I am going; nor have I been a bad lodger; if you get a better, you'll be in luck.

"Say good-bye to Mabel. There is a portrait of a kind in the locket which you will find near this envelope. I think I should like her to have it, as one to whom I am indebted for many favors.—Your one-time lodger, "RODNEY ELMORE.

"Do you think I shall find it lonely where I am going? I wonder!"

The girl, having read this letter to the end, caught up an old-fashioned locket; doubtless the one referred to. Opening it, there looked out at her the young man's face—a miniature, not ill-done. She pressed it to her lips, not once, nor twice, but again and again and again. Then, shutting it, slipped it inside her blouse. She gave another rapid glance about the room, moved hither and thither as if to make sure that there was nothing left which might tell more than need be told, then, passing hastily from the room, went not downstairs to her mother, but upstairs to the lodger overhead. At his door she also knocked. Response was instant.

"Who's there? Come in!"

She went in. Mr. Dale was sitting up in bed. She stayed close to the door.

"He's gone!" she said.

Mr. Dale, although he seemed but recently roused from sleep, seemed to grasp her meaning in a moment.

"Gone where?"

"He's left this."

She tossed the letter she had been reading so dexterously that it fell just before him on the bed. He caught it up and read.

"What's it mean?" he asked. She seemed to consider for a moment.

"You know as well as I do."

"I suppose I do—when you come to think of it. He's a beauty—a shining star!" He stared at the letter. "What does he mean?"

"At any rate, he means one thing—he's gone." Mr. Dale leant back, looking at the girl as if he were endeavoring to find something on her face which should give him a hint what to say next. When he spoke again it was slowly, as if he measured his words; yet bitterly as if behind them was a meaning which scarcely jumped to the eye.

"Look here, Mabel, this isn't going to be an easy thing to do. I'm going to have all my work cut out if it's to be managed. You know what I mean by managed. And, as I'm alive, I don't want to do it for nothing—and I don't mean to."

"What do you mean?"

"IF the tale's not to be told—you know what tale—it must be on terms. I won't ask what this chap's been to you, because I believe I know. Mr. Rodney Elmore has gone, vanished from the scene—he's dead; here's this letter to prove it to anyone who doubts it." The speaker grinned. "I'm not dead; I'm alive—very much alive; and I want you to take a particular note of that."

"Do you think I don't know that you're alive?"

Mr. Dale's tone grew suddenly fierce.

"I haven't got Mr. Rodney Elmore's pretty tone, nor his pretty manners, nor his pretty words; but I do care for you." He laughed. "Care for you! Why, I'd eat the dirt you walk on; and you've made me do it more than once. Mabel, if I keep my mouth shut, and get others to keep theirs shut, will you stop treating me as if I were dirt, and treat me as if I were a man?"

"I'll treat you as you like; I'll do whatever you like; I'll be your slave, if—if you do that."

She stood close up against the door, with both hands pressed against her heart, and her words seemed to come from her in gasps. As he saw that in very truth she suffered, his whole bearing underwent a sudden change. He all at once grew tender.

"Mabel, I'll make no bargain; I'll do it—for your sake; and—I'll trust to you for my reward."

With odd suddenness she turned right round, so that her back was towards him, and her face pressed against the panel of the door. Her pain seemed to hurt him.

"For heaven's sake don't—don't do that! I'd rather—do what he's only pretended to do than give you pain. Cheer up—just try hard to cheer up, if it's only just enough to help you to know what ought to be done next."

The suggestion affected her in a fashion which perhaps took him a little aback. She turned again as suddenly as she had done before, this time towards him. Her eyes blazed; the words came swiftly from her lips.

"Do you think that I don't know what I'm going to do next? Do you think it hasn't been in my mind all night? Why, I've got it all cut, and planned, and dried. Leave that to me; all I want is for you to see"—her voice fell—"the tale's not told."

"It shan't be if I can help it; and I think I can."

The words still came swiftly from her.

"Say nothing to mother, say nothing to any one; leave me to do all the telling—you know nothing; thats all you've got to know. You understand?"

His voice as he replied was grim.

"Oh, yes, I understand."

"Then, for the present, it's good-bye."

She opened the door. He checked her.

"I shall see you to-night when I come in."

"You shall; if—if nothing's been told."

SHE went from the room to her own on the landing below, put on her hat, her coat, and her gloves, and went quickly down the stairs. Seldom was a pretty girl ready more quickly for the street. She already had the front door open when her mother called to her.

"Mabel, what to goodness is the matter with you? Where are you going?"

The girl seemed for a moment to be in doubt whether or not to let her mother's question go unheeded; then decided to vouchsafe her at least some scraps of information.

"Mother, I believe Mr. Elmore's gone."

"Gone? Mr. Elmore? What's the girl talking about?"

"His bedroom's empty, and there's ten pounds on the dressing-table, and I'm going straight off to the City to see."

"To the City!"

The astonishment of the lady's voice was justified; she came quickly along the passage as if to learn what might be the significance of the mystery which she felt was in the air. But her daughter did not wait for her approach; she was through the door, had shut it with a bang, before her mother had realised what it was she meant to do.

Miss Joyce did not go to the City; she went instead to No. 90 Russell Square. There she inquired for Miss Patterson. She was told the lady was at breakfast.

"Tell her—tell her that I'm Miss Joyce, and that I must see her—at once."

She was in the hall, and looked so strange as she leaned against the wall, with her white face and frightened eyes, that the maid looked at her as if she could not make her out at all.

"Miss Joyce, did you say the name was?"

"Yes—Joyce—Mabel Joyce; tell Miss Patterson that Miss Joyce must see her at once."

The maid went into a room upon the right—the dining-room—presently reappeared, with Miss Patterson behind her. Gladys came out into the hall.

"Miss Joyce! You wish to see me? On what business?"

"Somewhere—somewhere where we'll be private."

Gladys observed her with curious eyes; then she held open the dining-room door.

"I'm at breakfast; but, if you don't mind, you'd better come in here."

Mabel went in, Gladys followed. The stranger, now that they were alone, pre-

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sented such a woe-begone picture that, in spite of herself, Gladys was moved.

"You don't seem well—are you ill? Hadn't you better sit down?—here's a chair."

She pushed the chair towards her visitor, but Mabel would have none of it.

"No, it doesn't matter, I'd—I'd rather stand. My mother was Mr. Elmore's—landlady."

"Joyce? Oh, yes, of course, I thought I knew the name; I remember." Perhaps unconsciously to herself Gladys' tone hardened; she drew herself a little straighter, she even moved a little away.

"You needn't be afraid of me—I shan't bite."

"I was not afraid that you would bite. What is it you wish with me, Miss Joyce?"

"That."

SHE stretched out towards the other a letter. Gladys eyed it askance, almost, one might have thought from her demeanor, that she feared that it might bite.

"What's that?"

"If you take it—you'll see. You're right this time in being afraid; you've cause to be more afraid of that than of me. But it's written by somebody you know well, and—you'd better read it."

Still doubtfully, as if she really were in awe of what the sheet of paper might portend, she took it gingerly from the other's fingers. Then she read it. And as she read a curious change came over, not only her countenance, but her whole bearing. When she had reached the end her hands dropped to her side, she stared at the girl in front of her as she might have done at a visitant from another sphere.

"What—does this letter mean?"

For answer, Mabel took another piece of paper from woman's universal pocket—her blouse. She held it out to Gladys, and, even more cautiously than before, Gladys took it with unwilling fingers. This time, as she read it, it was with an obvious lack of comprehension.

"What on earth is this?"

"Can't you see? Isn't it plain enough? It's a marriage licence—now can you see?"

Gladys seemed to make an effort to achieve steadiness, not with entire success. As if to hide her partial failure, she went down the room to the seat which she had been occupying at the other end of the table. Resting her hand on the top of the chair, raising the paper again, she re-read it. Her back was towards Mabel, her face could not have been more eloquent, one saw a spasm pass right across it. She was still; there was a perceptible interval; she turned towards her visitor. Her face seemed to have aged; one saw that as she grew older she would not grow better-looking.

"I see that this purports to be a licence of marriage—I don't know much about these things, but I take it that the marriage was to be before a registrar—between Rodney Elmore, who, I presume, is my cousin——"

"He's your cousin right enough."

"And—Mabel Joyce. Are you the Mabel Joyce referred to?"

"I am; we were to have been married today—at noon sharp; the registrar—he'll be waiting for us, but he'll have to wait. Mr. Rodney Elmore, that's your cousin and my husband that was to be, he's bolted."

"Bolted? I see. Is that what this letter means?"

"That's just exactly what it means."

"It doesn't mean that—he's—he's killed himself?"

"Not much it doesn't; I know the gentleman. It simply means that, for reasons of his own—I'm one of them and I daresay you're another—he's cut and run."

Gladys' tone could scarcely have been more frigid or her bearing more outwardly calm; unfortunately both the frigidity and the calmness were a little overdone.

"I see. I'm much obliged to you for bringing me this very interesting piece of news. I believe this is yours. I scarcely think I need detain you longer."

She returned to Mabel both the licence and the letter. Enclosing them one in the other, the girl passed from the room out of the house. Gladys stood staring at the door through which she had left, exactly, if she could only have known it, as Rodney had stared when she had vanished the afternoon before. Then she clenched her fists and shook them in the air.

"To think that I should ever have been such a fool! That I should have ever let him—soil me with his touch! Dad was right; what a fool he must have thought me! If I'd only listened, what might not—have been saved!"

Shortly afterwards she entered the office at St. Paul's. Andrews advanced to greet her.

"Mr. Elmore had not yet arrived."

"I know he hasn't; I wish to speak to you."

She led the way towards her father's private room; as he followed, Andrews seemed to recognise something in her carriage which recalled his master. There could be no doubt that this was his daughter. When they were in the room and the door was closed, Miss Patterson seated herself in her father's chair. She looked the managing man in the face, with something in her glance which again recalled her sire.

"ANDREWS, I suppose you can observe a confidence?"

Andrews smiled; he rubbed his hands together; one felt that he could not make out the lady's mood, still less achieve a satisfactory guess at what was in the air.

"I hope so, Miss Patterson, I'm sure. Your father reposed many and many a confidence in me, and I never betrayed one of them—I'm not likely now to betray yours."

"Right, Andrews, I believe you. I believe my father knew the kind of man who may be trusted; he trusted you, and I will. Shake hands." She offered him her hand. As if doubtful whether or not he was taking a liberty, he took it in his. They gravely shook hands.

"It's very good of you, Miss Patterson, I'm sure, to say so; but what you do say is true—your father trusted me, and so can you."

She eyed him for some seconds as if debating in her mind what to say to him and just how to say it. Then it came from her, as it were, all of a sudden.

"Andrews, I told you that my cousin, Rodney Elmore, and I were engaged to be married. I was mistaken—we are not. Stop! I don't want you to ask any questions; that's the confidence I'm reposing in you, I want you to ask none, I simply tell you we're not. Another thing. You told me when I came in just now that Mr. Elmore had not come yet. Andrews, he never will come again—to this office."

"Indeed, miss! Is that so, miss?"

The girl smiled—gravely.

"There, again, Andrews—my confidence! You are to ask no questions. Neither you nor I will see Mr. Elmore again—ever. Still one other thing. You remember what my father said in his will about leaving the conduct of his business in your hands? I echo my father's words; I want you to manage it for me on my father's lines."

The old man was evidently confused. He stood staring at the girl and rubbing his hands, as if he found himself in a quandary from which he sought a way out.

"I'm sure, Miss Patterson, that I'm very gratified by the confidence you place in me, and I want to do my best to ask no questions, but—but there's one remark I ought to make." He bent over the table as if he wished the remark in question to reach her ear alone. "I don't know, Miss Patterson, if you are aware that yesterday morning Mr. Elmore drew a thousand pounds from the bank."

"Yesterday morning? When did he do that? Not when we were there?"

"It appears that he returned directly after we had left, and cashed a cheque for a thousand pounds across the counter, took it in tens and fives and gold—rather a funny way of taking a cheque like that."

The girl said nothing; just possible she thought the more—it is still more possible that hers was disagreeable thinking. It came back to her; she understood; the letter-case which had been left behind; her sitting in the cab while he had gone into the bank to fetch it. Letter-case? So the letter-case was a cheque for a thousand pounds; and while she'd been sitting in the cab he had been putting her money into his pocket. What a pretty fellow this cousin was, this lover of—how many ages ago? Could she ever have cared, to say nothing of loved, a thing like this? This girl had a sense of humor which was her own; at the thought of it she smiled—indeed, suddenly she leaned back in her chair and laughed outright.

"Cashed a cheque for a thousand pounds, did he? Well, Andrews, dad left him nothing in his will—I wonder why? How funny! Then there's still another thing to tell you, Andrews. Let them understand at the bank, as quickly as you can, that they're not to cash any more of Mr. Elmore's cheques which are drawn on my account. Now, Andrews, will you be so very good as to send someone to Mr. Wilkes, and give him my most respectful compliments, and say, if he can possibly spare a moment, I should like very much indeed to see him here at once."

WHEN Miss Joyce got home she found, waiting in the sitting-room which had so recently been Rodney's, Mr. Austin. The gentleman regarded her as she came in with an air of grave disapprobation.

"You are, I believe, the landlady's daughter."

Mabel nodded.

"I have just had a few words with your mother, who appears to be an extraordinary woman, and who has told me an extraordinary tale."

"My mother's not in the habit of telling extraordinary tales to anyone."

"Then, what does she mean by—by talking stuff and nonsense about Mr. Elmore's having gone, and—and I dont know what besides?"

Miss Joyce drew a long breath, and seemed to nerve herself for an effort. She had had a good deal to bear that morning, and to retain even a vestige of self-command needed all her efforts.

"Mr. Austin, Mr. Elmore has gone, and he's left a letter behind him in which he pretends that he has committed suicide; but he hasn't; I know better. But here's

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the letter; you might like to look at it."

He read the letter with which we are already familiar; and it had a very similar effect on him to that which it had had on others, only in his case he read it over and over again, as if to make sure that its meaning had not escaped him, yet that its meaning had escaped him his words made plain.

"You—you may understand this letter, young woman, but I certainly do not. What—what does this most extraordinary, and, as it seems to me, inconsequent letter mean?"

"I'll tell you just as shortly as I can exactly what it means. And, perhaps, when I have told you you won't ask any more questions than you can conveniently help, because—I've had just about as much to bear as I can manage. Rodney Elmore—I'm not going to call him Mr. Elmore, I've as much right to call him Rodney as anybody in this world; he's got himself into a mess. Why, he promised to marry me today at twelve o'clock."

"He—promised! Young woman!"

"Here's the licence to prove it; but—but I suppose he daren't face it; so he's gone, and I'm not the only one he's fooled. Has he fooled your daughter?"

"Your question, put in such a form, I entirely decline to answer."

"You needn't; I know. And, mind you, I don't believe he's gone alone, either, wherever it is he has gone to. What's the name of that girl down at Brighton that he was so thick with, and your son's sweetheart?"

Mr. Austin started as if something had stung him. He stared at the girl with growing apprehension.

"You can't mean——?"

"Yes, I can. Wasn't her first name Mary? I have heard the other—it's a queer one—and I forget it. But you ask your son, if he cares for the girl, to make inquiries, and if she's missing, and he wants her new address, to find out Rodney Elmore's, and—he'll find hers."

THERE are few worse half-hours in life than that in which a man finds that the one person whom he has liked, and respected, and trusted, and believed in before all others, is a scamp, a liar and a cur. As Mr. Austin sat cowering in the corner of his taxi it was to him almost as if he had been these things, instead of Rodney Elmore. He ascended the steps of the Kensington house a little stiffly, a little bowed, a little shorn of his full height; he bore himself, indeed, as if he were ashamed; it was with a sense of shame that he spoke to his son, who was apparently just about to go out as he went in.

"Tom, I want to speak to you."

The lad looked at his father with a look of surprise.

"Why, pater, what's wrong?"

The father closed the door of the room into which he had preceded his son. There was something shifty in his bearing; he seemed unwilling to meet the youngster's glances.

"Tom, what was that you were saying about—about Mary Carmichael?"

The lad smiled, ruefully enough; there was an awkwardness about his manner. He turned away, as if on his side he had no wish to meet his father's eyes.

"All I can make out is that she has gone. It seems that while that old aunt of hers was out yesterday afternoon—she vanished. She just left a note behind her to say she was going, and that they weren't to bother because she wasn't coming back; but they'd hear from her some day—she couldn't say just when."

"Tom, she's gone with Rodney Elmore."

The lad swung round as on a pivot.

"Pater! What do you mean?"

The father told the story as he knew it, the lad listening—first as one in a dream, and then as one in a rage. Then, with a gasp of astonishment, he blurted out:

"But what about Stella?"

"Yes; what about Stella? Stella's here, and why, where's Rodney? I thought, father, he'd come with you."

MISS AUSTIN had come running into the room eagerly, happily, laughingly, taking it for granted that her lover was within. As she looked from her father to her brother, and noted the oddity of their manner, her eyes grew wider open.

"Father, where—where is Rodney?"

Then the father told the tale to her; it was the hardest task he had ever had to perform. The girl first scorned him, then laughed, then doubted, and then, in a fit of what was very like fury, announced her intention of going in search of Rodney, whom she declared she believed to be cruelly aspersed, and learning the truth from his own lips. It was with difficulty she was stayed. When she, at last, was brought to understand, she was already another Stella to the one her father had known. She was not to be comforted. And when her mother came and heard the story, too, she put her arm about her daughter's waist and led her to her room, and there remained alone with her an hour or more. When she came out she also was another woman; and her daughter was in her room, alone.

And that, to all intents and purposes, so far as it is known, is the end of the story, though the real end is not yet. Such stories take a long time ending. Sometimes they are continued in the generation which comes after, and never end. Mr. Philip Walter Augustus Parker was tried for the murder of Graham Patterson, and, apparently to his complete satisfaction, was found guilty. The law plays such pranks oftener than is commonly supposed. The story he told was so well put together, all the points fitted so well. As the judge instructed the jury, they really had no option; on the evidence there was only one possible verdict; and that was returned. Mr. Parker earned his credentials; he was sent, as he desired, on a lengthy visit to Broadmoor. The whole story might have fallen to pieces and his visit to Broadmoor indefinitely postponed had the platform inspector at Brighton station—Edward Giles—given his evidence in another way. A few questions would have changed the whole face of affairs, but they were not asked. He told that it was he who had helped Graham Patterson into the carriage, and also that there already was someone in it when the dead man entered. At that point the questions which were put to him went awry. He was asked if the prisoner was that other person; he replied that he did not recognise him, but as, when the witness had entered the box, Mr. Parker had greeted him with that unpleasant little chuckle of his, and had proclaimed that he recognised him, even before he opened his mouth, as the porter, as he put it, who had been of assistance to Mr. Patterson, for the judge, as for the jury, that was sufficient. Giles himself was evidently taken aback, and while he declared that he did not recognise the prisoner, he admitted that if Parker had not been the man in the carriage he could not understand how he recognised him. So Mr. Parker had his wish.

Mr. Andrews is still the managing man, as well as a partner, of the firm of Graham Patterson, which continues to thrive on the same sound old lines. And Gladys Patterson is the wife of Stephen Wilkes. How it came about she has told her husband more than once she does not understand; she wonders sometimes, so she tells him, if her father could ever have had it in his mind that that was the match he would have chosen. She is thinking of Rodney's words. Her husband laughs, and assures her that to the best of his knowledge and belief her father never dreamt of anything of the kind. Whereat she thinks all the more of Rodney's words, having a dim suspicion hidden in her somewhere that it was because of what he said that this strange thing had happened, and, in what she feels is in quite an uncanny way, that it was he who brought it all about.

Mabel Joyce is Mrs. George Dale, fairly happy, as the average wife's standard of happiness goes, and Dale is happy too; but there is about him a suggestion of solicitous anxiety, as if he would be glad to be as certain of her satisfaction with the way that things have turned out, as of his own.

STELLA is still unmarried, and likely to remain so. She is not quite the ordinary type of girl. When she gave her heart to Rodney Elmore, it was given for ever; although she would probably be the last person in the world to admit it, he has it still. As, she declares, she will never marry save where her heart is, her prospects of remaining Stella Austin are stronger than either her father or her mother care to own. Tom is married; was married within six months of his heart being finally broken—to a girl with very mischievous eyes. And he is happy as a man may be; and he is a man, even up to his father's standard of manhood. He is practically the head of his father's firm, and a sufficiently effective and energetic head he makes. He declares that it is his wife who has done it, and that she has been and still is and ever will be the only woman in the world to him. He forgets; men—and women—sometimes do.

Nothing definite has ever been heard of Rodney Elmore; but among those who knew him in his youth there is a profound conviction that he still lives. One day, a month or so after his marriage, there came a postcard to Tom Austin from one of the northern States of America, with just these words on the back:

"Congratulations—good wishes—am delighted.—M."

He was the only person who ever saw the card. He tore it up and burnt it. About him for nearly a week afterwards there was, at odd moments, an unusually reflective air. His wife asked him what he was thinking about.

"Why," he told her, "what should I think about but you?"

He was thinking, wondering, how close to "M." was Rodney Elmore—his boyhood's friend!—as one result of what was very like a conspiracy of silence.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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